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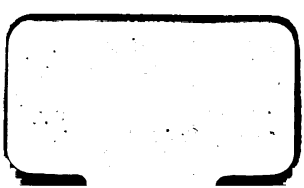

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THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MISS PORTER.

The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
Shakespeare.

VOL. I.

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THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE large and magnificent palace of Vallanow, which stands on the northern banks of the Vistula, was the favourite residence of John Sobieski, king of Poland. That monarch, after having delivered his country from innumerable enemies, rescued Vienna, and subdued the Turks, used to retire to this place at certain seasons, and dispense those effects of his luminous and benevolent mind, which rendered his name great and his people happy.

When Charles the twelfth of Sweden visited the tomb of Sobieski, at Moscow, he exclaimed, "What a pity so great a man should ever die!" Ninety years after his death, the spirit of this *great man* appeared to revive in the person of his descendant, Constantine Count Sobieski, who in a comparatively private station, as a palatine of Masovia, and the friend, rather than the lord, of his vassals, evinced by his actions, that he was the inheritor of his forefather's virtue, as well as of his blood.

He was the first Polish noblemen, who granted freedom to his peasants. He threw down their mud hovels, and built comfortable villages. He furnished them with seed, cattle, and implements of husbandry; then calling them all together, he laid before them the deed of their enfranchisement. Before he signed it, he expressed his fe some of their old men, of the probability that they abuse this new liberty, and become licentious.

"No," returned a grey-headed peasant, "we hold a firm grasp of no other property than the staff

we have in our hands, we were destitute of all motive for a consistent conduct; and not having any thing to lose, acted on all occasions in an intemperate manner; but now that our houses and lands, and our cattle, are absolutely our own, the fear of forfeiting them, will be a constant restraint upon our actions."

The good sense and truth of this answer were manifested in the event. On their emancipation, they become so cheerful in their circumstances, and so correct in their behaviour, that the example of the Palatine was shortly followed by Zamoiski the great chancellor; prince Stanislaus, the king's nephew; and several of the principal nobility.

Thus, within the bosom of his family, did this illustrious man educate Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name, to the exercise of every peaceful virtue, until the beginning of the year 1792, when war began to threaten the tranquility of a country which smiled with content and gratitude.

On the evening of an anniversary of the birth day of his grandson, the palatine rode abroad with Zamoiski, and several others of a party, which had been celebrating the festival with its presence. The Countess and Thaddeus were left alone in the saloon. She sighed as she gazed on her son, who stood at some distance, fitting to his youthful thigh a variety of sabres, which his servant a little time before had laid upon the table. She observed with anxiety, the eagerness of his motion, his flushed cheek, and the ardor that was flashing from his eyes.

"Thaddeus," said she, "lay down that sword; I wish to speak with you." Thaddeus looked gaily up. "My Thaddeus," cried his mother, and the tears started to her eyes. The blush of enthusiasm faded from his face; he threw the sabre from him, and drew near the Countess.

"Why, my dear mother do you distress yourself? when I am in battle, shall I not experience my grandfather's care; and be as much under the protection of God as at this moment?"

"Yes, my child," answered she, wiping her wet cheek, "God will protect you. He is the protector of the orphan you are fatherless." The Countess paused and the

heart of Thaddeus drooped. "Here, my son," said she, giving him a sealed packet, "take this: it will reveal to you who was your father. It is necessary that you should know the truth, and all the goodness of your grandfather." Thaddeus received it and stood silent with surprise. "Read it, my love," continued she, "but go to your own apartment: there you will be more retired."

Bewildered by the manner of the Countess, Thaddeus instantly obeyed. Shutting himself within his study, he impatiently opened the papers; and soon found his whole attention absorbed in the following recital:

"You are now, my Thaddeus, at the early age of eighteen, going to engage against the enemies of your country. Ere I resign my greatest comfort to the casualties of war; ere I part with you, perhaps for ever, I would inform you who your father really was; that father, whose existence you have hardly known, and whose name you have never heard. You consider yourself an orphan; your mother a widow; but, alas, I have now to tell you, that you are fatherless by the cruelty of man, not by the dispensation of heaven.

"Twenty years ago I accompanied my father in a tour through Germany into Italy. Grief for the death of my mother, had impaired his health, and the physicians ordered him to reside in a warmer climate: accordingly we fixed ourselves near the Arno. During several visits to Florence, my father met, in that city, with a young Englishman of the name of Sackville. These frequent meetings opened into intimacy and he was invited to our house.

"Mr. Sackville was not only the handsomest man that I had ever beheld, but he seemed the most elegant in manners, the most noble in principle, and the most frank of heart. He was the first man for whose society I had found so lively a preference. I used to smile at this delight which I felt, or sometimes weep, for the emotions that agitated me were undefinable; but they were enchanting, and unheedingly I gave them indulgence. The hours of reciprocal sentiments and feelings which we passed together the kind beaming of his looks, the thousand sighs that he breathed, the half-uttered sentences, all conspired to me into confidence.

"Thus were eight months spent. For the last three, doubts and anguish had usurped the fairy reveries of an infant tenderness. An averted glance, a cold answer, or careless demeanor, would now plunge me into all the horrors of distrust. The attention of Mr. Sackville died away. From being the constant object of his search, he now sedulously sought to avoid me. When my father withdrew to his closet he would take his leave, and allow me to walk alone. Solitary and wretched were my rambles. Immured as I had been within the palace of Villanow, watching the declining health of my mother, I had learnt nothing of the real world; the little that I knew of society, being drawn from books, uncorrected by experience, taught me to believe a perfection in man, which, to my affliction, I have since found to be a poet's dream. When I came to Italy, I still continued averse to public company. In this seclusion, the presence of Sackville being almost my only pleasure, entirely chased from my mind its usual reserve, and gradually and surely, won upon the awakened affections of my heart. Artless and unwarned, I knew not the nature of the feelings I cherished, until they had gained an ascendency that menaced my life.

"On the evening of one of those days in which I had not seen this too dearly beloved friend, I strolled out, and hardly conscious of my actions, threw myself along the summit of a flight of steps that led down to the Arno. My head rested against the base of a statute, which because of its fancied resemblance to me, Sackville had presented to my father. Every recollected kindness of his, now gave me additional torment; and clinging to its pedestal, as to the altar of my adoration, in the bitterness of disappointment, I addressed myself to the insensible stone; "O! were I as pale as thou art, and this breast as cold and still, would Sackville, when he looked on me, give one sigh to the creature he has destroyed?" My sobs followed this adjuration, and the next moment, I felt myself encircled in his arms. I struggled, and almost fainting, begged to be released. He did release me, and falling on his knees implored my pardon for the misery I had endured. "Now Therese," cried he, "all is as it ought to be! you only hope. Consent to be mine else I shall be driv-

en to madness !" His voice was hurried and incoherent. Lifting my eyes to his, I beheld them wild and bloodshot. Terrified at his look, and overcome by my emotions, my head sunk back on the marble. With increased violence, he exclaimed, "have I deceived myself here too ? Therese, did you not prefer me ? Did you not love me ? —Speak now, I conjure you by your own happiness and mine. Do you reject me ?" He clenched my hands in his with a force that made me tremble, and I hardly articulated, "I will be yours." At these words he hurried me down a dark vista, which led out of the gardens to the open country. A carriage stood at the gate. I fearfully asked what he intended "You have given yourself to me," cried he, "and by the great Lord of heaven, no power shall separate us until you are mine out of the reach of man !" Unnerved in body, and weak in mind, I yielded to his impetuosity; and, suffering him to lift me into the chariot was carried to the door of the nearest monastery, where, in a few minutes we were married.

"I am thus particular in the relation of every incident, in the hope that you will, my dear son, see some excuse for my great imprudence in the circumstance of my youth, and the influence which a man who seemed all excellence, held over every thought of my heart. However, my fault was not long unpunished.

"The ceremony past, my husband conducted me in silence back to the carriage. My full bosom discharged itself in abundance of tears, whilst Sackville sat by me unmoved and mute. Two or three times I raised my eyes in hopes of seeing in his some consolation for my hasty acquiescence. But no; his gaze, vacant and glaring, was fixed on the window; and his brow scowled, as if he had been forced into an alliance with one whom he hated, rather than had just made a voluntary engagement with the woman he loved. My heart sickened at this commencement of a contract, which I had dared to make, unsanctioned by my father's consent. At length, my sighs seemed to startle my husband's ear; and turning suddenly round, "Therese," cried he, this marriage must not be told to the Count."—"Why ?" murmured I, hardly able to speak: "Because I have been precipitate. It

ruin me with my own family. Wait for only one month; and then I will publickly acknowledge you." The agitation of his features, the sternness of his voice, and the feverish burning of his hand, which held mine, alarmed me; and trembling from head to foot, I answered, "Sackville! I have already erred enough in consenting to this stolen union. I will not transgress further by concealing it. I will instantly throw myself at my father's feet, and confess all." His countenance darkened. "Therese," said he, "I have not married you to be your slave. I am your husband. You have sworn to obey me, and I command your silence. Till I allow you, divulge this marriage at you peril." This last cruel sentence, and the more cruel look that accompanied it pierced me to the heart, and I fell senseless on the seat.

"When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of that statute, beneath which my unfortunate destiny had been fixed. My husband was leaning over me. He raised me with tenderness from the ground; and conjured me in the mildest accents to be comforted; to pardon the severity of those words which had arisen from fear, that by an imprudent avowal on my part, I should risk both his happiness and my own. He informed me, that he was heir to one of the first fortunes in England, he pledged his honour with his father never to enter into any matrimonial engagement, without first acquainting him with the particulars of the lady and her family. Should he omit this duty, his father declared, that though she were a princess, he would disinherit him, and never again admit him to his presence.

"Consider this, my dear Therese," continued he, "could you endure to behold me a beggar, stigmatized with a parent's curse, when a little forbearance on your side would make all right? I know I have been hasty in acting as I have done, but now I cannot remedy my error. To-morrow I will write to my father, describe your rank and merits, and request his consent for our immediate marriage. The moment his permission arrives, I will cast myself on the count's friendship and feelings, and reveal all that has passed." The tenderness of my husband won my affection and reason to his side; and with

many tears, I sealed his forgiveness, and pledged my faith on his word.

"My dear deceived parent, little suspected the perfidy of his guest. He detained him as his visitor, and often rallied himself on the hold which his distinguished accomplishments had taken on his esteem. Sackville's manner to me in public was obliging and free; it was in private only, that I found the tender, the capricious, the unfeeling husband. Night after night I have washed the memory of my want of duty to my father, with bitter tears. But my husband was dear to me, was more precious than my life. One kind look from him, one fond word, would solace every pain, and make me wait the arrival of his father's letter, with all the gay anticipations of youth and love.

"A fortnight passed away. A month, a long and lingering month. Another month, and a packet of letters was presented to Sackville. He was at breakfast with us. At the sight of the superscription, he coloured, tore open the paper, ran his eyes over a few lines, and then pale and trembling, rose from his seat, and left the room. My emotions were almost uncontrolable. I had already half risen from my chair to follow him, when the Count exclaimed, "what can be in that letter? he seems dreadfully shocked." And without observing me, or waiting for a reply, he hurried out after him. I stole to my chamber, where, throwing myself on my bed, I tried by all the delusions of hope, to obtain some respite from inquietude.

"The dinner bell roused me from my fluctuating reverie. Dreading to excite suspicion, and anxious to read in the countenance of my husband the denunciation of our fate, I obeyed the summons, and descended to the dining-room. On entering it, my eyes irresistibly wandered round to fix themselves on Sackville. He was leaning against a pillar, his face pale as death. My father looked grave, but immediately took his seat, and tenderly placed his friend beside him. I sat down in silence. Little dinner was eaten, and few words spoken. As for myself, my agitation almost choked me. I felt that the first word I should attempt to pronounce, must give them utterance, and that their vehemence would betray me.

"When the servants withdrew, Sackville rose, and taking my father's hand, said in a faltering voice, "My lord, I must leave you."—"It is a wet evening;" replied the Count, "besides, you are disturbed by the shock you have received. To-morrow will do as well for your business."—"I thank your lordship," answered he, "but I must go to Florence to-night. You shall see me again before to-morrow afternoon: all will then, I hope, be settled to my wish."—Well, if you are resolved," said my father, "God bless you! Remember we shall be anxious to see you again."—Sackville took his hat, Motionless, and incapable of speaking, I set fixed to my chair, in the direct way he must pass. His eye met mine. He stopped, and looking at me abruptly caught my hand; and as abruptly quitting it, darted out of the room. I never saw him more.

"I had not the power to dissemble another moment. I fell back, weeping into the arms of my father. He did not, even by this imprudence, read what I almost wished him to guess; but with all the indulgence of affection, lamented the distress of Sackville, and the sensibility of my nature, which sympathized so painfully with his friend. I durst not ask *what* was the *distress* of his friend: abashed at my duplicity to him, and overwhelmed with a thousand dreads, I obtained his permission to retire to my chamber.

"The next day I met him with a serene air: for I had schooled my heart to endure with greater composure the sufferings which it had deserved. The Count did not remark my recovered tranquility; neither did he appear to think any more of my tears; so entirely was he occupied in conjecturing what could be the cause of Sackville's grief, who had only complained of having received a great shock, without revealing the circumstance. This ignorance of my father surprised me; and to all his suppositions I said little. My soul was too deeply interested in the subject, to trust to the faithfulness of my lips.

"The morning crept slowly on, and the noon appeared to stand still. I anxiously watched the declining sun, as the signal for my husband's return. Two hours had since his promised time, and my father grew so

impatient, that he went out with the view to meet him. I eagerly hoped that they might miss each other. I should then see my Sackville a few minutes alone, and by one word be comforted or driven to despair.

"I was listening to every footstep that sounded under the colonade, when my servant brought me a letter, which had just been left by one of Mr. Sackville's grooms. "Ah!" thought I, "this will release or confirm my fears! Heaven grant that his father may have consented!" I tore open the seal and fell senseless on the floor, ere I had read half the killing contents—."

Thaddeus, with a burning cheek, and a heart all at once robbed of that elastic spring, which till now had ever made him feel the happiest of the happy, took up the letter of his father. The paper was worn, and blistered with his mother's tears. His head seemed to swim, as he contemplated the hand-writing and he said to himself, "Am I to respect or to abhor him?" He proceeded in the perusal.

"To Therese, Countess Sobieski.

"How, Therese, am I to address you? But an attempt at palliating my conduct, will be of no use. It is impossible. You cannot conceive a viler opinion of me than I hold of myself. I know that I deserve to be called a villain; that I have sacrificed your tenderness to my distracted passions. But you shall no more be subject to the caprices of a man who cannot repay your love with his own. *You* have no guilt to torture you; and you possess virtues that will render you tranquil under every calamity. I leave you to your own innocence. Forget the ceremony that has passed between us: my wretched heart disclaims it for ever. Your father is happily ignorant of it; pray spare him the anguish of knowing that I was so completely unworthy of his kindness! I feel that I am more than ungrateful to you, and to him. Therese, your most inveterate hate cannot more strongly tell me, than I tell myself, that I have treated you like a scoundrel. But I cannot retract. I am going where all search

be vain; and I now bid you an eternal farewell. May you be happier than ever I can be!

"*Florence.* "R. S—

Thaddeus went on with his mother's narrative.

"When my senses returned, I was on the ground, holding the half-perused paper in my hand. Grief and horror had locked up the avenues of complaint and I sat as one petrified to stone. My father entered. At the sight of me, he started as if he had seen a spectre. His well known features, opened at once my agonized heart. With fearful cries, I cast myself at his feet, and putting the letter into his hand, clung almost expiring to his knees.

"When he had read it, he flung it from him, and dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands. I looked up imploringly, for I could not speak. My father stooped forward and raising me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom. "My Therese," said he, "it is I who have done this. Had I not harboured this villain, he never could have had an opportunity of ruining the peace of my child." In return for the unexampled indulgence of this speech, I promised to forget a man, who could have so little respect for gratitude, or his own honor. The Count replied, that he expected such a resolution in consequence of the principles he had taught me; and to show me how far dearer to him was my real tranquility, than any false idea of impossible restitution, he would not remove even from one principality to another, were he sure by that means to discover Mr. Sackville and avenge himself. My understanding assented to the justice of all his reasoning, but long and severe were the struggles, before I could erase from my soul, the image of that being, who had been the lord of all its joys and sorrows.

"It was not till you, my dear Thaddeus were born, that I could repay the goodness of my father with the smiles of cheerfulness. I christened you Thaddeus Constantine, after himself, and his best loved friend Kosciuszko. He would not permit me to give you any name, which could remind him or myself of the cruel parent who gave [illegible]ng; and on our return to Poland, the story which

he related, when questioned about my apparently forlorn state, was simply this, "My daughter was married and widowed in the course of two months. Since then, to root from her memory, as much as possible, all recollection of a husband who was only given to be taken away, she still retains my name; and her son as my sole heir, shall wear no other." This reply satisfied every one: the king who was my father's only confidant, gave his sanction to it, and no further inquiries were ever started.

"You are now, my beloved child, entering on the eventful career of life. God knows, when the venerable head of your grandfather is laid in dust, and I, too, shut my eyes upon you for ever, where destiny may send you—perhaps to the country of your father. Should you ever meet him—but that is unlikely; so, I will be silent on a subject which eighteen years of reflection, have not yet deprived of its sting.

"Not to embitter the fresh spring of your youth, my Thaddeus, with the draught that has poisoned mine; not to implant in your breast, hatred of a parent you may never behold, have I written this; but to inform you in fact from whom you sprung. My history is made plain to you, that no unexpected events may hereafter perplex your opinion of your mother; or cause a blush to rise on that cheek for her, which from your grandfather can derive no stain. For his sake as well as for mine, whether in peace or in war, may the angels of heaven guard my boy! This is the everlasting prayer of thy fond mother,

"THERESE SOBIESKI.

"*Villanow, March* 1792."

When he had finished, Thaddeus held the papers in his hand; and unable to recover from the shock which he had received by their contents, he read them a second time to the end; then laying them on the table, against which he rested his now aching head, he gave vent to the fulness of his heart.

The Countess, anxious for the effect her history might have on her son, at this instant entered the room. Seeing him in so dejected an attitude, she approached him pressing him to her bosom mingled her tears w

Thaddeus, ashamed of his emotions, yet incapable of dissembling them, struggled a few moments to release himself from her arms. The Countess mistaking his motive, said in a melancholy voice, "And do you, my son, despise your mother for the weakness which she has revealed? Is this the reception that I expected from a child on whose affection I reposed my confidence and my comfort?"

"No, my mother," replied Thaddeus, "it is your afflictions which have discomposed me. This is the first unhappy hour that I ever endured, and can you wonder that I should be affected? Oh! mother continued he, laying his hand on his father's letter, "whatever were his rank, had my father, been but noble in mind, I would have gloried in bearing his name; but now I put up my prayers never to hear it more."

"Forget him," cried the Countess, hiding her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I will," answered Thaddeus, "and allow my memory to dwell only on the virtues of my mother."

It was impossible for the countess or her son, to conceal their agitation from the palatine, who now opened the door. On his expressing alarm at a sight so unusual, his daughter, finding herself incapable of speaking, put into his hand the letter which Thaddeus had just read. Sobieski cast his eye over the first lines; he immediately comprehended their tendency, and seeing that the Countess had withdrawn, looked towards his grandson. Thaddeus was walking up and down the room striving to command himself for the conversation which he anticipated with his grandfather.

"I am sorry, Thaddeus," said Sobieski, "that your mother has so abruptly imparted to you the real name and character of your father. I see that his villany has distressed a heart, which I have sought to make alive to the slightest dishonor. But be consoled, my dear boy? I have prevented the publicity of his conduct, by an ambiguous story of your mother's widowhood. I declared to the world, that you were not only the son of my daughter, but should be the sole heir to my estates and name. Notwithstanding this arrangement, she judged it proper that ---- ht not to enter general society, without having

first been made acquainted with the true events of your birth. I believe my daughter is right. But cheer yourself, my child, now that all is past. You will embitter the remainder of my days, if you suffer the vices of a worthless man to prey upon your mind."

"No, my lord," answered his grandson, "you have been more than a parent to me; and henceforward, for your sake, as well as my own, I shall hold it my duty, to forget that I drew my being from any other source, than the house of Sobieski."

"You are right," cried the palatine with an exulting emotion, "you have the spirit of your ancestors: and I yet shall live to see you add glory to the name!"

The beaming eyes and smiling lips of the young count, declared that he had shaken sorrow from his heart. His grandfather squeezed his hand with delight; and saw in his recovered serenity the sure promise of his fond prophecy.

CHAPTER II.

THE fearful day arrived, when Sobieski and his grandson were to bid adieu to Villanow and its peaceful scenes.

"The well-poised mind of the veteran, bade his daughter farewell, with a fortitude which imparted some of its strength even to her. But when Thaddeus, ready habited for his journey, entered the room, at the sight of his military accoutrements she shuddered: and when, with a glowing countenance, he advanced, smiling through his tears, towards her, she clasped him in her arms, and rivetted her lips to that face whose very loveliness added to her affection. She gazed at him, she wept on his neck, she pressed him to her bosom. "Oh! how soon may all that beauty be mingled with the dust? how soon may that warm heart, which then beat against hers, be pierced by the sword! be laid on the ground, mangled and bleeding, exposed, and trampled on. These thoughts thronged upon her soul, and deprived her of sense.

was carried away lifeless by her maids; whilst the palatine, almost by force, compelled Thaddeus to quit the spot.

It was not until the lofty battlements of Villanow blended with the clouds, that Thaddeus could throw off his melancholy. The parting agony of his mother hung on his spirits; and heavy and frequent were his sighs, as he gazed on the russet cottages and fertile fields, which reminded him that he was yet passing through the territories of his grandfather. The picturesque mill of Mariemont was the last spot on which his sight lingered. The ivy that mantled over its sides, sparkled with the brightness of a shower that had just fallen; and the rays of a setting sun gleaming on its shattered wall, made it an object of such romantic beauty, as well as interest, that he could not help pointing it out to his fellow travellers.

Whilst the eyes of general Butzou, who was in the carriage, followed the direction of Thaddeus, the palatine observed the heightening animation of his features, with that philanthropy which expands the heart of a good man; and recollecting at the same time the feelings he himself enjoyed, when he visited that place one and twenty years ago, he put his hand on the shoulder of Butzou, and said, "general, did you ever relate to my boy the particulars of that mill?"

"No, my lord."

"I suppose," continued the palatine, "the same reason deterred you from speaking of it uncalled for, as lessened my wish to tell the story; we are both too much the heroes of the tale, to have volunteered the recital."

"Do you mean, my lord," asked Thaddeus, "the rescue of our king from this place?"

"I do."

"I have very indistinct knowledge of the affair. I remember it was told me many years since, but I have nearly forgotten it; and can only account for my apparent insensibility in never having inquired any further, to the happy thoughtlessness in which you have hitherto permitted me to live."

"But," said the palatine, whose only object was to draw his grandson from saddening reflections; "What say to me, turning egotist?"

"I now ask the story of you;" returned Thaddeus smiling; "besides, as soldiers are permitted by the fire side to '*fight their battles o'er again;*' your modesty grandfather, cannot violently object to repeat it to me here, on the way to more."

"As a preliminary," said the palatine, "to relate our history in form, I must suppose that it is unnecessary to tell you that general Butzou was the brave soldier, who at the imminent risk of his own life saved that of our sovereign?"

"Of course, I know that," replied the young count, "and that you, too, had a share in it; for when I was yesterday presented to his majesty, among other things which he spoke of, he told me, that he believed under heaven, he owed his present existence to general Butzou and yourself."

"So very little to me," resumed Sobieski, "that I will to the best of my recollection, repeat every circumstance of the affair. Should I err, I must beg of you general," turning to Butzou, "to put me right?"

Butzou with the glow of honest exultation still painting his face, nodded assent; and Thaddeus bowing to his grandfather in sign of his attention, the palatine began.

"It was on Sunday night, the third of September, in the year 1771, that this event took place. At that time instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were lying waste their country from one end to the other, and perpetrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants.

"Among their numerous crimes, a plan was laid for surprising and taking the king's person. Pulaski was one of the most daring of these rebels; and assisted by Lukawski, Strawenski, Kosinski, three Poles of distinction, he meditated at any rate to accomplish his death. Accordingly, the three latter, in obedience to his orders, with forty other conspirators, met at Czetschokow, and in the presence of their commander swore with the most horrid oaths, to deliver Stanislaus alive or dead into their hands.

"About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves

peasants; and concealing their arms in waggons of hay which they drove before them, they entered Warsaw unsuspected.

"It was ten o'clock, on the third of September, as I have told you, that they found an opportunity of executing their scheme. They placed themselves, under cover of the night, in those avenues of the city, through which they knew his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants, myself, and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow when the conspirators rushed out and surrounded us, commanding the coachmen to stop, and beating down the men with the butt end of their muskets. Several shot were fired into the coach. One passed through my hat as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg with a sabre, soon laid me under the wheels; and whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king.

"It was then that our friend Butzou (who at that period was a private in my service) stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In one instant he received several balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time, all the persons who had formed the escort, were either wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair cried, "Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!" and discharging his pistol so near his majesty's face, that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with his sword; whilst a third, who was on horse-back, laying hold of his collar, between himself and another, at full gallop, dragged him along the ground, through the suberbs of the city.

"During the latter part of this outrageous scene, some of our frightened people returned with a detachment, and seeing Butzou and me almost lifeless, carried us to the palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The

foot-guards immediately followed the track that the conspirators had seemed to take. In one of the streets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his pelisse perfectly reticulated with bullet holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death; and they came back filling Warsaw with dismay.

"The assassins meanwhile got clear of the town.—Finding, however, that the king by loss of blood, weakness, and wounds in his feet, was not likely to exist much longer in their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the attempt his beast fell twice; and, at the second fall, broke its leg: they then compelled him, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, than they threw his majesty down, and held him there, till Lukawski tore from his neck the ribbon of the black eagle, and its diamond cross. Lukawski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner, that he quitted his charge, and repaired with his spoils to Pulaski, meaning to show them as an incontestible proof of his success. Many of the other plunderers, concluding that they could not do better than follow his example, fled also, and left only seven of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Stanislaus.

"The night was now grown so dark, that they could not be sure of their way; and their horses stumbling at every step over stumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increased their apprehensions to such a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot: he literally marked his path with his blood, his shoes having been torn off in the struggle at the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards and round the outskirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him, at last became so much afraid of their prisoner taking advantage of these circumstances to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski, for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused; but their demands growing more violent and perious as they found that the intricacies of the forest

involved them completely, the king expected every moment to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

"When I recovered from my swoon, and my leg was bound up, I felt myself able to stir; and questioning the officers that stood about my couch, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they shuddered at leaving the king at the mercy of the confederates; and yet were fearful by pursuing them farther, to incense them, through terror and revenge, to massacre their prisoner, if he were still alive. I tried what I could to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback; and that neither darkness nor danger should be permitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the side of the nobles, soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers; and my orders were instantly obeyed. But I must add, almost as instantly disappointed: For, in less than half an hour they returned in despair, showing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. I suppose the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in several places, and so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me, declared it as his opinion, that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body, for by the light of the torches he could trace drops of blood to a considerable distance.

"Whilst I was again attempting to combat this new evidence of his majesty, being beyond the reach of succour or of insult, he was driven before the seven conspirators, so far into the wood of Bielany, that unknowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard-houses, and to their extreme terror were accosted by a patrole. Four of the banditti immediately disappeared leaving only two with Kosinski; who, much alarmed forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound stillness. Notwithstanding all this precaution, scarce a quarter of an hour after, they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men, now taking to flight, left Kosinski full of dismay, alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, beseeched permission to rest for a

moment: Kosinski refused, and pointing his sword towards his breast, compelled him to proceed. The king obeyed in silence.

"As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, nardly able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor seemed to forget his vigilance, till he appeared at last thoroughly given up to thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving some hope, from the manner in which he was agitated, he ventured to say, "I see, that you know not how to proceed. You cannot but be aware that the enterprise you are engaged in, and how it will, is full of peril to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other: Pulaski will will find it as easy to rid himself of your life, as to take mine. Avoid this danger; and I will promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Bielany: we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your safety." Kosinski, rendered desperate by the circumstances in which he was involved, replied, "No; I have sworn! and I would rather sacrifice my life, than my honor."

"The king had neither strength nor spirits to make any answer. They continued to break their way through the underwood, till they arrived close to Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to stir another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored, for one moment's rest, to recover some power to move.—Kosinski now consented. This unexpected humanity gave his majesty courage to employ the minutes during which they sat together, in another attempt to soften his heart, and to convince him that the oath he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding, to a brave and virtuous man.

"Kosinski heard him with attention, and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected. "But," said he, "if I shoul I assent to what you propose, and reconduct you back to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken, and executed."—"I give you my word," answered the king, "that you shall not suffer any injury. But if you doubt my honor, escape while you can. I shall find my way to some place of shelter, and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose." Kosinski entirely overcome, threw himself on

knees before his majesty; and, implaring pardon for what he had done, swore, that from this hour he would defend his king against all the conspirators, and would trust confidently on his word, for future preservation. Stanislaus repeated his promise of forgiveness and protection; and directing him to seek refuge for them both, in the mill near which they were discoursing, Kosinski obeyed, and knocked, but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through it, begged succour for a nobleman, who had been waylaid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or let them in; telling them it was his belief, they were robbers themselves, and if they did not go away, he would fire upon them.

"This dispute had continued for near an hour, when the king contrived to crawl up close to the window, and said, "My good friend, if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without this parley, to break into your house, as to break this pane of glass; and therefore if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, let us in." This argument had its weight with the man, and opening the door, he admitted them. After some trouble, his majesty procured pen and ink, and immediately addressed a few lines to me at the palace, with more difficulty he prevailed on one of the miller's sons to carry it; so fearful were they of falling in with any of the troop, whom they understood had plundered their guests.

"The joy I experienced at the sight of this note, I cannot describe. I well remember the contents; they were literally these.

"By the miraculous hand of providence, I am escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Marimont. Send as soon as possible, and take me away. I am wounded but not dangerously."

"Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard with his sword drawn. As he knew my person, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen asleep, and lay in one corner of the hovel, on the ground, covered with the miller's

 To see the most virtuous monarch in the world,

thus abused by his ungrateful subjects pierced me to the heart; and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, "I thank Almighty God, that I again see my sovereign alive!" It is not easy to say, how these words struck the simple family with amazement. They instantly dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened, and beseeched his pardon for all their ill manners. The good Stanislaus soon quieted their fears; and graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day. When he would show him his gratitude in a better way than by promises.

"Five minutes afterwards, the officers of the detachmen assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage; and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning."

"Yes," interrupted Butzou, "I remember the joy I felt when the news was, brought to me, in my bed, that I had not in vain received the wounds intended for my sovereign: and besides, his majesty visited his poor soldier in his chamber. Do you recollect, my lord, how he was brought into my room in a chair between two men? and how he thanked me, and shook hands with me It made me like a child."

"But," inquired Thaddeus, hardly recovering from the deep attention with which he had listened to this recital; "what became of Kosinski? I suppose the king kept his word,"

"He did indeed, replied Sobieski; "his word is at all times sacred. Yet I believe Kosinski had his fears that he would not be so generous; for I perceived him look anxious, and change color very often, whilst he was in the coach. However he was soon tranquilized by his majesty's manner, who when he alighted at the palace in the midst of the joyous cries of the people, shouting, "The king is alive!" leaned upon his arm, in preference to mine, and presented him to the populace as his preserver. The great gate was ordered to be left open: and never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene! every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came running

to catch a glimpse of their rescued sovereign; seeing the doors free, they entered without ceremony, and thronged forward in crowds, to get near enough to kiss his hand, or to touch his clothes; then elated with joy, they turned to Kosinski, and loaded him with demonstrations of gratitude, calling him the '*Saviour of their good king.*' Kosinski, bore all this with surprising firmness; but in a day or two, when the facts of the business became known, he felt that he might meet with different treatment from the people, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. Stanislaus consented, and he retired to Semigallia in the papal territories, where he now lives, on a very handsome pension from the king."

"For me," said the general, "you see how he has rewarded me for that which had I left undone, I should deserve to be shot. He put it at my option, to become what I pleased about his person, or hold what rank I liked in the army. Attached as I have ever been to your family, under which all my ancestors have lived and fought, I vowed in my own mind never to quit it; and accordingly only begged permission of my sovereign to remain with the count Sobieski. I did remain "but see," cried he with his voice faltering, "what they have made of me! I command those troops, among whom it was once my greatest glory to be only a private soldier."

Thaddeus pressed the hand of the veteran between both his, and regarded him with respect and affection, whilst the grateful old man wiped off a tear that was trickling down his face.

"How happy ought it to make you my son," observed Sobieski, "that you are called out to support such a sovereign! He is not merely a king whom you follow to battle, because he will lead you to honor; the hearts of his people feel him in a different light: they look on him as their friend; as a being delegated by God, to study what is their greatest good, then to bestow it, and, when it is attacked to defend it. To preserve the life of such a sovereign, who is there that would not sacrifice his own?"

"Yes," cried Butzou; and how ought we to abhor those who threaten his life! how ought we to estimate those crowned heads, who under the mask of amity, have

from the year sixty-four when he ascended the throne, till now, been plotting his death! That calamity, Oh Heaven, avert! Happen when it may, it will, I fear, be a prelude to the certain ruin of our country!"

"Not so," interrupted Thaddeus, with earnestness: "not whilst a Polander has power to lift an arm shall it be quite lost."

Butzou applauded his spirit; and warmly seconded the palatine (who never weary of infusing into every emotion of his grandson an interest for his country) pursued the discourse, and dwelt minutely on the happy tendency of the glorious constitution of ninety-one, in defence of which they were now going to hazard their lives. As Sobieski pointed out its several excellencies, and described the pure spirit of freedom which animated its laws, the feelings of Thaddeus followed his eloquence; with the restraintless fervor of youth he branded the names of Catherine and the faithless Frederick, with some of those epithets, which posterity will not fail to ratify. During these conversations, Thaddeus forgot his regrets; and the third day, they put themselves at the head of their men, and commenced a regular march.

CHAPTER III

The little army of the palatine, passed by the battlements of Chelm, crossed the Bug into Volhinia, and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast plains, till it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column, at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed, descended the heights of Lininy and the broad camp of his countryman burst on his sight, he felt his heart swell with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration, the regular disposition of the entrenchments the long intersected streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could decry, even at that distance by the beams of a bright evening sun which shone on their arms.

In half an hour, his troops descended into the plain, where, meeting those of the palatine and the general, the three columns again united, and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight, and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply; but giving him one of those expressive looks, which immediately make its way to the soul, he commanded the troops to advance with great speed. In a few moments they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eye of Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent which general Butzou informed him, belonged to the commander in chief. They were met in the vestibule, by an hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski and he having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned round to Thaddeus, took him by the hand, presented him to his friend, and said with a smile,

"Here, my dear Kosciuszko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus; and I trust he will neither disgrace your name nor mine."

Kosciuszko embraced the young Count, and with a hearty pressure of the hand replied; "if you resemble your grandfather, Thaddeus, you will remember, that the only king of Poland who equalled Stanislaus, was a Sobieski; and as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country."

As Kosciuszko finished speaking, the aid-de-camp came forward to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski welcomed the palatine and his suite, with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him, many flattering assurances of friendship; and promised that he would appoint him to the first post of honor which should offer. After detaining him half an hour, on the object of their march, his highness withdrew, and they rejoined Kosciuszko, who conducted them to quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers who supped with Sobieski, left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus neither felt able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He laid himself down on the bed, shut his eyes and tried to sleep; but it was all in vain; in vain he turned from side to side, in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once; his imagination was roused by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor, that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got up and, dressed himself quickly; then stealing gently from the marquee, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awakening of those heroes, who the next day might sleep to rise no more. At another time and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now, he pursued his walk with far different thoughts; no sensations but those of joy moved his breast. He felt what he saw only; the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the entrenchments: and a solitary candle here and there, glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents, and showing that their inmates were probably longing with the same anxiety as himself for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on; sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the centinel; or answering, with a start, to the sudden challenge of the patrole; then lingering at the door of some of the canvass dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant, who quitted the endearments of home, to expose his life, and stand on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier from profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man is at any rate to acquire subsistence and wealth: he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it. The first energy of his mind, was a desire to assert the rights of his country. It had been inculcated into him from an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts and nightly dreams: it was now the passion which beat in every

ry of his heart: yet, he knew no honor in slaughter: his glory lay in the defence; and when that was accomplished, his sword should return to its scabbard unstained by the blood of a vanquished or an invaded people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm, a glow of triumph flittered over his cheek, for he had left the indulgences of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. He felt a proud satisfaction, as this passed in his mind; and with all that animation which an inexperienced and raised fancy, imparts to that age when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief: pressing the sabre which he held in his hand, to his lips, he half uttered, "Never will I suffer this sword to leave my arm, but at the command of mercy; or when death shall deprive my nerves of their strength.

Morning was tinging the hills that bound the eastern horizon of Winnica, before Thaddeus found that his pelisse was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. He had hardly laid his head upon his pillow, and "*lulled his senses in forgetfulness*," when he was disturbed by a confused noise, and the drum beating to arms. He opened his eyes; seeing that Sobieski was out of bed, he sprung from his own, and asked what was the matter?

"Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, as he quitted the tent.

Whilst Thaddeus was putting on his clothes, and buckling on his arms, with a trembling eagerness that almost defeated his haste, an aid-de-camp of the prince's entered. He informed him that an advance guard of the Russians, about three hundred piquets, had attacked one of the Polish outposts, to which lieutenant Lonza had been commanded the evening before; and that his highness had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade to march immediately to its relief. Before Thaddeus had time to reply, Sobieski sent in, to apprize his grandson the prince had appointed him to be second in command, over the troops which were turning out to assist the lieutenant.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight; yet fearful how the event might answer the expectations which this high distinction declared, he issued from his tent, like a youthful Mars, or rather like the young Isadas, trembling at the dazzling effects of his temerity, and hiding his valor and his blushes, beneath the waving plumes of his hemlet. Kosciuszko, who was to head the party, observed his modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, "Go, Thaddeus," said he, "take your station on the left flank; I shall require your fresh spirits to lead the charge I intend to make, and to ensure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Every thing being ready, the detachment quitted the camp, and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning, for it was yet May, in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lomza who from the only redoubt now in his possessions, first caught a glimpse of the welcome reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciuszko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight recommenced. Thaddeus at the head of his hussars, in full gallop, bore down upon the enemy. They received the charge with firmness; but the young leader, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary, exerted his voice to the utmost; calling on his men to follow him, he put spurs to his horse, and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink; they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks whilst he, by a lucky stroke of his sabre disabled the sword-arm of the Russian standard-bearer, and seized the colours. His own troops seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries, shouted victory. The reserve of the enemy, alarmed at this outcry instantly gave way, and retreating with precipitation, was soon followed by the rear ranks of the centre, where Kosciuszko had already slain the commander of the attack. The flanks next gave ground; and after holding a short stand at intervals, at length turned about and fled, panic struck, across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed, and without order or attent

pursued the fugitives with the noise of thunder, till they were lost amidst the trees of a distant wood. Kosciuszko now called on his men to stop; but he called in vain; they continued their career, animating each other, and with redoubled shouts, drowning the voice of their general, and Thaddeus, who galloped forwards, repeating the command till they were met in the entrance of the wood, by a few stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. It withstood the first onset of the Poles with considerable steadiness: but after a skirmish of ten minutes, it fled a second time; and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders their enemies followed. Kosciuszko foreseeing the consequence of this rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were extending their lines to surround a band of arquebasers, who having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thicket. Heedless of any thing but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right till, all at once, they found themselves encompassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chassours, and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade fired upon them, with instant and unremitted violence.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepidity and coolness, though under a heavy shower of musquetry, and a cannonade, which carried death in every round: it was only how to relieve the unlucky Poles from the dilemma into which they had plunged themselves, that occupied his mind. In a few minutes, the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close phalanx, flanked and reared with the pikemen; 'who stood like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms.' Many of the Russian horse im-

themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which only attempted to shake, though the ordnance was

rapidly weakening its strength. File after file of men were swept down, their bodies making a horrid rampart for their brave comrades, who, rendered desperate by slaughter, threw away their most cumbrous accoutrements, and crying to their leader, "Let us escape or die!" followed him sword in hand; and bearing like a torrent upon the enemy's rank, who expected nothing less, cut their way right through the forest. The Russians, exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valour, hung closely on their rear, goading them with musquetry, whilst they (like a wounded lion, hardly pressed by the hunters, who retreats, and yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired towards the camp, moving with a backward step, their faces towards the foe.

Meanwhile, Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, had mounted the dyke, and looked eagerly around, for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust precluded his view; but from the nearer approach of the firing, and the clashing of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were thus retreating towards the camp. He quitted the lines instantly, to call out a fresh reinforcement, when the enemy at the sight of Kosciuszko and his squadron on the full charge, suddenly halted and wheeling round, left the harrassed Polanders to enter the trenches in quiet.

Thaddeus, covered with dust and blood, flung himself into his grandfather's arms. In the heat of action, his left arm had been wounded by a Cossac; fearful that the bleeding might disable him from further service, at the moment it happened, he bound it up in his sash, and had thought no more of it until the palatine, now remarked the stains upon his cloak and the bosom of his shirt.

"My hurt is slight, my dear sir:" said he, "wish to heaven, it were all the evil that has befallen us to-day! Look at the remnant of our brave comrades."

Sobieski turned his eyes on the panting soldiers, and on Kosciuszko who was inspecting them. Some, no longer upheld by desperation, were sinking with wounds and fatigue; these the good-general, ever mindful of the comfort of his men, was sending off in litters to the medica

department; and others who had sustained the conflict of the day without meeting any personal harm, after having received the praise and admonition of their commander, were dismissed to their quarters.

Before this inspection was half over, the palatine found it necessary to assist Thaddeus to his tent, who, in spite of his exertions to the contrary, had become so faint, that he rather staggered than walked, as he was lead off the ground.

A very short time perfectly restored him; and with his arm in a sling, he joined his brother officers on the fourth day at the parade. After the duty of the morning, he heard with concern, that during his confinement, frequent skirmishes had taken place between his countrymen and their adversaries, in which they found, that the Russians had augmented their force to such a tremendous strength, that it would be impossible for the Poles to remain longer at Winnica without incurring the danger of being surrounded, and cut to pieces. In consequence of this, the Prince held a council late the preceding night, in which it was determined that the camp should be immediately razed and removed towards Zielime.

This news displeased Thaddeus, who in fairy dreams of war, always added conquest, as the sure end of his battles; and many were the sighs he drew, when next day, at an hour before dawn, he witnessed the striking of the tents, which he thought to be only the prelude to a shameful flight from the enemy. While he was standing by the sides of the busy people, and musing on the nice line which divides prudence from pusillanimity, his grandfather came up, and desiring him to mount his horse, told him by reason of the unhealed state of his wound, that he was not to take his appropriate place in the vanguard, but to march in the centre, along with the Prince and his suit. Thaddeus very warmly remonstrated against this arrangement: he called his hurt a mere scratch; and almost reproached the palatine for forfeiting his promise, that he should always be stationed near him. Sobieski would not be moved, either by argument or entreaty; Thaddeus finding he neither could nor ought to oppose him, obeyed and followed as 'd-de-camp to his highness.

After a march of three hours, the army came in sight of Volunna, when the advanced column suddenly halted. Thaddeus who was about half a mile to its rear with a throbbing heart heard that a momentous pass must be disputed before they could proceed. He curbed his horse; then almost gave it the spur, so eagerly did he wish to penetrate the cloud of smoke which rose in volumes, from the discharge of musketry, on whose wing, at every round, he dreaded it might carry the fate of his grandfather. At last the firing ceased, and the troops were commanded to go forward. On entering the contested defile, Thaddeus shuddered; for at every step the heels of his charger struck upon the wounded or dead. There lay his enemies, here lay his friends; his respiration felt suffocated; his eyes clung to the ground, expecting each moment, to fasten themselves on the breathless body of his grandfather.

Again, the tumult of battle presented itself. About a hundred soldiers, in one firm rank, stood at the end of the pass, firing on the rear-guard of the Russians, which was rapidly dispersing. Thaddeus checked his horse. Five hundred had been detached to this post; how few remained! Could he hope Sobieski had escaped such a desperate rencontre? Fearing the worst, and dreading to have those fears confirmed, his heart sickened when he received the orders of Poniatowski, to examine the extent of the loss. He rode up close to the mouth of the defile. He could no where see the palatine. A few of the hussars, a little in advance, were engaged over a heap of the killed, as if defending it from a troop of chasseurs, who appeared fighting for the barbarous privilege of trampling on the bodies. Thaddeus, at this sight, and impelled by despair, called out, "Courage, soldiers! the prince is here." The chasseurs looked forward, saw that the information was true, and took to flight. Poniatowski, almost at the word, was by the side of his young friend, who, unconscious of and thing but a filial solicitude, had immediately dismounted.

"Where is the palatine?" cried he to a soldier, who was stooping towards the slain he had attempted to defend. The man made no answer, but lifted from the heap the bodies of two soldiers, which lay at top; beneath these

Thaddeus saw the pale and deadly features of his grandfather. He staggered a few paces back, when the prince thinking that he was falling, put out his arm to catch him; but he recovered himself, and flew forward to assist Kosciuszko, who raised the head of the palatine upon his knee.

"Is he alive?" cried Thaddeus.

"He breathes."

Hope was now as warm in his breast, as it had before been cold; they soon released Sobieski from the surrounding dead; but his swoon continuing, the prince desired him to be laid on a bank, until a litter could be brought from the rear ranks to convey him to a place of security. Meantime, Thaddeus and the general bound up his wounds, and poured some water into his lips. The effusion of blood being stopped, the brave veteran opened his eyes; and in a few minutes, whilst he leaned on the bosom of his grandson, was so far recovered, as to receive, with his usual modest dignity, the thanks of his Highness for the intrepidity with which he had preserved a passage that ensured the safety of the whole army.

Two surgeons arrived with the litter, and relieved the anxiety of the by-standers, with the assurance that the wounds which they had re-examined, did not appear to be dangerous. Having laid their patient on the vehicle, they were preparing to retire with it into the rear, when Thaddeus petitioned the prince to grant him permission to take the command of the guard that was appointed to attend his grandfather.—His highness consented; but Sobieski, possitively gave his negative.

"No Thaddeus," said he, "you forget the effect that all this solicitude about so trifling a matter might have on the men. Remember, that he who goes into battle, only puts his own life to hazard; but he who abandons the field sports with the lives of his soldiers. Do not give them leave to suppose, that your dearest interest could tempt you from the front of danger, when it is your duty to remain."—Thaddeus obeyed his grandfather in silence; and at seven o'clock the army resumed their march

Near Zielime, the prince was saluted by Count Po-

tocki, at the head of some fresh troops which he had collected at Zaslow. This succour appeared very seasonable. The scouts brought information, that directly across the plain, the Russians, under the command of general Brinicki, had doubled their numbers, and were drawn up in order of battle, to dispute their progress.

Thaddeus for the first time, shuddered at the sight of the enemy. Should his friends be defeated, what might be the fate of his grandfather, now rendered helpless by his wounds! Occupied by these fears, which anxiety in his heart and looks, he kept his place at the head of the light horse close to the hill.

Prince Poniatowski ordered the lines to extend themselves, that the right should reach to the river, and the left be covered by a rising ground, on which were mounted seven pieces of ordnance. Immediately after these dispositions, the battle commenced. It continued with violence and unabating fury, from eight in the morning until sunset. Several times during the contest, the Poles were driven from the ground; but recovering themselves and animated by their commanders, they prosecuted the fight with advantage. General Brinicki perceiving that the fortune of the day was going against him, called up the body of reserve consisting of four thousand men besides several cannon for which they erected temporary batteries in a few minutes; with this unsuspected addition of new forces, he opened a rapid and destructive fire on the Polanders, who, already sinking with the fatigue of marching and the heat of the sun, were now on the point of giving way. Kosciuszko, alarmed at the retrograde motion of the troops, gave immediate orders for a close attack on the enemy in front, whilst Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, should wheel round the hill of artillery, and with loud cries, charge the opposite flank. This stratagem succeeded. The Cossacs who were posted on that spot, seeing the impetuosity of the Poles, and the quarter from whence they came, supposing them to be a fresh squadron, gave ground, and opening in all directions, threw their own people into confusion that completed the defeat. Kosciuszko and the prince were equally successful, where they attacked; and a general panic among their adversaries was the consequence.

whole of the Russian army now took to flight, except a few regiments of carbiniers, who were entangled between the river and the Poles. These were immediately surrounded by a battalion of Mosovian infantry, which, enranged at the loss its body had sustained the preceding day, was answering their cries for quarter, with reproach and derision. At this instant, the Sobieski squadron, who were scouring the field, came up, and Thaddeus, who saw the perilous situation of these regiments, directly ordered that they might be taken prisoners, and the slaughter cease. The Masovians exhibited strong signs of dissatisfaction at these commands; but the young count charging through them, ranged his troops before the Russians, and threatened that the first man who would dare to lift a sword against his order, should be shot. The Poles dropped their arms. The poor carbiniers fell on their knees to thank his mercy; whilst their officers, in a sullen silence, which seemed ashamed of gratitude, surrendered their swords into the hands of their deliverers.

During this scene, only one very young Russian, appeared wholly refractory. He held up his sword in a menacing posture, when Thaddeus, who was approaching, drew near; and before he had time to speak, the young man made a lounge at his breast, which one of his hussars parrying with great dexterity, struck him to the earth: he would have killed him on the spot, had not Thaddeus caught the blow on his own sword, and instantly dismounting, raised the officer from the ground, apologizing for the hasty zeal of his soldier, the youth blushed, and bowing, presented his sword, which was received, and directly returned.

"Brave sir," said he, "I feel myself ennobled in restoring this sword to one, who so courageously defended it."

The Russian made no other reply, than by a second bow, and putting his hand on his breast, which was wet with blood. Ceremony was now at an end. Thaddeus never considered the unfortunate as strangers: accosting the wounded young soldier with a friendly voice, he assured him of services, and made him lean on his shoulder. The officer, capable of speaking, accepted the assistance of his

enemy; but before the conveyance arrived for which two men had been despatched, he fainted in his arms. Thaddeus, who was obliged to join the prince with his prisoners, very unwillingly left the young Russian in this situation. Before he did so, he directed one of his lieutenants to stay behind, and take care that the surgeons should pay attention to the officer, and have his litter carried next to the palatine's during the rest of the march.

When the army halted at nine o'clock, preparations were made to fix the camp; and in case of a surprisal from any part of the dispersed enemy which might have rallied, orders were delivered for throwing up a dyke. Thaddeus, having been assured that his grandfather and the wounded Russian were comfortably stationed together, did not hesitate to accept with alacrity the command of the entrenching party; to that end, he wrapped himself loosely in his pelisse, and prepared for a long watch. The night was beautiful. It being the month of June, a softening warmth still floated through the air, as if the moon, which shone over his head, emitted heat as well as splendor. His mind was in unison with the season. He rode slowly round, from bank to bank, sometimes speaking to the workers in the fosse, sometimes lingering for a few minutes, looking on the ground, he thought on the element of which he was composed, to which he might so soon return! then gazing upwards, he observed the silent march of the stars, and the moving scene of the heavens! On whatever he cast his eyes his soul, which the recent events had dissolved into a temper not the less delightful for being tinged with melancholy, dwelt with intense feeling on the littleness of human pride, when opposed to the grandeur of eternity. He looked with pity over that wide tract of land, which now lay betwixt him and the remains of those four thousand Russians who had fallen a sacrifice to the insatiate desires of ambition. He well know the difference between a defender of his own country, and the invader of another's. He felt his heart beat, his soul expand, at the prospect of securing liberty and life to a virtuous people; while he could only imagine, how that spirit must shrink from reflection, which would animate the head and hands of a self-condemned slave, to fight not merely to fasten cha-

on others, but to rivet his own still closer. The best affections of man having put the sword into the hands of Thaddeus, his principles as a philosopher, did not rebel in the smallest degree against his passion for arms. When he was told that the fortifications were finished, he retired with a tranquil step and smiling countenance, toward the Masovian quarters. He found the palatine awake, and eager to welcome him with the joyful reply to his anxious inquiries, that his wounds were so slight as to promise a speedy amendment. Thaddeus asked for his prisoner. The palatine said, "he is in the next tent, where, according to your desire, the surgeon never leaves him; and he has given a very favourable opinion on the wound which was a shot through the muscles of the breast."

"Have you seen him, my dear sir?" asked Thaddeus, "Does he express himself, as if he felt at ease, and thought himself well treated?"

"Yes," replied the palatine. "I was supported into his marquee, before I retired to my own. I told him who I was, and repeated your offers of service. He received what I said, with lively expressions of gratitude; and at the same time declared that he had nothing to blame, but his own folly, in bringing him to the state in which he then was."

"How, my Lord?" asked Thaddeus, rather surprised. "Does he repent of being a soldier? Or is he ashamed of the cause for which he fought?"

"Both, Thaddeus; he is no Russian, but a young Englishman."

"An Englishman! and raise his arm against a country struggling for liberty!"

"It is very true, returned the palatine; "but as he confessed, that it was his folly, and the persuasions of others, which impelled him, he merits pardon; he is a mere youth; I think hardly your age. I understand that he is of rank; and having undertaken the tour of Europe under the direction of a travelling governour, he took Russia in his map of rout. At Petersburgh he became intimate with many of the nobility, particularly with count Brinicki, at whose house he resided; and when his lordship named to the command of the army in Poland,

Mr. Somerset, (for that is your prisoner's name,) instigated by his own volatility and the arguments of his host, volunteered with him; and so followed his friend, to oppose that freedom here, which he would have asserted in his own nation."

Thaddeus thanked his grandfather for this information, and pleased that the young man, who had so much interested him, was any thing but a Russian, he instantly repaired to his tent.

A generous heart is as eloquent in acknowledging benefits, as it would be bounteous in bestowing them; and Mr. Somerset, received his preserver with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude. Thaddeus begged him not to consider himself as particularly obliged by a conduct which every soldier of honour has a right to expect from another. The Englishman bowed his head, and Thaddeus sat down by his bed-side, where he remained conversing, for near an hour.

Whilst he gathered from his own lips a corroboration of the narrative of the palatine, he could not forbear inquiring how a person of his apparent candid nature, and who was also the native of a soil where liberty had so long been the palladium of its happiness, could volunteer in a cause the end of which was to make a brave people slaves.

Somerset listened to these questions with blushes; and they did not leave his face, when he confessed, that all he could say in extenuation of what he had done, was to plead his youth, and having thought little on the subject.

"I was wrought upon," continued he, by a variety of circumstances; first, the principles of Mr. Loftus, my governor, are strongly in favour of the court of Petersburgh: secondly, my father disliked the army, and I adored it; this was the only opportunity in which I might ever satisfy my passion: and lastly; I believe I was dazzled by the picture which the young men about me, drew of the campaign. I longed to be a soldier; they persuaded me; and I followed them to the field, as I would have done to a ball-room, heedless of the consequence."

"Yet," replied Thaddeus, smiling, "from the

pidity with which you maintained your ground when your arms were demanded, any one might have thought that your whole soul, as well as your body, was engaged in the cause."

"To be sure," returned he "I was a blockhead to be there; but when there, I should have despised myself forever, had I given up my honour into the hands of those ruffians who would have wrested my sword from me!—But when you came, noble Sobieski, it was the fate of war, and I confided myself to a brave man."

CHAPTER IV.

EACH succeeding morning not only brought fresh symptoms of recovery to the two invalids, but condensed the interest and admiration of the young men, into an ardent esteem.

It is not the disposition of youthful minds to weigh for months and years, the sterling value of those qualities which attract them. As soon as they see virtue, they respect it; as soon as they meet kindness, they believe it; and as soon as a union of both presents itself, they love it. Not having passed through the disappointments of a delusive world, they grasp for reality, every pageant that appears. They have not yet admitted that cruel doctrine, which, when it takes effect, creates and extends the misery it affects to cure. Whilst we give up our souls to suspicion, we gradually learn to deceive: whilst we repress the fervours of our own hearts, we freeze those which approach us; whilst we cautiously avoid occasions of receiving pain, we at every remove acquire an unconscious influence to inflict anguish on those who follow us. They again meet from our conduct and lips, the reason and the lesson, to obliterate the expanding sensibilities of their nature: and thus the tormenting chain of deceiving characters is lengthened to infinitude.

ter end of the mouth, Sobieski received a ing his immediate attendance at court

where a Diet was to be held in consequence of the victory at Zielime, to consider of future proceedings. With this letter, his majesty inclosed a collar and investiture of the order of St. Stanislaus, as an acknowledgment of service to the young Thaddeus, with a note from himself, expressing his commands that he would return with the palatine and the other generals, to receive thanks from the throne.

Thaddeus, half wild with delight at the thought of so soon meeting his mother, ran to the tent of his British friend to communicate to him the tidings. Somerset participated in all his pleasures; and, with sensations equally warm, accepted the invitation to go with him to Villanow.

"I would follow you, my friend," said he, squeezing the hand of Thaddeus, who was eagerly describing the merits of the Countess and the beauties of his home, "all over the world."

"Then I will take you to the most charming spot in it!" cried he, "Villanow is a perfect paradise; and my mother, the dear angel, that would make a desert so to me."

"You speak so rapturously of your *enchanted castle*, Thaddeus," returned his friend, "that I do believe I shall have to consider my knight-errantry, in being fool enough to thrust myself amid a fray in which I had no business, as one of the wisest decisions of my life!"

"I consider it," replied Thaddeus, "as one of the luckiest events in mine."

Before the Palatine quitted the camp, Somerset thought it proper to acquaint Mr. Loftus, who was yet at Petersburgh, of the particulars of his late danger; and that he was going to Warsaw with his new friends, where he would remain for several weeks. He also added, that as the court of Poland, through the intercession of the palatine, had generously given him his liberty, he should be able to see every thing in that country worthy of investigation; and that he would write to him again, inclosing letters for England, soon after his arrival at the capital.

The weather continuing fine, the party left Zielime in a few days; and the palatine and Somerset, being so

restored from their wounds, that they could walk about, the one, with a crutch, and the other, by the support of his friend's or a servant's arm; they went through the journey with animation and pleasure. The benign wisdom of Sobieski, the intelligent enthusiasm of Thaddeus, and the playful vivacity of Somerset, all mingling together made the minutes fly even as fast as their wishes, till a week more carried them into the palatinate of Masovia, and soon after within the walls of Villanow.

Every thing that presented itself to Mr. Somerset was new and fascinating. He saw, in the domestic felicity of his friends, scenes which reminded him of the social harmony of his own home. He beheld, in the palace and retinue of Sobieski, all that magnificence which bespoke the descendant of a great king who even wanted nothing of a royal grandeur but the crown, which he had the magnanimity to think and declare was then placed upon a more worthy brow. Whilst Somerset venerated this true patriot, the high tone which his feelings acquired, was not lowered by associating with characters who were nearer the common standard. The friends of Sobieski were men of tried probity: men, who at all times preferred their country's welfare, before their own particular interest. The most distinguished among them, were the counts Malachowski, Potocki, Puchala, and the prince Cassimir Sapieha. Mr. Somerset, day after day, listened with deep attention to these virtuous and energetic noblemen. He saw them full of fire and personal courage when the affairs of Poland were the subject of discourse; and he beheld with amaze and admiration, their perfect forgetfulness of their own individual safety, in their passion for the general good. In these moments, he felt his heart bowing down before them; and all the ancient pride of a Briton distended his breast, when he thought, that such men as these are, his ancestors were. He remembered how often their almost chivalric virtues used to occupy his reflections, in the picture-gallery at Somerset Castle: and his doubts, when he compared what is with what was, that history had glossed over the actions of past centuries; or else, what a different order of men lived then, from those which now inhabited the world. Thus, stu-

dying the sublime characters of Sobieski and his friends, and enjoying the endearing kindness of Thaddeus and his mother, did a fortnight pass away, without his even recollecting his promise of writing to his governor. At the end of that period, however, he stole an hour from the countess's society and enclosed, in a short letter to Mr. Loftus, the following epistle to his mother:

"TO LADY SOMERSET, SOMERSET-CASTLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

"Many weeks ago, my dearest mother, I wrote a letter of seven sheets from Petersburgh, which long ere this, you and my dear father must have received. I there attempted to give you some idea of the manners of Russia, with the face of the country; and 'my vanity whispers, that I succeeded tolerably well. The court of the famous Catharine, and the attentions of the hospitable count Brinicki, were then the subject of my pen.

"But how shall I account for being here? How shall I allay your surprise and displeasure, on seeing that this letter is dated from Warsaw? I know that I have acted against the wish of my father, in visiting one of those countries which he had interdicted. I know that I have disobeyed your commands, in ever having, at any period of my life, taken up my arms without an indispensible necessity: but I have nothing to allege in my defence. I fell in the way of temptation, and I yielded to it. I really cannot enumerate all the things which induced me to volunteer with the Russians; Suffice it to say, that I did so, and that we were defeated by the Poles at Zielime: and as heaven has rather rewarded your prayers than punished my imprudence, I trust you will do the same, and pardon an indiscretion that I will never repeat.

"Notwithstanding all this, I must have lost my life through my folly, had I not been preserved, even in the moment when death was pending over me, by a young officer, with whose family I now am. The very sound of their title will create your respect; for *we* of the *Patrition order*, have a strange tenacity in our belief, that virtue is hereditary, and in this instance our creed is duly honoured. I

title is Sobieski; the family which bears it, is the only remaining posterity of the great monarch of that name; and the count, who is at its head, is palatine of Masovia, which, next to the throne, is the first dignity in the state. He is one of the warmest champions in favour of the invaded rights of his country; and though born to command, he has so far transgressed that golden law of despotic rulers, '*Ignorance and subjection*' that throughout his territories every man is taught to worship his God with his heart as well as his knees. The understandings of his peasants are awakened to all useful knowledge; he does not put books of science and speculation into their hands vainly to consume their time in idleness. He gives them the Bible, and implements of industry, to afford them the means of knowing, and of practising their duty. All Masovia, around his palace blooms like a garden. The cheerful faces of the farmers, and the blessings which they implore on the family, as I walk in the fields with the young count, (for in this country, the sons bear the same title with their fathers,) have even drawn a few delightful drops from the eyes of your '*thoughtless son!*' I know, mother, that you think I have nothing sentimental about me; else you would not so often have poured into my *not inattentive ears*, that it is by the feelings of the heart we are to estimate the pleasures of earth and heaven; shut our eyes against them, and we are nicely constructed speculums, which reflect the beauties of nature, but enjoy none. You see mamma, that I both remember and adopt your lessons.

"Thaddeus Sobieski is the grandson of the palatine, and the last of his illustrious race. It is to him that I owe the preservation of my life, at Zielime, and much of my happiness since; for he is not only the bravest, but the most amiable young man in the kingdom; and he is my friend. Indeed, as things happened, you must think that out of evil has come good; though I have been disobedient, my fault has introduced me to the affection of people whose friendship henceforward will prove the greatest pleasure of my days. The mother of Thaddeus is the only daughter of the palatine; and of her, I can only sum

up, that nothing on earth can more remind me of you; she is equally charming, equally tender to your son.

"Whilst the palatine is engaged at the Diet, her ladyship, Thaddeus and myself, with now and then a few visitors from Warsaw, form the most agreeable parties you can imagine. We walk together, we read together, we converse together, we sing together: at least the Countess sings to us; which is all the same: and you know that time flies swiftly on the wings of harmony. She has an uncommonly sweet voice, and a taste which I never heard paralleled. By the way, you cannot imagine any thing more beautiful than the Polish music. It partakes much of that delicious languor, so distinguished in the Turkish airs; with a mingling of those wandering melodies, which the now forgotten composers must have caught from the Tartars. In short, whilst the Countess is singing I hardly suffer myself to breathe; and I feel, just what our poetical friend, William Scarsdald, said a twelve month ago, at a concert of yours, 'I feel as if love sat upon my heart, and flapped it with his wings.'

"I have tried all my powers of persuasion to prevail on this charming Countess to visit our country. I have over and over again told her of you, and described you to her; that you are near her own age; (for this lovely woman, though she has a son near nineteen, is not more than forty;) that you are as fond of your *Ordinary* boy, as she is of her *peerless* one; that in fine, you and my father will receive her, and Thaddeus, and the palatine, with open arms and hearts, if they will condescend to visit our humble home, at the end of the war. I believe, that I have repeated my entreaties, both to her ladyship and my friend, regularly every day, since my arrival at Villanow; but always with the same ill success; she smiles and refuses: and Thaddeus '*shakes his ambrosial curls*' with a very '*godlike frown*' of denial; I hope self-denial in compliment to his mother's cruel and unprovoked negative.

"Before I proceed, my dear mother, I must give you some idea of the real appearance of this palace. I recollect your having read a superficial account of it in the few slight sketches that have been published in England of Po

land; but the pictures which they exhibit are so faint, that they hardly resemble the original. Pray do not laugh at me, if I begin in the true descriptive style! you know, there is only one way to draw houses, and lands, and rivers; so that no blame can be attached to me as *will'e nill'e*, I take the beaten path. To commence.—

"When we left Zelime, and advanced into the Province of Masovia, the country around Prague rose at every step in fresh beauty. Then numberless chains of gently-swelling hills which encompass it on each side the Vistula, were in some parts chequered with corn-fields, meadows and green pastures, covered with sheep, whose soft-bleatings trilled in my ears, and transported my senses into new regions; so different were my charmed and tranquilized feelings, from that tossing of mind, attendant on the horrors I had recently witnessed. Surely, there is nothing in the rational world short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a perfect calm, at the sight of a wide stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then, that the balm of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the spirit and elevates the soul to the creator. It is then, that we behold the parent of the universe in his works: when *we see* his grandeur, in earth, sea, and sky; feel his affection, in the emotions which they raise: and half mortal, half etherialized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.

"Autumn seemed to be unfolding all her beauties, to greet the return of the palatine. In one part, the haymakers were mowing the hay, and heaping it into stacks; in another the reapers were gathering up the wheat, with a troop of rosy little gleaners behind them; each of whom might have tempted the proudest Halemon in christendom to have changed her toil into '*a gentle duty*' Such a landscape, intermingled with the little farms of these honest people, whom the philanthrophy of Sobieski had rendered free, (for it is a tract of his extensive domains that describing,) gave me sensations that reminded me of

Somerset. These cottages are dispersed among the deep hollows of the vales, and are seen peeping from amid the thick umbrage of the woods, which cover the face of the hills. The irregular forms, and thatched roofs, with many of their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, compose such lovely groups, that I could only wish for our dear Mary's pencil and fingers, (for alas! that way mine are motionless!) to transport them to your eyes.

"The palace of Villanow, which is castellated, and stands in the midst of a fortress, now burst upon my view. It rears its embattled head, from the summit of a hill, that gradually slopes down towards the Vistula, and borders to the south, the plain of Vola; a spot, so long famous for the election of the kings of Poland. On the north of the building, the earth is cut into natural ramparts, which rise in a high succession, till they reach the foundations of the palace, where they terminate, in a noble terrace. These ramparts, covered with grass, overlook the stone-outworks and spread down to the bottom of the hill, which being clothed with fine trees and luxuriant underwood, form such a rich and verdant base to the fortress, as I have not language to describe; were I privileged to be poetical, I would say, that it reminds me of the god of war, sleeping amid roses in the bower of love. Here, the eye may wander over the gifts of bounteous nature, arraying hill and dale in all the united treasures of spring and autumn. The forest stretches its yet unsunned arms to the breeze; whilst that breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the tented hay, and the thousand sweets breathed from those flowers which in this delicious country, weep honey.

"A magnificent flight of steps led us from the foot of the ramparts up to the gate of the palace. We entered it; and were presently surrounded by a train of attendants, in such sumptuous liveries, that I found myself all at once carried back into the fifteenth century, and might have fancied myself within the courtly walls of our Tudors and Plantagenets. You can better conceive, than I can recapitulate, the scene which took place between the palatine, the Countess, and her son. I can only repeat, that from that hour I have experienced no default of happiness but what arises from regret that my dear family are not partakers with me.

"You know, that this stupendous building was the favourite residence of John Sobieski; and that he erected it, as a resting place from the labors of his long and glorious reign. I cannot move without meeting some vestige of that truly great monarch. I sleep in his bedchamber: there hangs his portrait, dressed in the robes of sovereignty; here, are suspended the arms, with which he saved those kingdoms, which are now coalescing to the destruction of Poland. On one side, is his library; on the other, the little chapel, in which he used to pay his morning and evening devotions. Wherever I look, my eye finds some object, to excite my reflections and emulation. The noble dead appear to address me from their graves, and I blush, at the inglorious life I might have pursued, had I never visited this house, and its inhabitants: yet, my dearest mother, I do not mean to reproach you; nor to insinuate that my reverend father, and brave ancestors, have not set me examples as bright, as man need follow, but human nature is capricious; we are not to be stimulated so much with what is always in our view, as by sights, which rising up when we are removed from our customary associations, surprise and captivate our attention. Villanow has only awakened me to the same lesson, which I have conned over in drowsy carelessness at home. Thaddeus Sobieski is hardly one year my senior; but, good Heaven! what has he not done? What has he not acquired? Whilst I abused the indulgence of my parents, and wasted my days in riding, shooting and walking the streets, he was learning to act, as a man of rank ought to act; and by seizing every opportunity to serve the state, he has obtained a rich reward, in the respect and admiration of his country. I am not envious, mother, but I now feel the truth of Cæsar's speech, when he declared 'that *the reputation of Alexander would not let him sleep.*' Nevertheless, I dearly love my friend; I murmur at my own demerits, not at his worth.

"I have scribbled out all my paper, otherwise I really believe that I would write more; however, I promise you another letter, in a week or two. Meanwhile I shall send this packet to Mr. Lotin, who is at Petersburgh, to for-

ward to you. Adieu, my dear mother; I am, with reverence to my father and yourself,

"Your truly affectionate son,

"PEMBROKE SOMERSET

"*Villanow, August*, 1792."

"TO LADY SOMERSET, SOMERSET-CASTLE ENGLAND.

(*Written three weeks after the preceding.*)

"You know, my dear mother, that your Pembroke is famous for his ingenious mode of showing the full value of every favour he confers; can I then lose the opportunity of telling you, what I have left to make you happy with this epistle?

"About five minutes ago, I was sitting on the lawn at the feet of the Countess reading to her and the princess Sapieha, the charming poem of '*The Pleasures of Memory*;" as both these ladies understand English, they were admiring it, and paying many compliments to the *graces* of my delivery, when the palatine presented himself, and told me, that if I had any commands for Petersburgh, I must prepare them, for a messenger was to set off to-morrow morning by day-break. I instantly sprang up, threw my book into the hand of Thaddeus; and here I am in my own room, scribbling to you.

"Even at the moment in which I dip my pen in the ink, my hurrying imagination paints on my breast, the situation of my beloved home, when this letter reaches you I think I see you and my good aunt, seated on the blue sofa in your dressing-room with your needle-work on the little table before you; I see Mary, in her usual nook, the recess by the old harpsichord; and my dear father, bringing in this happy letter from your son! I must confess, that this romantic kind of fancy-sketch makes me feel rather oddly; very unlike indeed, from what I felt a few months since, when I was a mere, indifferent, unreflecting, unappreciating coxcomb. Well, it is now made evident to me, that we never know the blessings of existence till we are separated from the possession of them. Absence tightens the string that unites friends as well as

lovers; at least I find it so; and though in the fruition of every good on this side the ocean, yet my happiness renders me ungrateful, and I repine that I enjoy it alone. Positively, I must bring you all here to pass a summer; or come back at the termination of my travels, and carry away this dear family by main force to England.

"Tell my cousin Mary, that, either way, I shall present to her esteem the most accomplished of human beings; but I warn her not to fall in love with him, neither in *propria personae*, nor by his public fame, nor with his private character. Tell her, '*he is a bright and particular star*,' neither in her sphere nor in any other woman's. In this way, he is as cold as '*dian's crescent*;' and to my great amazement too, for when I throw my eyes over the many lovely young women, who, at different times, fill the drawing-room of the Countess, I cannot but wonder at the perfect indifference with which he views their (to me) irresistible attractions.

"He is polite and attentive to them all; he talks with them, smiles with them, and treats them with every active complacency; but they do not live one instant in his memory. I mean they do not occupy his particular wishes; for with regard to every respectful sentiment towards the sex in general, and esteem to some amiable individuals, he is as lively as in the other case he is dead. The fact is, he never casts one thought upon himself: kindness is spontaneous to his nature; his sunny eyes shine over all, with modest benignity; and his frank and glowing conversation is directed to every rank of people; who imbibe it with an avidity and love, which makes its way to his heart without awakening his vanity. Thus, whilst his fine person, and splendid actions, fill every eye and bosom, I see him moving in the circle, unconscious of his eminence, and the interest he excites.

"Instigated by such an example, to which his high quality as well as extraordinary merit, gives so great an influence, many of the younger nobility have been led to enter the army. This circumstance, added to the detail of his bravery and uncommon talents in the field, has made him an object of universal regard; and in consequence, wherever he is seen he meets with applause and

acclamations: nay, even at the appearance of his carriage in the streets of Warsaw the passengers take off their hats, and pray for him till he is out of sight. It is only then that I perceive his cheek flushed with the conviction that he is adored."

"It is this, Thaddeus," said I to him one day, when walking out together, we were obliged to retire into the royal palace, from the crowds who followed him; "It is this, my dear friend, that shields your heart against the sorrows of love. You have no place for that passion; your mistress is glory, and she courts you."

"My mistress is my country," replied he; "at present, I desire no other. For her, I would die; for her only I would wish to live." While he spoke, the energy of his soul blazed in his eyes; I smiled.

"You are an enthusiast, Thaddeus."

"Pembroke!" returned he, in a surprised and reproachful tone.

"I do not think you one," resumed I, laughing; but there are many in my country, who hearing these sentiments, would not scruple to call you mad."

"Then I pity them," returned Thaddeus. "Men who cannot ardently feel, cannot taste supreme happiness. My grandfather educated me at the feet of patriotism; and when I forget his precepts and example, may my guardian angel forget me!"

"Happy, glorious Thaddeus!" cried I grasping his hand, "how I envy your destiny! To live as you do in the lap of honour, virtue and glory the aim and end of your existence!"

"The animated countenance of my friend changed at these words, and laying his hand on my arm he said—"Do not envy my destiny; Pembroke, you are the citizen of a free country, at peace with itself. Insatiate power has not dared to invade its rights. Your king in happy security, reigns in the hearts of his people; whilst our anointed Stanislaus, is baited and insulted by oppression from without, and ingratitude within. Do not envy me! I would rather live in obscurity all my days, than have the means which I have of acquiring celebrity over the ruins of Poland. Oh! my friend, the wreath that crowns

the head of conquest is black and bright; but that which binds the olive of peace on the bleeding wounds of my country, will be dearest to me."

"Such sentiments as these, my dear madam, have opened new lights upon my poor mistaken faculties. I had not considered the subject so maturely, as my friend; victory and glory were with me synonymous words: I had not learnt till frequent conversations with the young and ardent Sobieski taught me how to discriminate between ferocity and valour; between the patriot and the assassin; between the defender of his country, and the ravager of other states. In short, I see in Thaddeus Sobieski, all that my fancy hath ever pictured of the heroic character. Whilst I contemplate the sublimity of his nature, and the tenderness of his soul, I cannot help thinking, how few would believe, that all these amazing qualities could belong to one mind, and it remain unacquainted alike with the throes of ambition, and the taints of vanity."

Pembroke judged rightly of his friend: for if ever real disinterested *amor patria* glowed in the breast of man, it animated the heart of the young Sobieski. Pembroke had laid down his pen at the termination of the foregoing sentence in the letter to his mother, on the entrance of a servant who presented him with a packet which had that moment arrived from Petersburgh. He took it, and laying his writing materials back into the desk, read the following epistle from his governor.

"To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.

"My dear sir,

"I have this day received your letter, enclosing one for Lady Somerset. You must pardon me that I have detained it, and will continue to do so, till I am favoured with your answer to this; for which I shall most anxiously wait.

"You know Mr. Somerset my reputation in the sciences; you know my depth in the languages; and besides, the Marquis of Iverary, with whom I travelled all over the continent, offered you sufficient credentials respecting knowledge of the world, and the honorable manner in

which I treat my pupils. Sir Robert Somerset and your Lady mother, were amply satisfied with the account which his lordship gave of my character; but with all this, in one point every man is vulnerable. No scholar can forget those lines of the poet.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

It has been my misfortune that I have felt them.

"You are not ignorant that I was known to the Brinicki family, when I had the honour of conducting the Marquis through Russia. The Count's accomplished kinswoman, the amiable and learned widow of the Baron Surowkoff, even then took particular notice of me; and when I returned with you to Petersburgh, I did not find that my short absence had obliterated me from her memory.

"You are well acquainted with the dignity of that lady's opinions, on political subjects: she and I coincide in ardor for the cause of insulted Russia, and in hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe. Many have been the long and interesting conversations we have held on the prosecution of those schemes, which her late husband had so principal a hand in laying, for the subversion of that miserable kingdom in which you now are.

"The baroness I need not observe is as handsome as she is ingenious; her understanding is as masculine as her person is lovely; and I had been more or less than man, if I had not understood that my figure and talents were agreeable to her. I cannot say that she has absolutely promised me her hand, but she has gone as far that way, as delicacy would permit. I am thus circumstantial Mr. Somerset, to show you that I never proceed without proof: She has repeatedly said in my presence, that she would never marry any man, unless he were not only well-looking but of the profoundest erudition, united with an acquaintance with men and manners, which none could dispute. "Besides," added she, "he must not

with me one title in politics, for on that hand I hold myself second to no man nor woman in Europe." And then she has complimented me, by declaring, that I possessed the most judicious sentiments in government she had ever met with; that she should consider herself happy, on the first vacancy, to introduce me at court, where she was sure the Empress would at once discover the value of my talents; but," she continued, "in such a case I will not allow that even her majesty shall rival me in your esteem." The modesty natural to my character, told me, that these praises must have some other source, than my comparatively unequal abilities; and I unequivocally found it, in the partiality with which her ladyship had condescended to regard me.

"Was I to blame, Mr. Somerset? Would not any man of sensibility and honor have immediately comprehended such advances from a woman of her rank and reputation I could not be mistaken; her looks and words needed no explanation which my judgment could not pronounce. Though I am aware that I do not possess that *lumen purpureum juventoe*, which attracts very young uneducated woman yet I am not fifty; and from the baroness's singular behaviour, I had every reason to expect handsomer treatmen than she has been pleased to dispense to me since my return

"But to proceed regularly; (I must beg your pardon for the warmth which has carried me to this digression;) you know sir, that from the hour in which I had the honor of taking leave of your noble family in England, I strove to impress upon your rather volatile mind, a just and accurate conception of the people among whom I was to conduct you. When I brought you into this extensive empire, I left no pains of mine unexerted, to heighten your respect, not only for its amiable sovereign, but for all regal powers. It is the property of genius to be zealous: I was so in favor of the pretensions of the great Catharine to that paltry country, to which she has designed to offer her protection. To this zeal, and my unfortunate, though honourable devotion, to the wishes of the baroness, I am constrained to date my present ill-

"When Poland had the insolence to rebel against its illustrious mistress, you remember that every man of rank in Petersburgh was highly incensed. The Baroness Surowkoff declared herself frequently and with vehemence; she appealed to me; my veracity and my principles were called forth, and I confessed that I thought every friend to the Tsarina ought to take up arms against that ungrateful people. The Count Brinicki was then appointed to the command of the Russian forces; and her ladyship, very unexpectly on my part, answered me by approving what I said; and saying, that of course I meant to follow her cousin into Poland; for that even she, as a woman, was so earnest in the cause, that she would accompany him to the frontiers, and there wait the result.

"What could I do? How could I withstand the expectations of a lady of her quality, and one whom I believed loved me? However, some time I did oppose my wish to oblige her; I urged my cloth, and how I should be able to account for such a line of conduct to the father of my pupil? The baroness ridiculed all these arguments as mere excuses; and ended with saying, 'Do as you please, Mr. Loftus. I have been deceived in your character; the friend of the Baroness Surowkoff must be consistent: he must be as willing to fight for the cause he espouses as to speak for it; in this case the sword must follow the oration, else we shall see Poland in the hands of a rabble.'

"This decided me. I offered my services to the count, to attend him to the field. He, and the young lords persuaded you to do the same; and as I could not think of leaving you, when your father had placed you under my charge, I was pleased to find that my approval confirmed your wish to turn soldier. I was then unacquainted, Mr. Somerset, (for you did not tell me of it till we were far advanced into Poland) with Sir Robert's and my lady's dislike of the army. This has been a prime source of my error, and had I known their repugnance to your taking up arms, I believe that my duty would have triumphed even over my devotion to the Baroness; but I have been born under a melancholy horoscope: nothing happens as any of my humblest wishes might warrant.

"At the first onset of the battle, I became so suddenly ill, that I was obliged to retire, or swoon upon the ground; and on this unfortunate event which was completely unwielded on my part (for no man can command the period of sickness) the Baroness has founded a contempt which had disconcerted all my schemes. Besides, when I attempted to remonstrate with her ladyship on the promise, which, if not directly given, was implied, she laughed at me; and when I persisted, all at once, like the rest of her ungrateful, undistinguished sex, she burst into a thousand invectives, and forbade me her house.

"What am I now to do, Mr. Somerset? This inconsistent woman has betrayed me into conduct diametrically opposite to the commands of your family. Your father particularly desired that I would not suffer you to go either into Hungary or Poland. In the last instance I have permitted you to disobey him. And my Lady Somerset, who lost both her father and brother in different engagements, you tell me, had declared, that she would never pardon the man who should put military ideas into your head.

"Therefore, sir, though you are my pupil, I throw myself on your generosity. If you persist in acquainting your family with the late transactions of Zielime, and your present residence in Poland, I shall finally be ruined. I shall not only forfeit the good opinion of your father and mother, but through their means, lose all prospect of any establishment, in the rich living of Somerset, which Sir Robert was so gracious as to promise me, on the demise of the present incumbent. You know, Mr. Somerset, that I have a mother and six sisters in Wales, whose entire support depends on my success in life; if my promotion be stopped now, they must necessarily be involved in a distress that makes me shudder.

"I cannot add more, sir; I know your generosity; and I therefore rest upon it. I shall detain the letter, which you did me the honor to enclose for my Lady Somerset, till I receive your decision; and ever whilst I live, shall I henceforth remain firm to my old and favorite maxim, which I have adopted from that glorious epistle of Horace to Numicius. Perhaps you may not recollect the lines. They run thus:

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere and sevare beatum.

"I have the honour to be,
"Dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"ANDREW LOFTUS.

"*Petersburgh, September.* 1792.

"P. S. Just as I was sealing this packet, the English ambassador forwarded me a short letter from your father, wherein he desires us to quit Russia immediately; and to make the best of our way to England, where you are wanted on a most urgent occasion. He explains himself no further; only repeating his orders in express commands, that we set off instantly. I therefore wait your directions."

The whole of this epistle very much disconcerted Mr. Somerset. He had always guessed that the Baroness Surowkoff was amusing herself with his vain and pedantic preceptor; but he had never entertained a suspicion that her ladyship would have carried her pleasantry to so cruel an excess. He saw clearly that the fears of Mr. Loftus, with regard to the displeasure of his parents, were far from groundless; and therefore, as there was a probability from the age of Dr. Manners, who was upwards of eighty, and afflicted with the dropsy, that the rectory of Somerset would soon become vacant, he thought he had better oblige his poor governor, and preserve the secret for a month or two, then give him up to the chance of Sir Robert's indignation, which (he had reason to believe, from the resolution with which he carried through all his determinations) would not much favour the side of lenity. On these grounds, Pembroke resolved to write to Mr. Loftus, and ease the anxiety of his heart: although he ridiculed his vanity, he could not help feeling some compassion for the affectionate solicitude of a son and a brother; and as this last plea had won him, half angry, half grieved, and half laughing, he scribbled these hasty lines, which he immediately dispatched by the courier.

"TO THE REV. ANDREW LOFTUS.

Petersburgh

"Upon my soul, sir, it is too bad! I am to burn my letters and go home! what can be the matter? what whimsical fit has seized my father, that I am recalled at a moment's notice? Faith, I am so mad at it, and his not choosing to assign any reason, but that he '*desires me to make the best of my way to England,*' that I do not know how I might be tempted to act.

"Another thing! you beg that I will not say a word of my ever having been in Poland; and for that purpose you have withheld the letter which I sent to you to forward to my mother. One cause of my being here, you say, was your '*ardor in the cause of insulted Russia; and your hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe.*'

"Well, I grant it. I understood from you and Brinicki, that you were leading me to march against a set of violent, discontented men of rank, who in proportion as they were inflated with personal pride and insolence, despised their own order; and under the name of freedom were introducing anarchy throughout the country which Catharine would have graciously protected. All this I find is false. But you both may have been misled; the Count by interest; and you, by misrepresentation; therefore, I do not perceive why you should be in such a terror. The wisest man in the world may see through bad lights; and why should you think that my father would never pardon your having been so unlucky?

"Yet, to satisfy your dreads of such tidings ruining you with Sir Robert, I will not be the first to tell him of our quixoting. Only remember, my good sir, though to oblige you, I withhold all my letters to my mother, and when I arrive in England, shall lock up my lips from mentioning Poland yet, positively, I will not be mute one day longer than that in which my father presents you with the living of Somerset; then you will be independent of his displeasure; and I may and will declare my everlasting gratitude to this illustrious family.

"Heigho! I am half crazy when I think of leaving I must tear myself from this heaven on earth! The

days have passed with me as minutes. Alas, alas! that I quit this mansion of comfort and affection, to wander with you, in some rumbling old coach, '*over break and through briar*!' Well, patience, patience! Another such a drubbing given to my quandum friends the Russians, and with '*victory perched like an eagle on thier laurelled brows*,' I may have some chance of wooing the Sobieskies to the banks of the Thames. At present I have not sufficient patience to keep me in good humour.

"Meet me this day week at Dantzic: I shall there embark for England. You had better not bring any of the servants with you; they might blab; discharge them at Petersburgh, and hire others for yourself and me when you arrive at the sea-port.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"PEMBROKE SOMERSET.

"*Villanow, September*, 1792."

"When Somerset joined his friends at supper, and imparted to them the commands of his father, an immediate change was produced in the spirits of the party. During the lamentations of the ladies and the murmurs of the young men, the countess tried to dispel the effects of the information by addressing Pembroke with a smile and saying, "But we shall hope that you have seen enough at Villanow, to tempt you back again at no very distant period? Tell Lady Somerset that you have left a second mother in Poland, who will long to receive another visit from her adopted son."

"Yes my dear madam," returned he, "and I shall hope before a very distant period, to see two kind mothers, united as intimately by friendship, as they are now in my heart."

Thaddeus listened to all this with a saddened countenance. He had not been much accustomed to disappointment, and his feelings, when disturbed, hardly knew how to proportion the uneasiness to the privation.—Hope, and all the hiliarities of youth flourised in his soul; his features continually glowed with animation, while

beaming of his eyes, ever answered to the smile on his lips. Hence, the slightest veering on his mind was perceptible to the countess, who, turning round, saw him leaning back in his chair, with his arms folded, and his colour heightened, whilst Pembroke, with greater force and vociferation, was running through various invectives against the hastiness of his recall.

"Come, come, Thaddeus," cried he, and parting the thick approaching curl on his forehead, "let us think no more of this separation till it arrives. You know that anticipation of evil is the death of happiness; and now it will be a kind of suicide, should we destroy the hours which we may yet enjoy together, in vain complainings that they are too soon to terminate."

A little more exhortation from the countess, and a maternal kiss, which she imprinted on his cheek, restored him to cheerfulness; and the evening passed away pleasanter than it had portended.

Much as the palatine esteemed Pembroke Somerset, his mind was too deeply absorbed in the losses of his country to attend to less considerable cares. He beheld the republic on the verge of destruction, with firmness and indignation, awaiting the earthquake which was to engulph it in the neighbouring nations. He saw the storm approaching; but he determined, whilst there remained even one spot of vantage ground above the general wreck, that Poland should yet have a name and a defender. These thoughts possessed him, these plans engaged him; and he had not leisure to regret pleasure when he was struggling for existence.

The empress continued to pour her armies into the heart of the kingdom. The king of Prussia boldly flying from his treaties refused his succour; and the emperor of Germany, following the example of so great a prince, did not blush to show that his word was equally contemptible.

Whilst the Russians were making their advances with sword and rapine, Frederick openly avowed his designs to be in concert with Petersburgh; and Poland accordingly was attacked on every quarter. Continual despatches arrived, that the villages were laid waste; that

neither age, nor sex, nor situation, prevented their unfortunate inhabitants from becoming the victims of cruelty; and that all the frontier provinces were in flames.

The Diety was called and the debates agitated with all the anxiety of men who are met to decide on their dearest interest. The feelings of the benevolent Stanislaus bled at the dreadful picture of his people's sufferings; and hardly able to restrain his tears, he answered the animated exordiums of Sobieski for resistance to the last, with an appeal immediately to his heart.

"What is it you urge to do, my lord?" said he, "Was it not to secure the happiness of my subjects, that I laboured? and finding that impracticable, what advantage would it be to them, should I pertinaciously oppose their small numbers against the accumulated hordes of the north? What is my kingdom but the comfort of my people? What will it avail me, to see them fall around me, man by man, and the few that remain, hanging in speechless sorrow over their graves? Such a sight would break my heart. Poland without its people, would be a desert; and I, rather a hermet than a king."

"In vain the palatine combatted this argument, and the quiet that a peace would now afford, by declaring it could only be temporary. In vain, he told his majesty, that he would purchase safety for the present race, at the vast expense, of not only the liberty of posterity, but of its probity and happiness.

"However you disguise slavery," cried he, "it is slavery still. Its chains, though wreathed with roses, not only fasten on the body, but rivet on the mind. They bend it from the proudest virtue, to a debasement beneath calculation. They disgrace honour; they trample upon justice. They transform the legions of Rome into a band of singers. They prostrate the sons of Athens and of Sparta at the feet of cowards. They make man abjure his birthright, bind himself to another's will, and give that into a tyrant's hands, which he received as a deposit from heaven, his reason, his conscience, and his soul. Think on this, and then, if you can, subjugate Poland to her enemies."

Stanislaus weakened by years, and impelled by this

pointment, now only wished to save his subjects from immediate outrage. He returned no answer, but with streaming eyes, bent over the table, and annulled the glorious constitution of 1791; then, with emotions hardly short of agony, he signed the order presented by the Russian officer, which directed prince Poniatowski to deliver the army under his command into the hands of general Brinicki.

As the king put his signature to these papers, Sobieski, who had so strenuously withstood each design, started from his chair, bowed to his sovereign, and in silence left the apartment. Prince Sapieha, and several other noblemen followed him.

These pacific measures did not meet with better treatment from without. When they were noised abroad, an alarming commotion arose among the inhabitants of Warsaw; and nearly four thousand men, of the first families in the republic, assembled themselves in the park of Villanow, where they immediately resolved, that if necessary, they alone would resist the power of their combined ravagers to the uttermost. The prince Sapieha, Kosciuszko, and Sobieski, were the first who took the oath of *eternal fidelity to Poland;* and they administered to Thaddeus, who kneeling down, called on heaven to hear him, as he swore to assert the freedom of his country to the last gasp of its existence.

In the midst of these momentous affairs, Pembroke Somerset bade adieu to his friends; and set sail with his governor from Dantzic for England.

CHAPTER V.

THOSE winter months, which before this year had been at Villanow the season for cheerfulness and festivity, now rolled away in the sad pomp of national debates and military assemblies.

sia usurped the best part of Pomerelia, and garri- with troops; Catharine declared her dominion

over the vast tract of land that lies between the Dwina and Boryestenes: and Frederick William marked down another sweep of Poland, to follow the fate of Dantzic and Thorn.

Calamities, and insults, and robberies, were heaped, day after day, on the defenceless Poles. The deputies of the province were put in prison; and the Russian ambassador had the insolence even to interrupt provisions for the king's table, and appropriate them to his own. Sobieski remonstrated with his excellency on this outrage, who incensed at the reproof, and irritated at the sway which the palatine still held at court, ordered that his extensive estates in Lithuania and Podolia should be sequestered, and divided between four of the Russian generals.

In vain the Vilnow confederation endeavoured to remonstrate with the empress. Her ambassador, not only refused to forward the despatches, but threatened the nobles, that "if they did not comply with every one of his demands he would lay all the estates, possessions, and habitations of the members of the Diet under an immediate military execution. Nay, punishment should not stop there, for should the king continue, (as he now appeared so much inclined) to join the Sobieski party, the royal domains should not only be treated with the same rigour, but some harsher means were already devised to bring them and their proud sovereign into subjection.

These menaces were of a nature too degrading to have any other effect on the Poles, than that of giving them a fresh spur to be resolute. With the same firmness they repulsed similar fulminations from the Prussian ambassador; and with a coolness that was only equalled by their intrepidity, they prepared to resume their arms.

The insolent Russian finding his threats unheeded, next morning surrounded the building where the confederation sat, with two battalions of grenadiers and four pieces of cannon: the disposition made, he issued orders, that no Pole should be permitted to go out on pain of instant death. General Rantenfeld, with the officers of the division, were set over the person of the king, who was present; they declared they would not stir till his majesty and the Diet had given an unanimous consent to the full length of the empress's commands.

The Diet set forth the unlawfulness of signing any treaty, when they were thus held from the freedom of will and debate, by the presence of an intimidating force. They urged that it was not legal to enter into deliberation, when any violent act had recently been exerted against an individual of their body; and how could they do it now, when they were deprived of five of their principal members, whom the ambassador well knew he had ordered to be arrested in their way to the senate; Sobiesk' and four of his friends as the members most inimical to the wishes of Russia, were these five. In vain their liberation was required: Rautenfeld, enraged by the pertinacity of this opposition, repeated the former threatenings, with the addition of more, and declared that they should certainly take place, if the Diet did not directly and unconditionally, sign the pretensions both of his court, and that of Prussia.

After a hard contention of many hours, the members at last agreed among themselves, to make a solemn public protest against the present tyrannous measures of the Russian ambassador; and, seeing that any attempt to inspire him even with decency was useless, they determined to cease all debate, and keep a profound silence, when the marshal should propose that project in demand.

This sorrowful silence was commenced in resentment, and retained through despair: this sorrowful silence was called, by their usurpers, a consent; this sorrowful silence is held up to the world, and to posterity, as a free cession of the Poles of all those rights which they had received from nature, and defended with their blood.

The morning after this dreadful day the senate met at one of the private palaces, and indignant and broken hearted, delivered the following declaration to the people:

The Diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops, and menaced with an invasion from the Prussian army, which is to be attended with universal devastation and ruin; finally, insulted by a thousand outrages, have been forced to witness the signing of a treaty with Prussia.

"They did endeavour to have added to the treaty some conditions, to which they supposed the lamentable state this country, would have extorted an acquiescence even

from the heart of power, but the Diet was deceived: they found the power, unaccompanied by humanity; and that Prussia, having thrown his victim to the ground, would not refrain from enjoying the miserable satisfaction of trampling upon her neck.

"The Diet confides in the justice of Poland; confides in her belief, that they would not abandon the citadel which she has reposed in their keeping: her preservation is dearer to them than their lives; but fate seems to be on the side of their destroyer. Fresh insults have been heaped upon their heads, and new hardships have been imposed upon them. To prevent all deliberations on this debasing treaty they are not only surrounded by foreign troops, and dared with hostile messages, but they have been violated by the arrest of their prime members, whilst they who are still suffered to possess a personal freedom, have the heaviest shackles laid upon their minds.

"Therefore, I, the king of Poland, enervated by age, and sinking under the accumulated weight of so many afflictions; and also, we, the members of the Diet, declare, that being unable, even by the sacrifice of our existence, to relieve our country from the yoke of its oppressors, consign it to posterity.

"In another age, means may one day be found, to rescue it from chains and misery; but such means are not in our power: other countries neglect us. Whilst they reprobate the violations which a neighbouring nation is alleged to have committed against rational liberty, they can see not only with apathy, but with approbation, the ravages which are now desolating Poland. Posterity must avenge it; we have done. We accede, for the reason above mentioned, to the treaty laid before us, though we declare it to be contrary to our wishes, to our sentiments and to our rights."

Thus, in November, 1793, compressed to one fourth of her dimensions, within the lines of demarcation, drawn by her enemies, Poland was stripped of her rank in Europe; the lands of her nobles given to strangers, and her citizens left to starve for want of bread. Ill fated nation! Posterity will weep over thy wrongs; whilst the burning blush

of shame that their fathers witnessed such wrongs unmoved, shall cause their bitter tears to blister as they fall.

During these transactions, the Countess Sobieski continued in solitude at Villanow, awaiting with awful anxiety, the termination of those portentous events, which so deeply involved her own comforts with those of her country. Her father was in prison; her son at a distance with the army. Sick at heart, she saw the opening of that spring, which might only be the commencement of a new season of injuries: and her fears were prophetic.

Those soldiers who had dared to retain their arms in their hands, were again ordered by the Russian ambassador to lay them down. Some few, thinking denial vain, obeyed; but those of bolder spirits followed Thaddeus Sobieski into south Prussia, whence he had directed his steps immediately on the arrest of his grandfather, and had gathered, and kept together, a handful of brave men, still faithful to their liberties. Indeed his name alone had collected numbers around him in every district through which he marched. Persecution from their adversary as well as admiration of Thaddeus gave a resistless power to his appearance, look, and voice; all which, had such an effect on this afflicted people, that they crowded to his standard by hundreds: whilst their lords, having caught a similar fire from the blazing ardour of the young Count, committed themselves without reserve, to his sole judgment and command. The empress, bearing this, ordered Stanislaus to command him directly to disband his troops; but the king refusing, she augmented the strength of her own forces; and enraged at such stubborn resistance, renewed the war with redoubled horrors.

The palatine remained in confinement, hopeless of obtaining release without the aid of stratagem. The emissaries of Catharine were too well aware of this interest to give freedom to so active an opponent; however, this patriotic victim to vindictive tyranny, received every consolation which a brave man can feel, (his own arms being tied from serving his country,) in the information which he hourly learnt of his jailors, "that his grandson was continuing to carry himself with such insolent opposition in the south, that it would be well if the empress at the

termination of matters, allowed him to escape with his life." Every reproach which was levelled at the palatine, he found was brought by some new conquest of Thaddeus; and instead of permitting their premeditated malice to take effect by intimidating his age or alarming his affection, he told the Russian officer, whose daily office it was to attend and torment him, that if his grandson were to lose his head for fidelity to Poland, he would almost as readily follow him to the scaffold, as witness him entering the streets of Warsaw with all Russia at his chariot wheels: "the only difference in my emotions would be," continued Sobieski, "that as the first cannot happen till all virtue be dead in this land, I should feel his last gasp as the last sign of that virtue which found a triumph even under the axe. For the second it would be a joy unutterable to behold the victory of justice over rapine and murder! But, either way, he is still the same; ready to die, or ready to live for his country; and equally worthy of the eternal halo with which posterity will encircle his name."

Indeed the accounts which had arrived from this young soldier, who had lately formed a junction with general Kosciuszko, were in the highest degree formidable to the coalesced powers. They had gained a considerable advantage over the Prussians in several places, and were advancing towards Inowlotz, when a large and fresh body of the enemy unexpectly appeared in their rear. The troops who were on the opposite bank of the river, whom the Poles were driving before them, on sight of this reinforcement, suddenly rallied; and as a means of retarding the approach of their pursuers, and insuring their probable defeat from the army in view, they broke down the wooden bridge which might have brought them over. The Poles were for sometime at a stand. Kosciuszko proposed swimming the river; but owing to the recent heavy rains it was so swollen and rapid, that the young men to whom he mentioned it, terrified by the blackness and dashing of the water, drew back. The general perceiving their panic, called Thaddeus to him, and both together they plunged into the stream. The rest now ashamed of their hesitation, tried who could first follow this example; and after hard buffeting the waves, the whole ar-

gained the opposite shore. The Prussians in the rear, incapable of the like intrepidity, halted; and those in the van, intimidated by the dauntless courage of their adversaries, concealed themselves amidst the thickets of an adjoining valley.

The Poles proceeded towards Cracow, carrying redress and protection to the provinces through which they marched. But they had barely rested two days in that city, before despatches were received, that Warsaw was lying at the mercy of general Brinicki. No time could be lost; officers and men had set their lives in the cause, and recommenced their toils with a perseverance which brought them before the capital on the sixteenth of April.

Things were even in a worse state than Kosciuszko had expected. The Russian ambassador, with his usual arrogance, had demanded the surrender of the national arsenal, subscribing his orders with a threat, that which ever of the nobles should presume to dispute his authority, should be arrested and put to death; and as to the people if they dared to murmur, he would immediately command general Brinicki to lay the city in ashes. None doubted the sincerity of this barbarian; for there were many in the senate who recollected, that when the nation was at war with them, two and thirty years ago, nine Polish Lords were sent into Warsaw with both hands lopped off; and that for this mutilation, they had to accuse the Russian general, who had acted the double part of judge and executioner. When the Poles remembered this instance of cruelty, which the court of Petersburgh had heard without condemning it, they could not anticipate any humanity for themselves.

The king remonstrated against these oppressions; and to *"punish his presumption,"* this proper representative of the imperial Catharine, commanded that his majesty's garrison and guards should be instantly broken and dispersed. At the first attempt to execute this mandate, the people flew in crowds to the palace, and on their knees implored Stanislaus for permission to avenge the insult offered to his troops. His majesty looked at them with pity, gratitude, and anguish; at last in a voice of agony, which was wrung from his tortured heart, he answered,

"Go and defend your honor!" The army of Kosciuszko marched into the town time enough to join the armed citizens: and that day, after a dreadful conflict, in which the streets were strewed with the killed, Warsaw was rescued from the immediate grasp of Russia. During the fight, the king who was alone in one of the rooms of his palace, sunk almost fainting on the floor; he heard the mingling clash of arms, the roar of musketry, and the cries and groans of the combatants; ruin seemed no longer to hover over his kingdom, but to have pounced at once upon her prey. At every renewed shout which followed each pause in the firing, he expected the next moment to see his palace gates burst open, and himself, then indeed made a willing sacrifice to the fury of his enemies.

Whilst he was yet upon his knees, petitioning the god of battle for a little farther respite from the last calamity which was doomed to overwhelm devoted Poland, Thaddeus Sobieski, panting with heat and toil, flew into the room, and before he could speak a word, was clasped in the arms of the agitated Stanislaus.

"Are my people safe?" asked the king.

"Yes my liege," returned Thaddeus, "and victorious. The foreign guards are beaten from the palace; your own have resumed their station at the gates."

At this assurance, tears of joy ran over the venerable cheeks of his majesty; and again embracing his young deliverer, he said, "I thank heaven, that my unhappy country is not bereft of all hope. Whilst a Kosciuszko, and a Sobieski live, she will not quite despair."

CHAPTR VI.

THADDEUS was not less eager to release his grandfather, than he had been to relieve the anxiety of his sovereign. He hastened at the head of a few troops, to the palace which was the prison of Sobieski, and gave him liberty, amidst the acclamations of his soldiers, who united in general demonstrations of joy at the sight of their veteran commander.

The universal gladness of these prosperous events, did not last for many days; it was speedily terminated by the information that Cracow had surrendered to a Prussian force under general Van-Elsner; that the king of Prussia was advancing towards the capital; and the Russians, more implacable in consequence of the late treatment which their garrison had received at Warsaw, were pouring into the country like a deluge.

At this news the consternation became dreadful. The Polanese army, worn with fatigue and long services, were without clothing, amunition, or in any way, except courage, fitted for the field.

The treasury was exhausted, and no means of raising a supply seemed practicable. The provinces were laid waste, and the city had been already drained of its last ducat. In this exigency, hopeless of devising any expedient for even a temporary succor, a council met in his majesty's private cabinet, to consult about obtaining resources. The debate was as desponding as their situation, till Thaddeus Sobieski, who had been a silent observer, rose from his seat; and whilst the blushes of awe and eagerness crimsoned his cheek, he advanced towards Stanislaus and taking from his neck and other parts of his dress, those magnificent jewels which it was customary always to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said in a suppressed voice, "These are trifles; but such as they are, and all of the like kind which I possess, I beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service.

"Noble young man!" cried the king, lifting him from the ground, "you have indeed taught me a lesson: I accept these jewels with gratitude. "Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund; and let them be followed by my own, with my plate which I desire may be instantly sent to the mint. One half of it the army shall have; the other we must expend in giving some little support to the surviving families of those who have fallen in our defence.

The palatine, who thanked his grandson for his generous warmth, readily united with him in the surrender of all their personal property, for the benefit of their coun-

try. According to their example, the treasury was filled with gratuities from the nobles; and the army newly equipped marched out in high spirits.

The Countess had a third time to bid adieu to a son, who was become as much the idol of her reason, as before he had been of her love; in proportion as glory surrounded him, and danger courted his steps, the strings of affection drew him closer to her soul; the "*aspiring blood*" of the Sobieskies, which beat in her veins, could not dull the feelings that she was a parent: that the spring of her existence now flowed from that fountain which had drawn its source from her. Her anxious, and waiting heart, paid dearly in tears and sleepless nights, for the honor with which she was saluted at every turning as the mother of Thaddeus; that Thaddeus, who was not more the soul of council, and the sinew of war, than he was to her the gentlest, the dearest, the most amiable of sons. It matters little to the undistinguished bolt of carnage, whether it strike common breasts, or those rare hearts, whose course is usually as brief as it is dazzling; this leaden messenger of death banquets as sullenly on the bosom of a hero, as if it had lit upon more vulgar prey: all is levelled to the chance of war, which comes like a whirlwind of the desert, scattering man and beast in one wide ruin.

Such thoughts as these, possessed the melancholy reveries of the Countess Sobieski, from the hour in which she saw Thaddeus and his grandfather depart for Cracow until she heard it was retaken, and the enemy defeated in many battles.

Warsaw was again bombarded; and again Kosciuszko, with the palatine and Thaddeus, preserved it from destruction. In short, wherever they moved, this dauntless little army carried terror to their adversaries and diffused hope among the homes and hearts of their countrymen.

They next turned their course to the relief of Lithunia; but whilst they were on their rout thither, they received istelligence that a detachment from their body having been beaten by the Russians under Suworrow, that general, elated with his success, was hastening forward to attack the capital.

Kosciuszko resolved to prevent him: and as a mean he proposed to give immediate battle to Ferfen, another commander, who was on his march to form a junction with the victorious Russian. To this effect, Kosciuszko divided his forces; half of them, under the command of prince Poniatowski, were to pursue Surworrow, and keep a watchful eye over his motions; whilst he with the remainder, to the amount of six thousand men, accompanied by the two Sobieskies, should proceed towards Brzesc.

It was on the tenth of October. The weather being fine, a cloudless sun diffused life and brilliancy through the pure air of a keen morning. The vast green plain before them, glittered with the troops of general Ferfen, who had already arranged them in order of battle.

The word was given. Thaddeus, as he drew his sabre from its scabbard, raised his eyes to implore the justice of heaven on that day's events. The attack was made. The Poles kept their station on the heights. Twice the Russians rushed on them like wolves, and twice they repulsed them by their steadiness. Conquest declared for Poland. Thaddeus was seen in every part of the field. But reinforcements poured in to the support of Ferfen, and war raged in new horrors. Still the courage of the Poles was unabated. Sobieski, fighting at the head of the infantry, would not recede one foot; and Kosciuszko, exhorting his men to be resolute, appeared in the hottest parts of the battle.

At one of these portentous moments, Thaddeus saw the general struggling with his charger, which had been shot under him; he immediately galloped to his assistance, and giving him another, remained and fought by his side, til he beheld two more horses share the same fate; and on his next charge, Kosciuszko himself dropped back on his saddle. Thaddeus caught him in his arms, and finding that a Cossack had stabbed him in the back, he unconsciously uttered a groan of dismay. The surrounding soldiers took the alarm, and "Kosciuszko, our general is killed!" was echoed from rank to rank, with such piercing shrieks, that the wounded hero opened his eyes and as preparing to speak to his young friend, when two

Russian chasseurs, in the same moment, made a cut at them both. The sabre struck the exposed head of Kosciuszko, who fell almost lifeless to the ground; and Thaddeus received a gash in his shoulder, which knocked him off his horse.

The conflict thickened over the fallen general: the consternation now becoming universal, for groans of despair seemed to issue from the whole army. Thaddeus with difficulty extricated himself from the bodies of the slain; and fighting his way through the throng of the enemy which pressed around him, he joined his terror-stricken comrades, who, in the wildest confusion, were dispersing under a heavy fire, to the right and left, and flying like frightened deer. In vain he called to them, in vain he urged them to avenge the fall of Kosciuszko; the panic was complete, and they fled.

Almost alone, in the rear of his soldiers, he opposed with his single and desperate arm, party after party of the enemy, till a narrow stream of Muchavez stopped his retreat. The waters were crimsoned with blood. He plunged in, and, beating the blushing wave with his left arm, in a few seconds gained the opposite bank; where, fainting from fatigue and the loss of blood, he sunk, almost deprived of sense, amidst a heap of the killed.

When the pursuing squadrons had galloped by him, he again summoned strength to look around. He raised himself from the ground, and by the help of his sword, on which he leaned, supported his steps a few paces further, but, good God! What was the shock he received, when the bleeding and lifeless body of his grandfather lay before him? He stood for a few moments motionless, and without sensation; then kneeling down by his side, whilst his heart felt as if it were palsied with death, he searched for the wounds of the palatine. They were numerous and deep. He would have torn away the handkerchief with which he had staunched his own blood, to have applied it to that of his grandfather, but by so doing, he must have disabled himself from giving him further assistance; he took his sash and neckcloth, and when they were insufficient, he rent the linen from his breast: then hastening to the river, brought a little water in his cap, and threw

some of its stained drops on the pale features of Sobieski. The venerable hero opened his eyes; in a minute afterwards he recognised that it was his grandson who knelt by him. The palatine pressed his hand, which was cold as ice: the marble lips of Thaddeus could not move.

"My son," said the veteran in a low voice, "Heaven hath led you here, to receive the last sigh of your grandfather." Thaddeus trembled; the palatine continued, "carry my blessing to your mother; and bid her seek comfort in the consolations of her God. May that God preserve you; ever remember that you are his servant; be obedient to him: and as I have been, be faithful to your country."

"May God so bless me!" cried Thaddeus, lifting his eyes to heaven.

"And ever remember," said the palatine, raising his head, which had dropped on the bosom of his grandson, "that you are a Sobieski! It is my dying command, you never take any other name."

"I promise."

Thaddeus could say no more, for the countenance of his grandfather became altered; his eyes closed, Thaddeus caught him on his breast. No heart beat against his; all was still and cold. The body dropped from his arms, and he sunk senseless by his side.

When sensation returned to him, he looked up. The sky was shrouded in clouds, which a driving wind was blowing from the orb of the moon, as a few of her white rays, here and there, gleamed on the weapons of the slaughtered soldiers.

The scattered senses of Thaddeus slowly recollected themselves. He was now lying the only living creature amidst thousands of the dead, who the preceding night, had been like himself alive to all the consciousness of existence. His right hand rested on the chilled face of his grandfather; it was wet with dew; he shuddered; and taking his own cloak from his shoulders, laid it over the body. He would have said, as he did it, "So my father, I would have sheltered thy life with the sacrifice of my own;" but the words choked in his throat; and he sat watching

by the corpse till the day dawned, and the Poles returned to bury their slain.

The wretched Thaddeus was discovered by a party of his own hussars, seated on a little mound of earth with the cold hand of Sobieski grasped in his. At this sight the soldiers uttered a cry of horror. Thaddeus rose up; "my friends," said he, "I thank God that you are come! Assist me to bear my dear grandfather to the camp!"

Astonished at his composure, but distressed at the deathful hue of his countenance, they obeyed him in mournful silence, and laid the remains of the palatine upon a bier which they formed with their sheathed sabres; then gently raising it, they retrod their steps to the camp; having left a detachment to accomplish the duty for which they had quitted it. Thaddeus hardly able to support his weakened frame, mounted a horse, and followed the melancholy procession.

General Wawrzecki, on whom the command had devolved seeing the party return so soon, and in such an order, sent an aid-de-camp to inquire the reason. He came back with a dejection in his face; and informed the commander, that the brave palatine of Masovia, whom they supposed had been taken prisoner with his grandson and Kosciuszko, had been killed, and was approaching the lines on the arms of his soldiers. Wawrzecki, though glad to hear that Thaddeus was alive and at liberty, turned round to conceal his tears; then calling out a guard, he marched at their head, to meet the corpse of his illustrious friend.

The bier was carried into the general's tent. An aide-de-camp with some gentlemen of the faculty were ordered to attend Thaddeus to his quarters; but the young count though scarcely able to stand, appeared to linger: and holding fast by the arm of an officer, he looked stedfastly on the body. Wawrzecki, understood his hestiation. He pressed his hand, "Fear not, my dear sir," said he, "every honor shall be paid to the remains of your noble grandfather." Thaddeus bowed his head, and was supported out of the tent to his own.

His wounds of which he had received several were not

deep; and might have been of little consequence, had not his thoughts continually hovered about his mother, and painted her afflictions, when she should be informed of the lamentable events of the last day's battle. These reflections, awake, or in a slumber, (for he never slept) possessed his mind; and even while his wounds were healing, produced such an irritation in his blood, as hourly threatened a fever.

Things were in this situation when a surgeon, with a hesitating countenance, put a letter from the Countess into his hand. He opened it, and read with breathless anxiety, these lines:

To THADDEUS COUNT SOBIESKI.

"Console yourself, my most precious son, console yourself for my sake. I have seen colonel Lomza, and I have heard all the horrors which took place on the tenth of this month. I have heard them, and I am yet alive; I am resigned; but he tells me that you are wounded. Oh! do not let me be also bereft of my son! remember, that you were my dear sainted father's darling; remember, that as his representative, you are to be my consolation; in pity to me, if not to our suffering country, preserve yourself, to be at least the last comfort that heaven will spare to me. I find that all is lost to Poland as well as to myself; that when my glorious father fell, and his friend with him, the republic became extinct. The Russian army is now on its march to Masovia; and I am too weak to come to you. Let me see you soon, very soon, my beloved son; I beseech you, come to me! You will find me more feeble of body than of mind; for there is a holy comforter, that descends on the bruised heart which none other than the unhappy have conceived or felt. Farewell my dear, dear Thaddeus! Let the memory that you have a mother check your too ardent courage. God forever guard you, Live for your mother who has no stronger terms of expressing her affection for you than that she is thy mother, thy

"THERESE SOBIESKI.

"*Villanow, March* 1792."

This letter was indeed a balm to the soul of Thaddeus. That his adored mother had received the cruel event with such a resignation, was the best medicine which could now be applied to his wounds, both of mind and body, and when he was told that on the succeeding morning, the body of his grandfather should be removed to the convent near Biala, declared his resolution to attend it to the grave.

In vain his surgeons and general Wawrzecki remonstrated against the danger of this project; for once the gentle and yielding spirit of Thaddeus, seemed inexorable. He had fixed his determination, and it was not to be shaken.

Next day, being the seventh from that in which the fatal battle had been decided, Thaddeus, at the first beat of the drum, rose from his bed, and, almost unassisted, put on his clothes. His uniform being black, he needed no other index than his pale and mournful countenance, to announce that he was chief mourner.

The procession began to form, and he walked from his tent. It was a fine morning: Thaddeus looked up, as if to upbraid the sun from shining so brightly.—Lengthened and repeated rounds of cannon rolled along the air. The solemn march of the dead, was moaning from the muffled drum, interrupted at measured pauses by the shrill tremor of the fife. The troops, preceded by their general, moved forward with a decent and melancholy step. The bishop of Warsaw followed, bearing the sacred volume in his hand: and next, borne upon the crossed pikes of his soldiers, and supported by twelve of his most veteran companions, appeared the body of the brave Sobieski. A velvet pall covered it, on which were laid those arms, with which, for fifty years, he had asserted the liberties of his country. At this sight the sobs of the men became audible. Thaddeus followed with a slow firm step his eyes bent to the ground, and his arms wrapped in his cloak; it was the same which had shaded his beloved grandfather from the dews of that dreadful night. Another train of solemn music succeeded; and then the squadrons which the deceased had commanded, dismounted, and leading their horses, closed the procession

On the verge of the plain that borders Biala, and within a few paces of the convent gate of St. Frances, the bier stopped. The monks saluted its appearance with a requiem which they continued to chant till the coffin was lowered into the ground. The earth received the sacred deposit. The anthems ceased: and the soldiers kneeling down, discharged their musketry over it; then with streaming cheeks, rose, and gave place to others. Nine vollies were fired and the ranks fell back. The bishop advanced to the head of the grave; all was hushed; he raised his eyes to heaven, then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be communing with the regions above him, he turned to the silent assembly, and in a voice collected, and impressive, addressed them in a short, but affecting oration, in which he set forth the brightness of Sobieski's life; his noble forgetfulness of self, in the interest of his country, and the dauntless bravery which had lain him in the tomb. A general discharge of cannon and musketry was the awful response to this appeal. Wawrzecki took the sword of the palatine, and breaking it, dropt it into the grave. The aids-de-camp of the deceased did the same by theirs, showing, that by so doing, they resigned their offices; and then, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, they turned away with the soldiers who filed off. Thaddeus sunk on his knees; his hands were clasped, his eyes, for a few minutes fixed themselves on the coffin of his grandfather; then rising, leaned on the arm of Wawrzecki, and with a tottering step, and pallid countenance, mounted his horse, which had been led to the spot, and returned with the scattered procession to the camp.

The cause for exertion being over, his spirits fell with the rapidity of a spring too highly wound up, which snaps and runs down to perfect immobility. He entered his tent and threw himself on the bed, from which he did not arise during five days.

CHAPTER VII.

At a time when the effects of these sufferings and fatigues had brought him very low, the young count Sobieski was aroused by the information that the Russians had already planted themselves before Prague, and were threatening to bombard the town. This news rallied the spirits of the depressed soldiers, who readily obeyed their commander, to put themselves in order to march the next day. Thaddeus felt that the decisive blow was pending; and though hardly able to sit on his horse, he refused the indulgence of a litter; determining, that no illness, however severe, should make him flag one hour from the active exercise of duty.

Devastation was spread over the face of the country. As the troops moved, the unhappy and houseless villagers presented an agonizing picture to their view. Old men stood among the ashes of their homes, deploring the cruelty of power; children and women sat by the way side, weeping over the last sustenance which the wretched infant drew from the breast of its perishing mother.

Thaddeus shut his eyes on the scene.

"O, my country! my country!" exclaimed he, "what are my personal griefs to thine? Nothing, nothing. It is your wretchedness which barbs me to the heart! Look there," cried he to his soldiers, pointing to the miserable spectacles before him, "look there, and carry vengeance into the breast of their destroyers. Let Prague be the last act of this tragedy.

Unhappy young man, unfortunate country! it was indeed the last act of a tragedy, to which all Europe were spectators; a tragedy which the nations witnessed without one attempt to stop or delay its dreadful catastrophe! O! how must virtue be lost when it is no longer an article of policy even to assume it.

After a long march, through a dark and dismal night, the morning began to break; and Thaddeus found himself on the Southern side of that little river, which divides the territories of Sobieski from the woods of Kobylka. Here, for the first time, he endured all the torturing varieties of despair.

The once fertile fields were burnt to stubble; the cottages were yet smoking from the ravages of the fire; and in place of smiling eyes and thankful lips, the dead bodies of the peasants were stretched on the high roads, mangled, bleeding and stripped of that decent covering, which humanity would not even deny to guilt.

Thaddeus could bear the sight no longer; but setting spurs to his horse, fled from the contemplation of scenes which harrowed up his heart.

At night-fall the army halted under the walls of Villanow. The count looked towards the windows of the palace, and by the glare of light shining through the half drawn curtains, soon distinguished his mother's room. He then turned his eyes on that sweep of buildings appropriated to the palatine, but not one solitary lamp illumined its gloom; the moon alone glimmered on the battlements, silvering the painted glass of the study window where, with that beloved parent, he had so lately gazed upon the stars, and anticipated a campaign, which had so fatally terminated.

These thoughts with his grief and his forebodings, were buried in the depths of his soul. Addressing general Wawrzecki, he bade him welcome to Villanow; requesting at the same time, that the men might be directed to rest till the morning: and that he, and the officers would partake of refreshment within the palace.

As soon as Thaddeus had seen his guests seated at different tables in the eating hall, and given orders for the soldiers to be served from the cellars, he withdrew to seek the Countess.

He found her in her dressing room surrounded by her attendants, who had just informed her of his arrival. The moment he appeared at the door, the women went out at an opposite passage, and Thaddeus, with an anguished heart, threw himself on the bosom of his mother. They were silent for some time. Poignant reflection stopped their utterance but neither tears nor sighs filled up its place, until the Countess, who felt the full tide of maternal affections press upon her soul, and mingle with her grief; raised her head upon her son's neck, and said, whilst she strained him close in her arms; "Receive my thanks,

O father of mercy that thou hast yet spared to me this blessing!"

Sobieski breathed a response to the address of his mother; and drying her tears with his kisses, dwelt upon the never dying fame of his beloved grandfather; upon his preferable lot to that of their brave friend Kosciuszko, who was doomed not only to survive the liberty of his country, but to pass the residue of his life within the dungeons of a Russian prison. He then tried to reanimate her spirits with hope. He spoke of the approaching battle, without expressing any doubt of the valour and desparation of the Poles rendering it successful. He talked of the firmness of the king, of the courage of the general, of his own resolution. His discourse began in a wish to cheat her into tranquility, but as he advanced on the subject, his soul took fire at his own warmth, and he half believed the probability of his anticipations.

The Countess looked on the honorable glow that crimsoned the harrassed features, with a pang at her heart.

"My heroic son!" cried she, "my darling Thaddeus! what a vast price do I pay for all this excellence! I could not love you were you otherwise than what you are; and being what you are, O! how soon may I lose you! Already has your noble grandfather paid the debt that he owed to his glory; he promised to fall with Poland; he has kept his word; and now, all that I love on earth, is concentrated in you." The Countess paused, and pressing his hand almost wildly on her heart, she continued, in a hurried voice; "The same spirit is in your breast; the same principle binds you; and I may at last be left alone. Heaven have pity on me!"

She cast her eyes upwards as she ended. Thaddeus, sinking on his knees by her side, implored her with all the earnestness of piety and confidence, to take comfort. Her ladyship embraced him with a forced smile and said, 'You must forgive me, Thaddeus, I have nothing of the soldier in my heart; it is all woman. But I will not detain you longer, my dear boy, from that rest which you require; go to your room, and try to recruit yourself for the fatigues, which I expect to-morrow will bring forth."

Sobieski, consoled to see any composure in his mother, withdrew; and after having heard that his numerous guests were properly lodged, went to his own chamber.

Next morning at sun-rise, the troops prepared to march. General Wawrzecki, with his officers begged permission to pay their personal gratitude to the Countess, for the hospitality of their reception; she declined that honor on the plea of indisposition; and in the course of an hour the Count appeared from her apartment, and joined the general; his cheeks were flushed with the struggles of parting; and he was so shaken by emotion, that his steps were irregular, and his manner confused, till he entered the court-yard.

The soldiers filed off through the gates, crossed the bridge, and halted under the walls of Prague. The lines of the camp were drawn and fortified before the evening; when they found full leisure to observe the enemy's strength.

Russia seemed to have exhausted her wide regions to people the narrow shores of the Vistula: from the east to the west as far as the eye could reach, her armies were stretched to the horizon. Sobieski looked at them, and then on the handful of dauntless hearts, contained in the small circumference of the Polish camp, and sighing heavily, retired into his tent; where he mixed his short and startled slumbers, with frequent prayers for the preservation of these last victims of their country.

The hours appeared to stand still. Several times he rose from his bed and went to the door, to see whether the clouds were tinged with any appearance of dawn. All continued dark. He again returned to his marquee, and standing by the lamp which was nearly exhausted, took out his watch and tried to distinguish the points: but finding that the light burnt too feebly, he was pressing the repeating spring, which struck five, when the report of a single musket made him start.

He flew to his tent door, and looking about him, saw that all in that quarter was at rest; then suspecting that it might be a signal of the enemy, he hurried towards the entrenchments, where he found the centinels in perfect

security from any fears respecting the sound, as they supposed it to have proceeded from the town.

Sobieski paid little attention to their opinions, but ascending the nearest bastion to take a wider survey, in a few minutes he discerned, though obscurely, through the faint gleams of morning, the whole host of Russia, advancing in profound silence, towards the Polish lines. The instant he made this discovery, he came down, and lost no time in giving orders for a defence; then flying to other parts of the camp, he awakened the commander in chief, encouraged the men, and saw that the whole encampment was not only in motion, but prepared for the assault.

In consequence of these prompt arrangements, the Russians were received with the cross fire of the batteries, and case-shot and musketry, from several redoubts, which raked their flanks as they approached: however in defiance of this shower of bullets, they pressed on with an intrepidity worthy of a better cause, and over-leaping the ditch by squadrons, entered the camp. A passage once secured, the Cossacs rushed in by thousands, and spreading themselves in front of the storming party, put every soul to the bayonet who opposed their way.

The Polish works gained, the Russians turned the cannon on its former masters; and as these rallied to the defence of what remained, swept them down by whole regiments. The noise of artillery thundered from all sides of the camp; the smoke was so great that it was hardly possible to distinguish friends from foes; nevertheless, the spirits of the Poles flagged not a moment: as fast as one rampart was wrested from them, they threw themselves within another; which was as speedily taken by the help of hurdles, fascines, ladders, and a courage engendered by ferocity. Every spot of vantage ground was at length lost; and yet the Poles fought like lions; quarter was neither offered to them, nor required; they disputed every inch of way till they fell upon it in heaps: some lying before the parapets: others filling the ditches; and the rest, covering the ground for the enemy to tread on, as they cut their passage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieski almost maddened by the scene, gripping with

his own blood, and that of his brave friends, was seen in every part of the action; he was in the fosse, defending the trampled bodies of those who were dying; he was on the dyke animating the few who remained; Wawrzecki was slain, and every hope now hung on Thaddeus; his presence and voice infused new energy into the arms of his almost fainting countrymen; they kept close to his side, till the Russians enraged at the dauntless intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the most unmanly imprecations, and rushing on his little phalanx, attacked them with redoubled numbers and fury.

Sobieski sustained the shock with firmness; but wherever he turned his eyes, they were blasted with some object which made them recoil; he beheld his companions and his soldiers strewing the earth, and their barbarous adversaries mounting their dying bodies as they hastened with loud huzzars to the destruction of Prague, whose gates were now burst open. His eyes grew dim at this sight; and at the very moment in which he tore them from spectacles so deadly to his heart, a Livonian officer struck him with a sabre, to all appearance dead upon the field.

When Thaddeus recovered from the blow, which having lit on the steel of his cap, had only stunned him, he looked round and found that all near him was quiet; but that a far different scene presented itself from the town. The roar of cannon, and the bursting of bombs thundered the air rendered livid and tremendous, by long spires of fire streaming from the burning houses and mingling with the volumes of smoke which rolled from the guns. The dreadful tocsin, and huzzas of the victors, pierced the soul of the Count; springing from the ground, he was preparing to rush forward to the gates, when loud outcries of distress issued from the interior of the place; and a moment after the grand magazine was blown up with a horrible explosion.

In an instant the front of Prague was filled with women and children, flying in all directions, and rending the sky with their shrieks. "Father Almighty!" cried Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canst thou suffer this?" Whilst yet he spake, some straggling Cossacks from the

town, who were prowling about, glutted but not sated with blood, seized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly, released them at once from life and affliction.

This hideous spectacle brought his mother's defenceless state before the eyes of Sobieski. Her palace was only four miles distant: and whilst the barbarous avidity of the Russians, sparing neither age nor sex, nor infancy was too busily engaged in sacking the place, to permit them to perceive a solitary individual hurrying away amidst heaps of dead bodies, he flew across the few fields which intervened between Prague and Villanow.

Thaddeus was met at the gate of the palace, by general Butzou; who had already learnt the fate of Prague from the noise and flames in that quarter; and anticipated the arrival of some part of the victorious army before the walls of Villanow. When the Count crossed the drawbridge, he saw that the worthy veteran had prepared every thing for a stout resistance; the ramparts were lined with soldiers, and well mounted with artillery.

"Here, my dear lord," cried he, as he led the Count up to the keep, "let the worst happen, here I am resolved to dispute the possession of your grandfather's palace, till I have not a man to stand by me!"

Thaddeus strained him in silence to his breast; and then, after examining the force, and giving further orders for more commanding dispositions, he went to the apartments of his mother.

The Countess's women, who met him in the vestibule, begged him to be careful how he entered her ladyship's room; she had but recently recovered from convulsions, into which she had been thrown, on hearing the cannonade against the Polish camp. Thaddeus waited for no more; but regardless of their caution, threw open the door of the chamber, and hastened up to his mother's couch, cast himself into her arms. She clung round his neck; and for a while, joy stopped her respiration, till bursting into a flood of tears, she wept over him, incapable of expressing by words her tumultuous gratitude at again beholding him alive. He looked on her altered and pallid features.

"O! my mother," cried he, clasping her to his breast, "you are ill; and what will become of you?"

"My beloved son," replied she, kissing his forehead, through the clotted blood which oozed from a cut above his temple; my beloved son, before our cruel murderers can arrive, I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God."

Thaddeus could only answer with a groan. She resumed. "Give me your hand. I must not witness the grandson of Sobieski given up to despair: let your mother incite you to resignation. You see I have not breathed a complaining word, although I behold you covered with wounds."

As she spoke she pointed to the sash and handkerchief, which were bound round his thigh and left arm.

"Our separation will not be long; a few short years, perhaps hours, may unite us forever in a better world."

The Count was still speechless; he could only press her hand to his lips. After pausing a moment, she proceeded.

"Look up, my dear boy! and attend to me. Should Poland become the property of other nations, I conjure you, if you survive its fall to leave it. When reduced to slavery, it will be no longer an assylum for a man of honor. I beseech you, should this happen, to go that very hour to England: That is a free country; and I have been told the people are kind to the unfortunate. Thaddeus! Why do you delay to answer me? Remember these are your mother's dying prayers."

"I will obey you."

"Then," continued she, taking out of her bosom a picture, "let me tie this round your neck? It is the portrait of your father. Thaddeus bent his head forward, and the Countess fastened it under his waistcoat: "Prize this gift my child; it is likely to be all that you will now inherit either from me or thy father. Try to forget his injustice, my dear son; and in memory of me never part with it. O! Thaddeus, since the moment in which I first received it, till this instant, it has never been from my heart."

"And it shall never leave mine," answered he in a fled voice, "whilst I have a being."

The Countess was preparing to reply, when a sudden volley of fire arms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud outcries succeeded. The women rushed into the apartment, screaming, "the ramparts are stormed!" and the next moment that quarter of the building rocked to its foundation. The Countess clung to the bosom of her son; Thaddeus clasped her close to his breast, and casting his petitioning eyes up to heaven, "O my God!" cried he, "can I not find shelter for my mother!"

Another burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash, and the most piercing shrieks were echoed through the palace. "All is lost!" cried a soldier, who appeared for an instant at the room door, and vanished.

Thaddeus, overwhelmed with despair, grasped his sword, which had fallen to the ground, and crying, "Mother, we will die together!" he would have given her one last and assuring embrace, when his eyes met the dreadful sight of her before anxious, features, now tranquilized in death. She fell from his palsied arms back on the sofa, and he stood gazing on her, as if struck by a power which had benumbed all his faculties.

The tumult in the palace increased every moment; but he heard it not, till Butzou, followed by two or three of his soldiers, ran into the apartment calling out, "Count save yourself!"

Sobieski still remained motionless. The general caught him by the arm, and throwing his mantle over the dead Countess, hurried him, almost unconscious, by an opposite door, through the state-chambers into the gardens.

Thaddeus did not recover his recollection, till he reached the outward-gate; then breaking from the hold of his friend, was returning to the sorrowful scene he had left, when Butzou, aware of his intentions, just stopped him time enough, to prevent his rushing on the bayonets of a party of Russian infantry, which was pursuing them at full speed.

The Count now rallied his distracted energies, and making a stand with the general and his three Poles, they compelled this merciless detachment to seek refuge among the arcades of the building.

Butzou would not allow his young lord to pursue their

wretches; but hurried him across the park.—He looked behind him; a long column of fire issued from the south towers. Thaddeus groaned. "All is indeed over!" and pressing his hand on his forehead, in that attitude followed the steps of the general towards the Vistula.

From the wind being very high, the flames spread itself over the roof of the palace, and catching at every combustible in its way, the Russians became so terrified at the quick progress of a fire, which threatened to consume themselves as well as their rich plunder, that they quitted it with precipitation; and descrying the Count and his soldiers at a little distance, directed their malice to that point: speedily overtaking him, they blocked up the bridge by a file of men with fixed pikes, and not only menaced the Polanders as they advanced, but derided their means of defence.

Sobieski, indifferent alike to danger and to insults, stepped short to the left and followed by his friends, plunged into the stream, amidst a shower of musket balls from the enemy. In a few minutes he reached the opposite bank; where he was assisted out of the river by some of the weeping inhabitants of Warsaw, who had been watching the expiring ashes of Prague, and the flames which were feading on the toasted towers of Villanow.

Emerged from the waters, Thaddeus stood to regain his breath; and leaning on the shoulders of Butsou, he pointed to his burning palace, and said, with a smile of agony, "See what a funeral pile Heaven has given to the manes of my dear mother!"

The general did not speak; for his emotions choked him; but motioning the two soldiers to proceed, he supported the Count into the citadel.

CHAPTER VIII.

From the termination of this sorrowful day, in which a brave and unhappy nation was consigned to slavery, Thaddeus had been confined to his apartment in the ga-

It was now the latter end of November. General Butzau, supposing that the illness of his lord might continue some weeks, and feeling that no time ought to be lost; obtained his permission, and quitting Warsaw, joined prince Poniatowski, who was yet under arms, at the head of a few troops near Sachoryn.

Meanwhile the Count Sobieski, finding himself tolerably restored, except in those wounds of the heart which only time can heal, was enabled to leave his room, and breathe a little fresh air on the ramparts.

His first appearance was greeted by the officers with melancholy congratulations; but their replies soon displaced the faint smile which he tried to spread over his countenance; and with a contracted brow, he listened to the following information.

Prague had not only been razed to the ground; but upwards of thirty thousand persons, besides old men, women, and defenceless infants, had either perished by the sword, or had been cast into the river, or into the flames. All the horrors of Ismail had been reacted by Suworrow on the banks of the Vistula. The citizens of Warsaw intimidated by such a spectacle, had assembled in a body, and, driven to desperation, repaired to the foot of the throne; on their knees they implored his majesty to forget the contested rights of his subjects; and in pity to their wives and children, allow them, by a timely submission, to save those dear relatives from the ignominy and cruelty which had been wreaked upon the inhabitants of Prague. Stanislaus saw that opposition would be fruitless; the walls of his capital were already surrounded by a train of artillery, prepared to blow the town to atoms on the first command of the Russian general; therefore, with a deep sigh, he assented to the petition, and sent deputies to the enemy's camp.

"And," continued the officer, "Suworrow, in reply, demands, that every man in Poland, shall not only surrender his arms, but shall sue for pardon for the past; and these conditions are consented to."

"They never shall be, by me," said Sobieski; and turning from his informer, he walked towards the royal palace, hardly knowing what were his intentions, or what he had else to hope or fear.

When his majesty was apprized that the young Count Sobieski awaited him in the audience chamber, he left his closet, where he had been musing alone, and entered the room. Thaddeus, with a swelling heart, would have thrown himself on his knees, but the king prevented him with emotion, and pressed him in his arms.

"Brave young man!" cried he, in a faultering voice, "I embrace in you the last of those Polish youths, who were so lately the brightest jewels in my crown."

Tears stood in the monarch's eyes as he spoke; and Sobieski, with hardly a steady utterance, answered, "I come to receive your majesty's commands. I will obey them in all things, but in surrendering this sword, (which my grandfather bequeathed me) into the hands of your enemies."

"I will not desire you my noble friend," replied Stanislaus; "by my acqiescence with the terms of Russia, I only comply with the earnest prayers of my people; I do ot compel any. I shall not ask you to betray your country; but alas! you must not throw away your life in a now hopeless cause. Fate has consigned Poland to subjection; and when heaven, in its all wise, though mysterious decrees, confirms the destruction of kingdoms, man has no farther duty than resignation. For myself, I am ordered by our conqueror, to bury my griefs, and indignities in the castle of Grodno.

The blood rushed over the cheek of Thaddeus, at this meek declaration of his majesty to which the proud indignation of his soul could in no way subscribe; with a heated and agitated voice, he exclaimed, "if my sovereign be already at the command of our oppressors, then indeed is Poland no more! and I have nothing to do but to perform the dying will of my mother. Will your majesty grant me permission to set off for England, before I am obliged to witness this last calamity of my wretched country?"

"I would to heaven," replied the king, "that I too, might repose my age and sorrows in that happy kingdom! Go Sobieski, my prayers and blessings shall follow you."

addeus pressed his majesty's hand to his lips.

lieve me, my dear Count," continued Stanislaus,

"my soul bleeds at this parting. I know the treasure which your family has always been to this nation; I know your own individual merit: I know the wealth which you have sacrificed for me, and my subjects; and I am powerless to express my gratitude."

"Had I done any thing more than absolute duty," replied he, "such words from your majesty's lips, would have been a reward adequate to every deprivation; but, alas, no! I have perhaps performed less than my duty; the blood of a Sobieski ought not to have been spared one drop, when the liberties of his country perished!" Thaddeus blushed while he spoke; and almost repented the too ready zeal of his friends in having saved him from the general slaughter at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Stanislaus became fainter, as he resumed—

"Perhaps had a Sobieski reigned at this time, these horrors might not have been accomplished! That tyrannous power which has crushed my people, I cannot forget, was the same which put the sceptre into my hand. Catharine misunderstood my principles: she calculated on giving a traitor to the Poles: but when she made me a king, she could not obliterate that stamp that the King of KINGS had graven upon my heart: I believed myself to be his vicegerent; and, to the utmost I have struggled to fulfil my trust.

"Yes, my sovereign!" cried Thaddeus, "and whilst there remains one man on earth, who has drawn his first breath in Poland he will bear witness in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander, that he has felt from you the care and affection of a father. O! sir, how will future ages believe, that in the midst of civilized Europe, that a brave people and a virtuous monarch, were suffered unaided, undeplored, to fall into the grasp of usurpation and murder?"

Stanislaus laid his hand on the arm of the count, and with a languid smile gleaming from his eyes, which still shed benign lustre through his gray locks, he said—

"Man's ambition and baseness are monstrous, only to the contemplation of youth. Your are learning your lesson early: I have studied mine for many years; and w-

a bitterness of soul, which in some measure prepared me for the completion. My kingdom has passed from me, at the moment you have lost your country. Before we part for ever, my dear Sobieski, take with you this assurance, that you have served the unfortunate Stanislaus, to the latest hour in which you beheld him; what you have just said, relative to the sentiments of those who were my subjects, is indeed a balm to my heart, and I will carry its consolation with me to my prison."

The king paused; Sobieski, agitated and incapable of speaking, threw himself at his majesty's feet, and pressed his hand with fervency and anguish to his lips. The king looked down at his graceful figure; and pierced to the soul, by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which stood in his eye-lid rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another before he could add, "Rise my young friend and take this ring. It contains my picture; wear it in remembrance of a man who loves you, and who never can forget your worth, or the loyalty and patriotism of your house."

The chancellor at that moment being announced, Thaddeus rose from his knee, and was preparing to leave the room, when his majesty perceiving his intention, desired him to stop.

"Stay Count!" cried he, "I will burthen you with one request. I am now a king without at crown, without subjects, without a foot of land to bury me when I die; I cannot reward the fidelity of even one of the few friends of whom my enemies have not deprived me; but you are young, and heaven may yet smile upon you in some distant nation. Will you pay a debt of gratitude for your poor sovereign? Should you ever again meet with the good old Butzon, who rescued me when my life lay on the fortune of a moment, remember, that I regard him as the preserver of my existence! He was then a private soldier in the Sobieski guards; and when I offered to recompense him by riches and honors, he only prayed to remain with his first patron. I committed him to the friendship of your grandfather, who immediately promoted him to the rank of general over that battalion. This brave man, I was told this morning, directly on the destruction of Prague, joined the

army of my brother; which being now disbanded, with the rest of my faithful soldiers, he is cast forth in his old age, on the bounty of a pitiless world. Should you ever meet with him, Sobieski, succour him for my sake."

"As Heaven my succour me!" cried Thaddeus; and putting his majesty's hand a second time to his lips, he bowed to the chancellor, and passed into the street.

When the count returned to the citadel, he found that all was as the king had represented. The soldiers in the garrison were reluctantly preparing to give up their arms; and the nobles, in compassion to the cries of the people, were proudly trying to humble their necks to the yoke of the ravager. The magistrates lingered as they went to take the city keys from the hands of their good king, who had so faithfully protected them; and anticipated with bitter sighs, the moment in which they should surrender them and their rights into the power of Suworrow, and that '*foul woman of the north*,' who exulted in nothing more than devastation.

Poland was now no place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had beheld his king a prisoner; and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on musing over these circumstances, he met with little interruption: for the streets appeared deserted. Here and there, a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes, already to repent the too successful prayers of the deputation. The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes in the great square, which used to be crowed with the happy citizens, but not one man was now to be seen. An awful and expecting silence remained over all. He sighed, and walking down the east street, ascended that part of the ramparts which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot, where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! There is nothing remains of Poland but its soil! nothing of my home, but its ashes!"

The Russians had pitched a detachment of tents ar

the ruins of Villanow; and were at this moment busying themselves in searching among the stupendous fragments, for what plunder the fire might have spared. Thaddeus gazed on the place for nearly an hour.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed his tortured heart, his lips could only falter with emotion; "Heaven will requite this sacrilege." He thought on the Countess, who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell forever; farewell thou beloved Villanow, in which I have spent so many blissful years! I quit you and my country forever!" As he spoke, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and pressing the picture of his mother to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet against which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber determining to prepare that night, for his departure the next morning.

He arose by day break and having gathered together all his little wealth: which consisted merely of the hussar uniform that he wore, a few rings and pieces of gold, which he concealed with his linen in the portmanteau, that was buckled on his horse: precisely two hours before the triumphal car of General Suworrow entered Warsaw, Sobieski, left it; bedewing its stones as he rode over the streets with his tears. They were the first that he had shed, during the long series of his misfortunes; and they now flowed so fast from his eyes, that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped.

"Poor Saladin!" said Thaddeus, stroking his neck, "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw, that like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last look?"

His tears redoubled; and the warden as he opened the gate, and closed it after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble Count Sobieski, before he turned his back to Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly round, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering stept till he reached that part of the river which divides Massovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse, and standing for a ment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced,

with almost blinded eyes, the long and desolated lands through which he had passed: then involuntarily dropping on his knees, he plucked a turf of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell Poland! Farewell all my hopes of happiness!"

Almost stifled by his regrets, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom; and remounting his horse crossed the bridge.

As one, who in flying from any particular object, thinks to lose himself and his sorrows, when it lessens to his view, Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed which soon brought him to Dantzic.

After having spent some days in this town, by the help of much mental exertion, he regained some firmness of mind. It was a calmness of feeling, arising from the conviction that his afflictions had gained their summit, and that however heavy they were, Heaven had laid them on him, as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief he ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

When he had entered into an agreement with the master of a vessel to carry him across the sea, he found, from calculating the strength of his finances, that they would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering these circumstances, it struck him how impossible it would be, to take his horse with him to England.

The first time this idea presented itself, it almost overset his new arranged philosophy. Tears would have started into his eyes, had he not by force withheld them.

"To part from my faithful Saladin," said he to himself "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers; and has even come with me into exile; it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each other, he again turned to the stall: "But my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master who will be kind to you in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, inquired who it was that occupied the fine mansion and park, on the east of the town. The man

plied "a Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic for near forty years."

"I am glad he is an Englishman!" was the sentiment which succeeded this information, in the Count's mind; who immediately taking his resolution, had hardly prepared to put it in execution, when he received a note from the captain, to be on board in half an hour, as the wind had set fair.

Thaddeus, rather disconcerted by this hasty call, with a depressed heart, wrote the following letter.

"To JOHN HOPETOWN, ESQ.

"Sir!

"A Polish officer, who has sacrificed every thing but his honor to the last interests of his country, now addresses you.

"You are an Englishman: and to whom can a victim to the cause of freedom, with less debasement solicit an obligation.

"I cannot afford support to the horse which has carried me through the battles of this fatal war. I disdain to sell him: and therefore, I implore you, by the respect that you pay the memory of your ancestors, who struggled for, and obtained that liberty, in whose defence we are thus reduced! I implore you to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude by an unfortunate

POLANDER.

"*Dantzic, November*, 1794."

"The Count having sealed and directed this letter went into the hotel-yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. These few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle, and he appeared from the stable prancing and pawing the earth as he used to do when Thaddeus was going to mount him for the field.

The groom was in vain striving to restrain the spirit of the horse, when the Count took hold of the bridle. The animal immediately knew his master, and became

gentle as a lamb. After stroking him two or three times with a bursting heart he returned the reins into the man's hand, and at the same time gave him the letter.

"There," said he, "take that note and the horse directly to the house of Mr. Hopetown. Leave them: for the letter requires no answer."

So saying, he walked out of the yard, towards the quay. The wind continued fair; he entered the ship; and, within an hour, set sail for England.

CHAPTER IX.

Sobieski passed the greater part of each day, and the whole of the night on the deck of the vessel. He was too much absorbed in himself to receive any amusement from the passengers, who, observing his melancholy, thought to disperse it by their everlasting company and conversation.

When any of those officious people came upon deck, he walked to the head of the ship, took his seat upon the cable which bound the anchor to the forcastle; and while their fears rendered him safe from their attacks, by pondering with an aching heart upon what might be the consequence of his voyage, he gained some respite from vexation, though none from misery.

The ship having passed through the Baltic, and entered on the British sea, the passengers running from side to side of the vessel, pointed out to Thaddeus the distant shore of England lying like a hazy ridge along the horizon; the happy people, whilst they strained their eyes through glasses, desired him to observe different spots in the hardly perceptible line, which they called Flamborough Head, and the hills of Yorkshire. He turned sick at all these objects of pleasure, for not one of them had a corresponding feeling in his breast. England could be nothing to him: if any thing, it would prove only a desert which contained no one object for his regrets or wishes.

The image of Pembroke Somerset rose in his mind, like the dim recollection of one who has been a long time dead. Whilst he was with him at Villanow, he loved him warmly: and when they parted they promised to correspond. One day, in a pursuit of the enemy, Thaddeus had been so unlucky as to lose his friend's address which was in his pocket book: but yet, uneasy at his silence, he had ventured two letters to him, directed merely to Sir Robert Somerset, England. To these he received no answer; and the palatine and the Countess became so displeased with such neglect and ingratitude, that they would not suffer him to be mentioned in their presence; and indeed Thaddeus, from disappointment and regret had no inclination to do so.

When the Count remembered these things, he found little comfort in recollecting the name of that young Englishman at this period; and now that he was visiting England rather as a poor exile, than as a powerful lord, half indignant but more grieved, he almost gave up the wish with the hope of meeting Mr. Somerset. He felt that Somerset had not acted as the man must act, to whom he could apply in his distress; and he resolved, unfriended as he was, to think no more about him. With a bitter sigh he turned his back on the land to which he was going, and fixed his eyes on that tract of sea which divided him from all that had ever given him delight.

"Father of heaven," murmured he, in a suppressed voice, "what have I done to deserve this misery? Why have I been, at one stroke, deprived of all that rendered existence estimable? Two months ago I had a mother, a more than father, to love and cherish me: I had a country that looked up to them and to myself with veneration and confidence: and now I am bereft of all; I have neither father, mother, nor country, but I am going to a land of strangers."

Such impatient adjurations were never wrung from Sobieski by the anguish of sudden torture, without his ingenuous and pious mind reproaching itself for repining. His soul was as soft as a woman's; but it knew neither effeminacy nor despair. Whilst his heart bled, his countenance retained its serenity. Whilst affliction crush-

ed him to the earth, and nature paid a few hard wrung drops to her expected dissolution, he contemned his tears and raised his fixed and confiding eye to that power which poured down its tempests on his head: Thaddeus felt as a man, but received consolation as a christian.

When the ship arrived at the mouth of the Thames, the eagerness of the passengers increased to such an excess, that they would not stand still, nor be silent a moment; and when the vessel under full sail, passed Sheerness, and the dome of St. Paul's appeared before them, their exclamations were loud and incessant. "My home! my parents! my wife! my friends!" were the burthen of every tongue.

Thaddeus found his irritable spirits again disturbed; and rising from his seat, he retired unobserved by the people, who were too happy to attend to any thing foreign to their own transports. The cabin was as deserted as himself. Feeling that there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around, and sees in the vast concourse of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows or receive the answering sigh of sympathy, he threw himself on one of the lockers, and with difficulty restrained the tears from gushing out of his eyes. He held his hand over them, and condemned himself for a weakness so unbecoming his character.

He despised himself; but let not others despise him. It is difficult for those who are in prosperity, who lie morning and evening in the lap of indulgence, to conceive the misery of being thrown out into a bleak and merciless world: it is impossible for the happy man, surrounded by luxury and gay companions, to figure to himself the reflections of a fellow creature, who has been fostered in the bosom of affection and elegance, cast at once from society, bereft of home, of comfort, of '*every stay save innocence and heaven.*' None but the wretched can imagine what the wretched endure, from actual distress, from apprehended misfortune, from outraged feelings, and ten thousand nameless sensibilities to injury, which alone the unfortunate can conceive, dread, and experience.

Such were the anticipating fears of the Count. Bor-

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and report had led him to respect the English; Pembroke Somerset, at one time, would have taught him to love them: but the nearer he advanced towards the shore the remembrance that it was from this country his father came; (an idea of whom never crossed him, that he did not banish it with horror;) this thought made him doubt the humanity of a people, of which his own parent, and forgetful friend, were so detestible a specimen.

The noise redoubled above his head; and in a few minutes afterwards, one of the sailors came rumbling down the stairs.

"Will it please your honor," said he, "to get up? That be my chest, and I want my clothes to clean myself before I go on shore: mother, I know, be waiting for me at Blackwall.

Thaddeus rose, and seeing that quiet was not to be found any where, ascended on the deck.

On coming up the hatchway, he saw that the ship had cast anchor in the midst of a large city, environed by myriads of vessels, from every quarter of the globe. Sobieski leaned over the railing and in silence looked down on the other passengers, who were bearing off in boats and shaking hands with the people that came to receive them.

"It is near dark, sir," said the captain, "mayhap you would like to go on shore? There is a boat just come round, and the tide wont serve much longer; and as your friends don't seem to be coming for you, you are welcome to a place in it with me."

The Count thanked him; and after defraying the expenses of the voyage, and giving half a guinea among the seamen, he desired that his portmanteau might be put into the wherry. The honest fellows in gratitude to the bounty of their passenger, struggled who should obey his commands; when, during the contention and pulling at the baggage, the captain angry at being detained, snatched it from between two of them, who in kindness to its master, were almost tugging it asunder, and flinging it into the boat, leaped in after it, and was followed by Thaddeus.

The taciturnity of the sailor, and the deep melancholy

of his guest, did not break the silence till they had reached the Tower stairs.

"Go, Ben, fetch the gentleman a coach."

The Count bowed to the captain, who gave the order; and in a few minutes, the boy came back with the intelligence that there was one in waiting; he took up the portmanteau, and Thaddeus followed him to the tower gate, where the carriage stood. Ben threw in the baggage: the Count put his foot on the step.

"Where must the man drive to?"

Thaddeus drew it back again.

"Yes, sir," continued the lad, "where is your honor's home?"

"In my grave," was the response his aching heart made to this question. He hesitated before he spoke.

"An hotel," said he, flinging himself on the seat, and throwing some silver into the sailor's hat.

"What hotel, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Any."

The man closed the door, mounted his box, and drove off.

It was now near seven o'clock, of a dark December evening. The lamps were lit; and it being Saturday night, the streets were crowded with people. Thaddeus looked at them as he drove along; "Happy creatures!" thought he, "you have each a home to go to; you have each expecting friends to welcome you; every one of you know some fellow being in the world that will smile when you enter; whilst I unhappy man! am insulated from every social comfort. Wretched, wretched Sobieski! where are now all thy highly prized treasures! thy boasted glory! and those beloved friends, who rendered that glory most precious to thee? Alas! all are withdrawn, vanished like a dream of enchantment, from which I have awakened to a frightful solitude."

His reflections were broken by the stopping of the carriage. The man opened the door.

"Sir, I have brought you to the Hummums, Covent Garden; it has as good accommodations as any in town. My fare is five shillings."

Thaddeus gave the demand, and followed him and

baggage into the coffee room. At the entrance of a man of his figure, several waiters presented themselves, begging to know his commands.

"I want a chamber."

He was immediately ushered into a very handsome dining room, where one of them laid down a portmanteau, and then bowing low, inquired whether he had dined.

The waiter having received his orders, (for the Count saw that it was necessary to call for something,) hastened into the kitchen to communicate them to the cook.

"Upon my soul, Betty," cried he, "you must do your best to-night, for the chicken is far the finest looking fellow you ever set your eyes on. By heaven I believe him to be some Russian nobleman perhaps the great Suworrow himself."

"A prince, you mean, Jenkins!" said a pretty girl who entered at that moment; "since I was born, I never see'd an English lord walk up and down a room with such an air; he looks like a king; for my part I should not wonder if he is one of the emigrant kings, for they say, there is a power of them now wandering about the world."

"You talk like a fool, Sally," cried the sapient waiter: "Don't you see that his dress is military? Look at his black cap, with its long bag and great feather, and the monstrous sabre at his side; look at them, and then if you can, say I am mistaken in pronouncing that he is some commander in the Russian army, most likely come over as ambassador!"

"But he came in a hackney coach," cried a little dirty boy in the corner. "As I was running up stairs with colonel Leeson's shoes, I see'd the coachman bring in the portmanteau."

"Well, Jackanapes, what of that?" cried Jenkins, "is a nobleman always to carry his equipage about with him like a snail with its shell on its back? To be sure, this Russian lord or prince, is only come to stay here till his own house is fit for him. I will be civil to him."

"And so will I, Jenkins;" rejoined Sally, smiling, I never see'd such handsome blue eyes in my born

days: and they turned so sweet on me, and he spoke so kindly, when he bade me stir the fire: and when he sat down by it, and throwed off his great fur cloak, he showed a glittering star and a figure so noble, that, indeed cook, I do verily believe he is, as Jenkins says, an enthroned king.

"You and Jenkins be a pair fools," cried the cook, who without noticing that description had been sulkily basting the fowl; "I will be sworn, he's just such another king, as that palavering rogue was a French Duke, who got my master's watch and pawned it! As for you, Sally, you had better beware of hunting after foreign men folk; it's not seemly for a young woman, and you may chance to rue it."

The moralizing cook, had now brought the whole kitchen on her shoulders. The men abused her for a surley old maid; and the women tittered, whilst they seconded her censure, by cutting sly jokes on the blushing face of poor Sally, who stood almost crying, by the side of her champion Jenkins.

Whilst this hubbub was going forward below stairs, its unconscious subject was, as Sally had described, sitting in a chair close to the fire, with his feet on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes bent on the flames. He mused; but his ideas followed each other in such quick and confused succession, that it hardly could be said he thought of any thing.

The entrance of the dinner roused him from his reverie. It was carried in by at least half-a dozen waiters.—The Count had been so accustomed to a numerous suit of attendants, that he did not observe the parcelling out of his temperate meal; one bringing in the fowl, another the bread, his neighbour the solitary plate; and the rest in like order: so solicitous were the male listeners in the kitchen to see this wonderful Russian.

Thaddeus partook but lightly of the refreshment. Being already fatigued in body, and dizzy with the motion of the vessel, as soon as the cloth was withdrawn, he ordered a night candle, and desired to be shown to his chamber.

Jenkins, whom the sight of the embroidered star had

confirmed in his decision that the foreigner must be a person of consequence, with increased agility whipped up the portmanteau, and led the way to the sleeping rooms. Here curiosity put on a new form; the women servants determined to have their wishes gratified as well as the men, had arranged themselves on each side of the passage thro' which the count must pass. At so strange an appearance, Thaddeus drew back; but supposing it might be a custom of the country, he proceeded through this fair bevy, and bowed as he walked along, to the low curtesies which they continued to make, till he entered his apartment and closed the door.

The unhappy are ever restless: they hope in every change of situation, to experience some alteration in their feelings. Thaddeus felt too miserable awake, not to view with eagerness, the bed, whereon he trusted that, for a few hours at least he might lose his consciousness of suffering, with its remembrance.

When he awoke in the morning, his head ached, and he opened his eyes as unrefreshed as when he had lain down; he undrew the curtain, and saw from the strength of the light, that it must be mid-day. He got up, and having dressed himself, descended to the sitting room, where he found a good fire, and the breakfast things already placed; he rang the bell, and walked to the window to observe the appearance of the morning: a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and the sun, ascended to its meridian, shone through the thick atmosphere, like a ball of fire; all seemed comfortless without; and turning back to the warm hearth that was blazing at the other end of the room, he was reseating himself, when Jenkins brought in the tea urn.

"I hope my lord," said the waiter, "that your lordship slept well last night."

"Perfectly, I thank you," replied the count, unmindful that the man had addressed him according to his rank; when you come to remove these things, bring me my bill."

Jenkins bowed and withdrew, congratulating himself on his dexterity in having saluted the Russian nobleman according to his title. During the absence of the waiter,

Thaddeus thought it time to examine the state of his purse: He well recollected how much he had paid at Dantzic; and from the style in which he was served here, he did not doubt, but to defray what he had contracted, would nearly exhaust his all. He emptied the contents of his pocket into his hand; a guinea and nineteen shillings, were all that he possessed; a flush of terror suffused itself over his face; he had never known the want of money before, and he trembled now for fear the charge should exceed his means of payment.

Jenkins entered with the bill On the count's examining it he was pleased to find, that it amounted to no more than the only piece of gold which his purse contained. He laid it down on the teaboard, and putting half a crown into the hand of Jenkins who appeared waiting for something, wrapped his cloak round him, and was walking out of the room.

"I suppose, my lord," cried Jenkins, pocketing the money with a smirk, and bowing with the things in his hands, we are to have the honour of seeing your lordship again, as you leave your portmanteau behind you?

Thaddeus hesitated a few seconds, then again moving towards the door, said "I will send for it."

"By what name my lord?"

"The count Sobieski."

"Jenkins immediately sat down the tea-board, and hurrying after Thaddeus along the passage and through the coffee-room, darted before him, and opening the door for him to go out, exclaimed loud enough for every body to hear, "Depend upon it, count Sobieski, I will take care of your lordship's baggage."

Thaddeus, rather displeased at his noisy officiousness, only bent his head and proceeded into the street.

The air was piercing cold; and on his looking around, he perceived by the disposition of the square, in which he was that it must be a market place. The booths and stands were covered with snow; whilst parts of the pavement were rendered nearly impassible, by the heaps of black ice, which the market people the preceding day had shovelled up out of their way. He now recollected that it was Sunday, and consequently, the improbability of finding any lodgings on that day.

He stood under the piazzas for two or three minutes, bewildered on the plan he should adopt; to return to the hotel for any purpose but to sleep, in the present state of his finances, would be impossible; he therefore gave himself up, inclement as the season was to walk about the streets till night; when he would go back to the Hummums to his bed chamber; and in the morning quit it for a residence more suitable to the reduction of his fortunes.

The wind blew a keen north east, with a violent shower of sleet and rain; yet such was the abstraction of his mind, that he hardly observed its bitterness, but walked on careless whither his feet led him, till he stopped opposite to St. Martin's church.

"God is my only friend," said he to himself, "and in his house I shall surely find shelter."

He turned up the steps, and was entering the porch, when he met the congregation thronging out of it.

"Is the service over?" he inquired of a decent looking old woman, who was passing him down stairs. The woman started at this question asked her in English by a person whose dress was so completely that of a foreigner. He repeated it; and she smiling and courtesying, replied—

"Yes sir, and I am sorry for it. Lord bless your handsome face, though you be a foreign gentleman, it does one's heart good to see you so devoutly given!"

Thaddeus blushed at this personal compliment, though it came from the lips of a wrinkled old woman, and begging permission to assist her down the stairs, he asked when service begun again.

"At three o'clock sir, and may heaven bless the mother who bore so pious a son!"

As the poor woman spoke, she raised her eye with a melancholy resignation. The Count touched with her words and manner, almost unconscious to himself, continued by her side as she hobbled down the street.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, till as he walked forward, somebody pressing against him, made him look round; he saw that his aged companion had just knocked at the door of a mean looking house, and that he and

she were surrounded by near a dozen boys, who, through curiosity, had followed them from the church porch.

"Ah! sweet sir," cried she, "these folks are staring to see so fine a gentleman taking notice of age and poverty."

Thaddeus felt uneasy at the inquisitive gaze of some of the by-standers; and his companion observing it by the fluctuations of his countenance, added, as the door was opened by a little girl:

"Will your honor walk in out of the rain, and warm yourself by my poor fire?"

He hesitated a moment; then accepting her invitation, beat his head to get under the humble door-way; and following through a neatly sanded passage, entered a small but clean kitchen. A little boy, who was sitting on a stool near the fire, uttered a scream at the sight of a stranger; and running up to his grandmother, rolled himself round in her cloak, crying out:

"Mammy, mammy, take away that black man!"

"Be quiet, William, it is a gentleman, and no black man. I am so ashamed sir; but he is only three years old."

"I should apologize to you," returned the Count smiling, "for introducing a person so hideous as to frighten your family."

By the time he finished speaking, the good dame had pacified the screaming child, who still stood trembling and looking askance at the tremendous black gentleman as he stroked the head of his pretty sister

"Come here, my dear!" said Thaddeus, seating himself by the fire, and stretching out his hand to the child. It instantly buried its head in its grandmother's apron.

"William! William!" cried his sister, pulling him by the arm, "The gentleman will not hurt you."

The boy again lifted up his head. Thaddeus threw back his long sable cloak, and taking off his cap, whose hearse-like plumes he thought might have terrified the child, he laid it on the ground, and again stretching forth both his arms, called to the boy to come to him. Little William now looked stedfastly in his face, and then on the cap, which he had laid beside him: and then whi'

he grasped his grandmother's apron with one hand, he held out the other half assured, towards the Count. Thaddeus immediately took it, and pressing it softly, pulled him gently to him, and placing him on his knee, "My little fellow," said he, kissing him, "you are not frightened now?"

"No," said the child, "I see you are not the ugly black man that takes away naughty boys.—The ugly black man has a black face, and snakes on his head: but these are pretty curls!" added he, laughing and putting his little fingers through the thick auburn hair which hung in neglected masses over the forehead of the Count.

"I am ashamed your honor should sit in a kitchen," rejoined the old lady; "but I have not a fire in any other room."

"Yes," said her grand-daughter, who was about twelve years old, "grandmother has a nice first floor up stairs; but because there be no lodgers, there be no fire there."

"Be silent, Nanny Robson" said the dame, "your pertness teases the gentleman."

"Oh, not at all," cried Thaddeus, "I ought to thank her, for she informs me that you have lodgings to let; will you allow me to engage them?"

"You sir," cried Mrs. Robson, thunderstruck, "for what purpose? Surely so noble a gentleman would not live in such a place as this."

"I would, Mrs. Robson, I know not where I could live with more comfort, and where comfort is, my good madam, what signifies the costliness or plainness of the dwelling."

"Well, sir, if you be indeed serious; but I cannot think you so; you are certainly making a joke of me, for my boldness in asking you into my poor house."

"Upon my honor, I am not, Mrs. Robson. I would gladly be your lodger, if you will admit me; and to convince you that I am in earnest, my portmanteau shall this moment be brought here."

"Well, sir," resumed she, "I shall be honored in having you in my house; but I have no room for any one besides yourself, not even for a servant."

"I have no servant."

"Then I will wait on him, grandmother," cried the little Nanny, "do let the gentleman have them, I am sure he looks honest."

The old woman coloured at this last observation of the child, and proceeded.

Then, sir, if you should not disdain the rooms when you see them, I shall be too happy in having so good a gentleman under my roof. Pardon my boldness sir; but may I ask? "I think by your dress you are a foreigner."

"I am," replied Thaddeus, the sweetness which played over his features contracting into a gloom; "if you have no objection to receive a stranger within your doors, from this hour I shall consider it as my home."

"As your honour pleases," said Mrs. Robson, "my terms are half a guinea a week, and I will attend on you as though you were my own son; for I cannot forget, excellent young gentleman, the way in which we first met."

"Then I will leave you for the present," returned he, rising and putting down the little William, who had been amusing himself with examining the silver point of the star of St. Stanislaus, and would hardly now quit his knee: "In the mean while," said he, "my pretty friend," stooping to the child, "let this bit of silver," was just mounting to his tongue, as he had already put his hand into his pocket to take out half a crown; when he recollected that his necessities would no longer admit of such gifts, and drawing his hand back with a deep and bitter sigh, he touched the boy's cheek with his lips, and added, "let this kiss remind you of your new friend."

This was the first instance in the life of Sobieski that his generous spirit had ever been restrained; and he felt it with a pang, for the poignancy of which he could not account.

He had been accustomed to an existence spent in acts of munificence. His grandfather's palace was the asylum of the unhappy; his grandfather's purse a treasury for the unfortunate. The soul of Thaddeus did not degenerate from his noble relative; his generosity began in inclination, was nurtured by reflection, and strengthened by daily exercise,

that rendered it a habit of his nature. Want never appeared before him, without imparting such sympathetic emotion to his excellent heart, that he rested not till he had administered every comfort in the power of wealth to bestow. His compassion and his purse were the substance and the shadow of each other. The poor of his country thronged from every part of the kingdom, to receive pity and relief at his hands. With these houseless wanderers, he peopled the new villages which his grandfather had caused to be erected in the midst of lands which in former times had been given up to wild beast and desolation. Thaddeus participated in the happiness of these grateful tenants; and many were the old men whose eyes he had seen closed in thankfulness and peace. These honest peasants, even in their dying moments, wished to give up that life in his arms, which he had rescued from misery. He has visited their cottage, he has smoothed their pillow, he has joined in their prayers, and when their last sigh came to his ear, he has raised the weeping family from the dust with pious exhortations, and his kindest assurances of protection. How often has the countess clasped her god-like son to her breast, when, after a scene like this, he has returned home, the tears of the dying man and his children yet wet upon his hand? how often has she strained him to her heart while floods of rapture have poured from her eyes? Heir to the first fortune in Poland, he scarcely felt the means by which he bestowed all these benefits; and with a soul as bounteous as Heaven had been munificent to him, wherever he moved he shed smiles and gifts around him. How frequently has he said to the palatine, when his carriage-wheels were chased by the thankful multitude; "O, my father, how can I ever be sufficiently grateful to God, for the happiness which he hath allotted to me, in making me the dispenser of so many blessings! The gratitude of these people overpowers and humbles me in my own eyes: What have I done to be so eminently favoured of Heaven? I tremble when I ask myself the question." "You may tremble, my dear boy," replied his grandfather, "for indeed the trial is a severe one: prosperity, like adversity, is an ordeal of our conduct. Two roads are before the rich man; vanity and

virtue: You have chosen the latter and the best; and may Heaven ever hold you in it! May Heaven ever keep your heart generous and pure! Go on my dear Thaddeus as you have commenced, and you will find that your creator hath bestowed wealth upon you, not for what you have done, but as the means of evincing how well you would dispense the gift."

This was the fortune of Thaddeus; and now he who had scattered thousands without counting them, drew back his hand with a sensation something like horror at his own injustice, when he was going to give away one little piece of silver, which he might want in a day or two, to defray some indispensible debt.

"Mrs. Robson," said he, as he replaced his cap upon his head, "I shall return before it is dark."

"Very well sir," and opening the door for him, he went out into the lane.

Ignorant of the town, and thanking Providence, for having prepared for him an asylum, he directed his course towards Charing Cross. He looked about him, with a deepened sadness; the wet and palsy state of the streets, gave to every object so comfortless an appearance, that he could scarcely believe that he was in London of which he had read with so much delight. Where were those magnificent buildings, he expected to see in the emporium of the world? Where that cleanliness, and those tokens of greatness and splendour, which had been the admiration and boast of travellers? He could no where discover them; all seemed to him, like a dark, gloomy, mean-looking city.

Hardly heeding whither he went, he approached the horse-guards; a view of the Park, as it appears through the wide porch, promised him less unpleasantness than a dirty pavement, and he turned in, taking his way along the Bird-Cage walk.

The trees stripped of their leaves, stood naked and dripping with melted snow. The season was in unison with the count's fate. He was taking the bitter wind for his repast, and quenching his thirst with the rain that fell on his pale and feverish lip: he felt the cutting blast enter his breast; and shutting his eye-lids to repel the tears

which were rising from his heart, he walked faster but in spite of himself, the drops mingled with the wet that trickled from his cap down on his face. One melancholy thought introduced another, till his agitated soul lived over again, in memory every calamity which had reduced him from happiness to misery. Two or three heavy and convulsed sighs followed these reflections: and quickening his pace, he walked once or twice quite round the Park: the rain had now ceased, and hardly observing any body that passed, he threw himself down upon one of the chairs, and sat in a musing posture, with his eye fixed on the opposite tree.

A sudden sound of voices approaching, roused him; and turning his eyes, he saw the speakers were two young men, whom he judged by their dress, must belong to the regiment of the centinel who was patrolling at the end of the mall.

"By heavens, Berrington," cried one, "it is the best shaped boot I ever beheld! I have a great mind to ask him whether it be English make?"

"And if it be," replied the other with a sneer, "you must ask him who made his legs, that you may send yours to be mended"

"Who the devil can see my leg through that boot?"

"Oh! if to hide them be your reason, pray ask him immediately."

"And so I will, for I think the boot damned handsome."

At these words he was making up towards Sobieski with two or three long strides, when his companion pulled him back.

"Surely, Harwold, you will not act so ridiculously? He appears to be a foreigner of rank, and he may take affront and knock you down."

Curse him and his rank too; he is some paltry emigrant, I warrant, and may the devil fly away with my legs if I dont ask him who made his boots.

As he spoke he would have dragged his companion along with him, but Berrington broke from his arm, and the fool who now thought himself dared to it, hustled up close to the chair, and bowed to Thaddeus, who (hardly

crediting that he could be the subject of this dialogue) returned the salutation with a cold bend of his head.

Harwold looked a little confounded at this haughty demeanor, and whilst his face for once in his life blushed at his own insolence, he roared out as if in defiance of all shame:

"Pray, sir, where did you get your boots?"

"Where I got my sword, sir," replied Thaddeus calmly; and rising from his seat, he darted his eyes disdainfully on the coxcomb, and walked slowly down the mall. Surprised and shocked at such behaviour in a British officer, as he moved away, he distinctly heard Berrington laughing aloud and ridiculing the astonishment and set-down air of his impudent associate.

This incident did not so much ruffle the temper of Thaddeus, as it amazed and perplexed him.

"Is this a specimen," thought he, "of a nation which on the continent is venerated for courage, manliness, and generosity! Well I find I have much to learn. I must go through the ills of life, to estimate myself thoroughly; and I must study mankind themselves, and not in their history, to have a true knowledge of what they are."

This strange rencountre was of service to him, by diverting his mind into another channel, than the intense contemplation of his situation; and as the dusk drew on, he turned his steps towards the Hummums.

On entering the coffee-room, he was met by the obsequious Jenkins, who being told by Thaddeus, that he wanted his baggage and a carriage to be sent for, went for the things himself, and sent a boy for the coach.

A man dressed in black was standing by the chimney, and seemed to be eyeing Thaddeus, as he walked up and down with great attention. Just as he had taken another turn, and drew near him, the stranger accosted him rather abruptly.

"Pray, sir, are there any news stirring abroad? you seem, sir, to be come from abroad?"

"None, that I know, sir."

"Bless me, that's strange. I thought sir, you came from abroad, sir; from the continent, from Poland, sir? at least the waiter said so, sir."

Thaddeus coloured; "The waiter, sir?"

"I mean, sir," continued the gentleman, visibly confused at the dilemma into which he had brought himself, "the waiter said you were a count, sir; a Polish count, at least the count Sobieski! Hence I conclude you are from Poland. If I have offended, I beg pardon, sir; but in these times we are anxious for every intelligence."

Thaddeus made no other reply than a slight inclination of his head; and walking forward to see whether the coach were arrived, he thought, whatever travellers had related of the English, they were the most impertinent race of people in the world.

The stranger would not be contented with what he had already said, but plucking up new courage, pursued the Count to the glass door through which he was looking, and resumed.

"I believe, sir I am not wrong: you are the Count Sobieski; and I have the honour to be now speaking with the bravest champion of Polish liberty."

Thaddeus again bowed; "I thank you, sir, for the compliment you intend me; but I cannot take it to myself; all the men in Poland, old and young, nobles and peasants, were her champions, equally sincere, equally brave."

Nothing could silence the inquisitive stranger: the coach drew up, but he went on.

"Then I hope that many of these patriots, beside your lordship, have taken care to bring away their wealth from a land now abandoned to destruction.

For a moment Thaddeus forget himself in his country, and all her rights, and all her sufferings rose in his countenance.

"No sir! Not one of those men, and least of all, would I have drawn one vital drop from her heart! I left in her bosom all that was dear to me, all that I possessed; and not until I saw the chains brought before my eyes, that were to lay her in irons, did I turn my back on calamities which I could no longer, avert or alleviate."

The ardour of his manner, and the elevation of his voice, had drawn the attention of every person in the room upon him, when Jenkins entered with his baggage.

The door being opened, Sobieski got into the coach, and gladly hastened from a conversation which awakened all his grief.

"Ah, poor enthusiast!" exclaimed his inquisitor, as the carriage drove off; "It is a pity that so fine a young man should have made so ill a use of his birth and other advantages!"

"He appears to me," observed an old clergyman, who sat in an adjoining box, "to have made the best possible use of his talents; and had I a son, I should rather hear him utter such a sentiment, as that with which he quitted the room, than see him master of millions."

"May be so," cried the questioner with a disdainful and angry glance, "*Different minds incline to different objects!*" His has decided for the "*wonderful, the wild,*" and a pretty end he has made of his choice."

"Why, to be sure," observed another harker, "young people should be brought up with reasonable ideas of right and wrong, and prudence: Nevertheless, I should not like a son of mine to run harem scarem through my property and his own life; yet one cannot help, when one hears such a brave speech as that from the foreigner, just gone out—I say, one cannot help thinking it very fine."

"True, true," cried the inquisitor, "you are right sir; very fine indeed, but too fine to wear, it would soon leave us naked, as it has done him, for it seems by his own confession he is pennyless; and I know a twelvemonth ago, he was master of a fortune, which, however incalculable, he has managed, with all his talents to see the end of."

"Then he is in distress?" exclaimed the clergyman, "and you know him?"

The man coloured at this unexpected inference, and stammering some words which no one could make out, took up his hat, and looking at his watch said, "I beg pardon gentlemen; I have an appointment," and hurried out of the room without speaking farther, notwithstanding the good clergyman, whose name was Blackmore, hastened after him requesting to know where the young foreigner lived.

"Who is that coxcomb?" cried the disconcerted doctor, as he returned from his unavailing application.

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter; "I never saw him in this house before last night, when he came in late to sleep; and this morning, he was in the coffee-room at breakfast, just as the foreign gentleman walked through; and Jenkins bawling his name out very loud, as soon as he was gone, this here gentleman in the powdered hair, asked him who that count was. I heard Jenkins say some Russian name, and tell him he came last night, and likely would come back again; and so that there gentleman has been loitering about all day till now, when the foreign gentleman coming in, he spoke to him."

"And don't you know any thing further of this foreigner?"

"No, sir."

"I am sorry for that. Poor fellow!" sighed the old man, "he has been unfortunate, and I might have befriended him."

"Yes, to be sure, doctor," cried the speaker, who now rose to accompany him out, "it is our duty to befriend the unfortunate; but charity begins at home, and as, all's for the best, perhaps it is lucky we did not hear any more about this young fellow. We might have involved ourselves into a vast deal of unnecessary trouble, and, you know, the people of Poland have no claims upon us."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, "none in the world, more than those which no human creature can dispute; the claims of nature. All mankind are born heirs of suffering; and as joint inheritors, if we do not wipe away each other's tears it will prove but a comfortless portion."

"Ah! doctor," cried his companion, as they separated at the end of Charles-street, "you have always the best of the argument: you have logic and Aristotle at your fingers ends."

"No, my friend; my arguments are purely christian, nature is my logic, and the bible my teacher."

"Ah, there you have me again. You parsons are as bad as the lawyers; when once you get a poor sinner among you, he finds it as hard to get out of the church as of the chancery. However, have it your own way; ty is your trade and I won't be in a hurry to dis-

pute the monopoly. Good day, If I stay much longer, you 'll make me believe black is white."

Dr. Blackmore shook him by the hand, and wishing him a good morning, returned home, pitying the worldlyness of his friend's mind; and pondering on the interesting stranger, whom he admired and compassionated to absolute pain; because he believed him to be unfortunate, and out of the reach of his services.

CHAPTER X.

THE Count Sobieski was cordially received by his worthy landlady; indeed he never stood more in need of kindness. A slow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him since his quitting Poland, had settled on his lungs, and excited a cough that kept him awake all night, and reduced him to such weakness in the day, that he neither had strength nor spirits to stir abroad.

Mrs. Robson was greatly distressed at this sudden and violent illness of her guest. Her own son, the father of the orphans whom she protected, had died a victim to consumption brought on by his excesses.

Thaddeus gave himself up completely to her management: he had no money for medical assistance: and to please her, he took what little medicines she prepared. According to her advice, he remained for several days shut up in his chamber, with a large fire, his curtains drawn, and the shutters shut, to exclude the smallest portion of that air, which the good woman thought had already stricken him with death.

But all would not do; the patient became worse and worse. Frightened at the symptoms, Mrs. Robson begged leave to send for the apothecary, who had attended her deceased son. In this instance only, she found the Count obstinate; no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him.—When she stood weeping, holding his burning hand his answer was constantly of this kind.

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robson, grieve yourself

my account; I am not in the danger you think; I shall do very well with your assistance."

"No, no; I see death in your eyes. Can I feel this hand, and see that hectic cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were, opening before me?"

She was not much mistaken; for during the night after this debate, Thaddeus grew so delirious, that no longer able to subdue her terrors, she sent for the apothecary to come instantly to her house.

"O! doctor," cried she, as the man ascended the stairs. "I have the best young gentleman that ever the sun shone on, dying in that room! He would not let me send for you; and now he is raving like a mad creature."

Mr. Vincent entered the count's humble apartment, and undrew the curtains of the bed. Thaddeus exhausted by his delirium, had sunk back, almost senseless on the pillow. Mrs. Robson, at this sight, supposing him dead, uttered a shriek that was in a moment echoed by the cries of the little William, who stood near his grandmother.

"Hush, my good woman," said the doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead: leave the room till you have recovered yourself, and I will engage that you shall see him alive when you return."

Mrs. Robson, considering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandson.

Mr. Vincent had felt, on entering the chamber, that the fever of his patient must be augmented by the hot and stifling state of the room: and before he attempted to disturb him from the temporary rest which his senses found in insensibility, he opened the window-shutters, damped the raging of the fire with ashes and water, and then unclosing the room door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, undrew all the curtains of the bed and pulling the heavy clothes down from the count's bosom, raised his head on his arm and poured some drops into his mouth. In a moment he opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words: but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did so: for when he quite recovered his powers, he every now and then stopped in the midst of some confused speech and

Mrs. Robson soon after entered the room, and, poured out her thanks to the apothecary, whom she regarded as almost a worker of miracles.

"I must have him bled Mrs. Robson," continued he, "and for that purpose shall go home for my assistant and lancets; but in the meanwhile, I charge you to let every thing remain in the state that I have left it. The heat alone would have been enough to have given a fever to a man in health."

When the apothecary returned he saw that his commands had been strictly obeyed; and finding that the change of atmosphere had wrought some alteration in his patient he took his arm without any difficulty and bled. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the wound, before he tried to recover him; "look here Tom," pointing to the scars on his arm and breast; "see what terrible cuts have been made there! This has not been playing at soldiers! Who is your lodger, Mrs. Robson?"

"A Mr. Constantine, Mr. Vincent. But for heaven's sake restore him out of that swoon."

Mr. Vincent poured more drops into his mouth; and a minute afterwards, he opened his eyes, divested of their feverish glare, but looking dull and heavy. He spoke to Mrs. Robson by her name; which gave her such delight, that she caught his hand to her lips, and burst into tears. The action was so instantaneous and violent that it made him feel the stiffness of his arm; and casting his eyes towards the men near his bed, he conjectured what had been his state, and what the consequence.

"Come, Mrs. Robson," said the apothecary, "you must not disturb the gentleman. How do you find yourself, sir."

Thaddeus having regained his perfect recollection, felt uneasy; but as the deed could not be recalled, he thanked the doctor for the service he had received; and said a few kind and grateful words to his good hostess.

Mr. Vincent was glad to see so promising an inva-

proceeding, and soon after retired with his assistant and Mrs. Robson, to give further directions.

On entering the kitchen she threw herself into a chair, and broke into a paroxysm of lamentations.

"My good woman, what is all this about?" inquired the doctor. "Is not my patient better?"

"Yes," cried she, drying her eyes; "but the bed in which he lies, the whole scene, puts me so in mind of the last moments of my poor unfortunate, misguided son, that the very sight of it goes through my heart like a knife. O! had my boy been as good as that dear gentleman, had he been as well prepared to die, I think I would scarcely have grieved! Yet Heaven spare Mr. Constantine. Will he live?"

"I hope so Mrs. Robson; this fever is inveterate; but he is young, and with extreme care we may preserve him."

"The Lord grant it!" cried she, "for he is the best gentleman that I every beheld. He has been above a week with me; and till this night, in which he lost his senses, though hardly able to breathe or see, he has read out of books that he brought with him; and good books too; for it was but yesterday morning, I saw the dear soul sitting by the fire with a book on the table, which he had been studying near an hour; and as I was dusting about, I saw him lay his head down on it, and put his hand on his temples. 'Alas! sir,' said I, 'you teaze your brains with these books of learning, when you ought to be taking rest.' 'No, Mrs. Robson,' returned he, with a sweet smile, 'in this book I am seeking rest; it is the best soother of human afflictions:' he closed it, and put it on the chimney-piece; and when I looked at it afterwards, I saw it was the scriptures. Can you wonder that I should love so excellent a gentleman?"

"It is a strange account you have given of your lodger," replied Vincent: "I hope he is not a methodist; for if so I shall despair of his cure, and think his delirium had another cause besides fever."

"A methodist! No, sir, he is a christian: and as good a reasonable sweet tempered gentleman as ever came into a house. Alas! I believe he is more like a

papist; though they say papists don't read the Bible, but worship images."

"Why, what reason have you to suppose that? He's an Englishman, is he not?"

"O no, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! O, ho!" cried Vincent, with a discontented and contemptuous raise of his eyebrows and voice; "what, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord, how this town is overrun by these fellows!"

"No doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Robson, much hurt in pride and feeling at this affront to her lodger, whom she really loved; "whatever he be, he is not *poor*, for he has a power of fine things; he has got a watch all over diamonds, and diamond rings, and diamond pictures without number. So doctor you need not fear that you are attending him for charity; no I would sell my gown first."

"Nay, don't be offended Mrs. Robson! I meant no offence," returned he, much mollified by this explanation of hers; "but really when we see the bread that should feed our children, and our own poor, eaten up by a parcel of lazy French drones; who have covered our land, and destroyed its produce, like a swarm of filthy locusts, we should be fools not to murmur. But Mr. Mr. what did you call him, Mrs. Robson? is a different sort of a body."

"Mr. Constantine," replied she, "and indeed he is; and no doubt, when you recover him, he will pay you as though he were in his own country."

This last assertion of hers, banished all remaining suspicion from the apothecary's face: and after giving her what orders he thought requisite, he returned home promising to call in the evening.

Mrs. Robson went up stairs to the Count's chamber with other feelings towards her infallible doctor than those with which she came down. She well recollected the substance of his discourse; and she gathered from it, that however clever he might be in his profession, he was a hard hearted man, who would rather see a fellow creature perish than administer relief to him without a reward.

But here Mrs. Robson was mistaken. She did him

justice in esteeming his medical abilities, which were great: he had made medicine the study of his life; and not allowing any irrelevant occupation to disturb his attention, he became master of that science, while ignorant of every other with which it had no connexion. He was the father of a family, and in the usual acceptation of the term, a very good sort of a man! he preferred his country to every other, because it was his country; he loved his wife and children: he was kind to the poor, to whom he gave his advice gratis, and letters to the dispensary for drugs; and when he had broken victuals to spare, he desired it to be divided among them; but he seldom caught his maid obeying this part of his commands, without reprimanding her for her extravagance in giving away what ought to be eaten in the kitchen—"in these times it was a shame to waste a crumb, and the careless huzzy would come to want for thinking so lightly of other people's property."

Thus, like many in the world, he was a loyal citizen from habit, an affectionate father from nature, and a man of charity, because he now and then felt pity, and now and then heard it preached from the pulpit. He was exhorted to be pious, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the stranger: but it never once struck him that piety extended farther than going to church, mumbling his prayers and forgetting the sermon, through most of which he generally slept: and his commentaries on the good Samaritan were not more extensive: for the stranger, to him, was like the Canaanite embassy that cheated the host of Israel, his nearest neighbour. To have been born on the other side of the British channel, spread an ocean between the poor foreigner and Mr. Vincent's purse, which to this hour the swiftest wings of charity could never cross. "He saw no reason," he said "for feeding the natural enemies of our country. Would any man be mad enough to take the meat from his children's mouths, and throw it to a swarm of wolves just landed on the coast?" These wolves were his favourite metaphors, when he spoke of the unhappy French, or any other penyless foreigners, who came in his way.

After this explanation, it will appear paradoxical to

mention an inconsistency in the mind of Mr. Vincent, that would never permit him to discover the above Cainish mark of vagabondism, upon the wealthy stranger of whatever country. Somehow or other, it was with him as with many: riches were a splendid and thick robe, that concealed all blemishes: take it away, and probably the poor stripped wretch would be treated even worse than his crimes deserve.

That his new patient possessed some property, was sufficient to ensure the respect and medical skill of Mr. Vincent: and when he entered his own house he told his wife that he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robson's in the illness of a Mr. Constantine, her lodger."

When the Count Sobieski quitted the Hummums, the evening on which he brought away his baggage, he had been so disconcerted by the impertinence of the man who accosted him, that he determined no longer to expose himself to insult, by retaining a title which rendered him obnoxious to the curiosity of the insolent and insensible; and therefore, when Mrs. Robson asked him how she should address him, as he was averse to assume a feigned name, he merely mentioned Mr. Constantine.

Under that unobtrusive character he hoped in time to accommodate his feelings to the change of fortune which Providence had allotted to him. He must forget his nobility, his pride, and his sensibility: he must earn his subsistence. But, by what means? He was ignorant of business: and he knew not how to turn his accomplishments to account. Such were his meditations, till illness and delirium deprived him of these, and of reason together.

At the expiration of a week, in which Mr. Vincent attended his patient very regularly, Sobieski was able to remove into the front room, and leave that gloomy chamber where he had endured so much anguish of body and mind. Uneasiness about how he should discharge the debts he had incurred, retarded his recovery, and made his hours pass in cheerless meditation on the scanty means he possessed to repay the good widow and satisfy the avidity of the apothecary; who, in proportion as his patient could bear the addition, had sent in phials of medi-

cines by cozens. Pecuniary obligation was a load to which he had been unaccustomed; and, once or twice, the wish almost escaped his heart, that he had died.

When ever he was left to think, such were always his reflections; but Mrs. Robson, who discovered that he appeared more feverish, and had worse nights after being much alone during the day, contrived, though she was obliged to be in her little shop, to leave either Nanny to attend his wants, or little William to amuse him.

The child by its uncommon quickness and artlessness of manner, gained upon the Count, who was ever alive to helplessness and innocence.—Children and animals, always found a friend and protector in him. From the "*majestic war-horse with his neck clothed in thunder*," to "*the poor beetle that we tread upon*," every creature of creation, met an advocate of mercy in his breast: and as human nature is prone to love what it has been kind to, Thaddeus never saw either children, dogs, or even the poor slandered and abused animal the cat, that he did not by some spontaneous act, show it attention.

The little William now possessed what affection he could spare from memory. He hardly ever left his side, where he sat on a stool, prattling about any thing that came into his head; or seated on his knee, followed with his eyes and playing fingers, the Count's hand, as he sketched a horse, or a soldier for his pretty companion.

In this way he slowly acquired sufficient strength to allow him to quit his dressing-gown and prepare for a walk.

A hard frost had succeeded to the chilling damps of November; and looking out of the window he longed, with almost sensations of eagerness, again to inhale the fresh air. After some tender altercations with Mrs. Robson, who feared to trust him even down stairs, he at length conquered; and taking the little William in his hand, folded his pelisse round him, and promising to venture no farther than the kings Mews, was suffered to go

s he had expected, he found the keen breeze act like

a charm on his debilitated frame, and with braced nerves, and exhilarated spirits, he walked twice up and down the place, whilst his companion played before him, throwing stones and running to pick them up. At this moment one of the king's carriages, pursued by a concourse of people, suddenly drove in at the Charing-cross gate. The frightened child screamed and fell. Thaddeus seeing its danger, darted forward, and seizing the heads of the horses, which were within a yard of the boy, stopped them; meanwhile, the mob gathered about, one of them lifted up William, who continued his cries. The count now let go the reins, and for a few minutes tried to pacify his little charge; but finding that his alarm and shrieks were not to be quelled, and that his own figure from his singularity of dress, his high cap and feathers adding much to his height, had drawn on him the whole attention of the people, who quitted the carriage and collected round him: he took the trembling child in his arms, and walking through the Mews, was followed by some of the bystanders almost to the door of Mrs. Robson's shop.

Seeing the people, and her grandson sobbing on the breast of her guest, she ran out and hastily asked what had happened. Thaddeus simply answered that the boy had been frightened. But when they entered the house, and he had thrown himself, exhausted on a seat, William, as he stood by his knee told his grandmother, that if Mr. Constantine had not stopped the horses, he must have been run over. The count was now obliged to relate the whole story: which ended with the blessings of the poor woman for his goodness, to risk his own life in such a weak state for the preservation of her darling child.

Thaddeus in vain assured her, that the action deserved no thanks, as it was spontaneous and merely his duty.

"Well," cried she, "It is like yourself, Mr. Constantine: you think all your good deeds nothing: and yet any little odd thing that I can do out of pure love to serve you, you cry up to the skies.—However, we won't fall out; I say Heaven bless you, and that is enough! Has your walk refreshed you? But I need not ask; you have already got a colour."

"Yes," returned he rising and taking off his cap and

cloak, "it has put me in a glow and made me quite another creature." As he finished speaking, he dropped the things from the hand that held them, and staggered back against the wall.

"Good Lord! what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Robson, alarmed, and looking in his face, which was now as pale as death, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned he, recovering himself and gathering up the cloak he had let fall, "don't mind me, Mrs. Robson; nothing," and he was leaving the kitchen to go up stairs: but she followed him, terrified at his looks and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Constantine!"

"Nay, my dear madam," said he, leading her back again, "I am not well: I believe my walk has overcome me. Let me be a few minutes alone, till I have recovered myself. It will oblige me."

"Well, sir, as you please!" and she curtsied; then laying her withered hand fearfully upon his arm, as he was quitting the room, "forgive me, dear sir," said she "if my attentions are troublesome? Indeed, I fear that sometimes great love appears like great impertinence; I would always be serving you, and therefore I often forget the wide difference that there is between your honour's station and mine."

The count could only press her hand gratefully, and with an emotion that made him hurry up stairs. When in his room he shut the door, and cast a wild and inquisitive gaze around the apartment, then throwing himself into a chair, he struck his head with his hand, and exclaimed, "It is gone! What will become of me? of this poor woman, whose substance I have consumed!

It was true, the watch, by the sale of which he had calculated to defray the charges of his illness, and the sum that he was conscious he must owe Mrs. Robson, was indeed lost. A villain in the crowd, having perceived the sparkling of the chain to which it was united, had taken it unobserved from his side; and he knew nothing of his loss, till feeling for it to see the hour, he discovered his misfortune.

The shock went like a stroke of electricity through his

frame: but it was not till the last glimmering of hope was extinguished, on his examining his *room*, where he thought he might have left it, that he felt the full horror of his situation.

He sat for some minutes absorbed and almost afraid to think. It was not his own, but the necessities of the poor woman, who had, perhaps incurred debts on herself to afford him comforts, that bore so hard upon him. At last, rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I must determine on something. Since this is gone, I must seek what else I have to part with, for I cannot long bear such suspense."

He opened the drawer into which he had locked the few valuables he had preserved.

With a trembling hand he took them out one by one. There were several trinkets which had been given to him by his mother; and a pair of inkid pistols, that his grandfather had put into his belt on the morning of the dreadful tenth of October; his miniature lay beneath: the mild eyes of the palatine seemed beaming with affection upon his grandson: Thaddeus snatched it up, kissed it fervently, and then laid it back into the drawer, whilst he hid his face with his hands.

When he recovered himself, he replaced the pistols, feeling that it would be almost a sacrilege to part with them. Without allowing himself time to think, he put a gold pencil case and a pair of brilliant sleevebuttons into his waistcoat pocket.

He descended the stairs with a soft step, and passing the kitchen door unperceived by his landlady, crossed through a little court; and then anxiously looking from right to left, to find any place in which he might probably dispose of the trinkets, he took his way up Castle-street, and along Leicester square.

When he turned up the first street to his right, he was impeded by two persons, who stood in the path, the one selling, the other buying a hat. The thought immediately struck Thaddeus, of asking one of these men (who appeared to be a Jew and a vender of clothes) to purchase his pelisse. By parting with a thing to which he annexed no more value than the warmth it afforded him, he

should spare himself the pain, for this time at least, of sacrificing those gifts of his mother, which had been bestowed upon him in happier days, and hallowed by her caresses.

He did not permit himself to hesitate a moment but desired the Jew to follow him into a little court that was nigh. The man obeyed directly; and having no ideas independent of his trade, asked the count what he wanted to buy.

"Nothing: I want to sell this pelisse," returned he, opening it. The Jew without any ceremony, inspected the covering and the fur.

"Aye, I see it is black lined with sable; who would buy it of me? It is embroidered, and nobody wears such things here."

"Then I am answered," replied Thaddeus.

"Stop, sir," cried the Jew, pursuing him; what will you take for it?"

"What will you give me?"

"Let me see. It is very long and wide. At the uttermost, I cannot offer you more than five guineas."

A few months ago, it had cost the count twelve times as much; but glad to get any money, however small, he readily closed with the man's price; and taking off the cloak, without a sigh, he gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much farther, when the piercing cold of the evening, and a shower of snow which began to fall, made him feel the effects of his loss: however, that did not annoy him; he had been too heavily assailed by the pitiless rigours of misfortune, to regard the pelting of the elements. Whilst the wind blew in his face, and the sleet falling on his dress lodged in his embroidered lapels, he went forward calculating whether it were likely that this money with the few shillings he yet possessed, would be sufficient to discharge what he owed. Unused as he had been to all kinds of expenditure that required attention, he supposed from what he had already seen of a commerce with the world, that the sum he had received from the Jew was not above half what he wanted; and with a beating heart alked towards one of those shops which he had

heard Mrs. Robson describe when she spoke of the irregularities of her son, who had nearly reduced her to beggary.

The candles were lit. And as he hovered about the door, he distinctly saw the master through the glass, assorting some parcels on the counter. He was a gentleman-like man; and the count's feeling's took quite a different turn from those with which he had accosted the Jew, who was a low sordid wretch, looking upon the people with whom he trafficked, as pieces of wood; therefore few unpleasant sensations assailed his breast when bargaining with him: but the sight of a respectable person, before whom he was to present himself as a man in poverty, as one who in a manner appealed to charity, all at once overcame the resolution of Sobieski, and he debated whether he should return. Mrs. Robson and her probable distress, rose before him; and fearful of trusting his pride any further, he pulled his cap over his face, stepped up the step, and entered the shop.

The man bowed very civilly on his entrance, and requested to be honoured with his commands. Thaddeus felt his face glow; but indignant at his own weakness, he walked up to the counter, and laying down the gold case, said in a voice, which notwithstanding his emotion he compelled to be without appearance of confusion, "I want to part with this."

The man astonished at the dignity of his air, and the nobility of his dress, (for the star did not escape his eye,) looked at him for a moment, holding the case in his hand. The count, hurt by the steadiness of his gaze, rather haughtily repeated what he said. The man hesitated no longer. He had been accustomed to similar requests from the emigrant French *noblesse*: but there was a loftiness and an air of authority, in the countenance and mien of his person, that surprised and awed him; and with a respect which even the application could not counteract, he opened the case and inquired of Thaddeus, what was the price he had affixed to it.

"I leave that to you," replied the count; "you see the gold is solid."

"Yes," returned the man, laying it down, "but I can

not give more than three guineas. It is very thin; and though the workmanship be fine, it is not the fashion of England, and will be no benefit to me till melted."

"You may have it," said Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, as he again laid the gift of his mother out of his hand.

The man directly paid him down the money, and the count, with a bursting heart, darted out of the shop.

Mrs. Robson was shutting up the windows of her little parlour, when he hastily passed her, and glided up the stairs. Hardly believing her senses, she hastened after him, and just got into the room as he swallowed a glass of water."

"Good Lord, sir," cried she, "where has your honour been? I thought you had been all the while in the house, and I would not come near, though I was very uneasy: and there has been poor William crying himself blind, because you had desired to be left alone."

Thaddeus was not prepared to make her any answer. He had been in hopes to have gotten in as he had stolen out, undiscovered; for he had determined not to agitate her good mind by the history of his loss. He would not allow her to know any thing of his embarrassments, from sentiments of justice, as well as of that pride which all his sufferings and philosophy could not wholly subdue.

"I have been taking a walk, Mrs. Robson."

"Dear heart! I thought when you staggered back, and looked so ill, after you brought in William that you had overwalked yourself."

"No, I fancy my fears had a little discomposed me, and I hoped more air might do me good; I tried it, and it has: but I am grieved that I have alarmed you."

This ambiguous speech perfectly satisfied his kind landlady. Thaddeus, much fatigued by a bodily exertion, which nothing less than the perturbed state of his mind, could have carried him through in the present feebleness of his frame, after he had taken some tea, at the earnest request of Mrs. Robson, went directly to bed, where tired nature soon found temporary repose in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the Count awoke in the morning, he found himself rather better than worse from the exertions of the preceding day. When Nanny appeared as usual with his breakfast, and little William, (who always set on his knee and shared his bread and butter,) he desired to beg that her grandmother would send to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and tell him that he was so well at present, as to decline any further medical aid, and therefore requested to have his bill.

Mrs. Robson, who could not forget the behaviour of the apothecary, undertook to deliver the message herself, happy in the triumph she should experience over the littleness of Mr. Vincent's suspicions.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she reappeared in the Count's room, with the apothecary's assistant; who, with many thanks received the sum total of his account, which amounted to three guineas for ten days attendance.

The man having withdrawn, Thaddeus told Mrs. Robson that he must next defray the smallest part of that vast debt, which his heart should ever owe to her paternal care.

"O, bless your honor, it goes to my heart to take a farthing from you! but these poor children," cried she, laying a hand on each, and her eyes glistening, "they look up to me as their all here; and my quarter day was due yesterday, else dear sir, I should have scorned to have been like doctor Vincent, and have taken your money the moment you offered it."

"My good madam," returned Sobieski, giving her a chair, "I am sensible of the kindness of your nature; but it is your just due, and the payment of it can never lessen my gratitude for the friendship that you have shown to me as a stranger."

"Then there sir," said she looking almost ashamed, as if she were robbing him when she laid it on the table, "there is my bill. I have regularly set down every thing

Nanny will bring it to me." And the good woman, quite disconcerted, hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with sensations of admiration and reverence.

"There goes," thought he, "in that lowly and feeble frame, as generous and noble a spirit as ever animated the breast of a princess! Here, Nanny," said he glancing his eye over the paper, "There are the two guineas and a half, with my thanks; and tell your grandmother that I am astonished at her economy.

This affair over, the Count found himself relieved of a grievous load; and turning the remaining money in his hand, how he might replenish his little stock before it were expended, next occupied his attention. Notwithstanding the pawn-broker's civil treatment, he recoiled at again presenting himself at his shop. Besides, should he dispose of all that he possessed, it would not be of sufficient value to subsist him for a month. He must think of some source within himself not likely to be so soon exhausted. To be reduced a second time to the misery of mind that he had experienced yesterday from suspense and wretchedness, appeared too dreadful to be hazarded; and he ran over in his memory the merits of his several accomplishments.

He could not make any use of his musical talents, for at public exhibitions of himself his soul revolted: and as to his literary acquirements, he supposed that his youth, and being a foreigner, would preclude all hope on that head. At length he fond that his sole dependance must rest on his talents for painting. Of this art he had always been remarkably found; and his taste easily perceived, when he passed by several of the print shops in town, that there were many drawings exhibited for sale, much beneath those which he had executed for mere pastime.

He decided at once; and sending Nanny to purchase pencils and Indian ink, set to work.

When he had finished a half a dozen drawings, and was considering how he might find the street wherein he had seen the print-shops, the recollection occurred to him of the impression that his appearance had made on the pawn

broker. He perceived the wide difference between his apparel and the fashion of England; and, seeing with what better security from impertinence he might walk about, if he could so far cast off the relics of his former rank as to change his dress, he got up with an intention to go out and purchase a surtout coat, and hat, for that purpose: but catching an accidental view of his figure and the star of St. Stanislaus, as he passed the glass to the door, he no longer wondered at the curiosity which such an appendage, united with poverty had attracted.—Rather than again subject himself to a similar situation, he summoned his young messenger; and through her means furnished himself with an English hat and coat, whilst with his penknife, he cut away the embroidery of the order, from the cloth to which it was affixed.

Thus accoutred, with his hat flapped over his face, and his great-coat wrapped round him, he put his drawings in his bosom, and about eight o'clock walked out on his disagreeable errand. After some wearying search, he at last found Great Newport-Street, the place he wanted; but as he advanced, his hopes died away, and his fears and reluctance awakened.

He stopped at the door of the nearest print shop.—All that he had experienced at the pawn-broker's re-assailed him if possible with redoubled violence. What he had presented there, possessed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refused; but now he was going to offer things of mere taste, and he might meet not only with a flat denial, but affronting remarks.

He walked to the threshold of the door, then as hastily withdrew again, and hurried two or three paces down the street.

"Weak, contemptible, that I am!" said he to himself, as he again turned round, "where is all my reason and rectitude of principle, that I would rather endure the misery of dependence and self-reproach, than face the attempt to seek support from the fruits of my own industry?"

He quickened his step, and darted into the shop, almost fearful of his former irresolution. He threw his drawings instantly upon the counter

"Sir, you purchase drawings. I have these to sell Will they suit you?"

The man took them up without deigning to look at the person who accosted him, and turning them over in his hand, "one, two, three, hum! there is half a dozen of them. What do you expect I will give you for them?"

"I am not acquainted with the prices of these things."

Hearing this, he thought by managing well to get them for what he liked, and throwing them over with an air of contempt resumed:

"And pray, where may the views be taken?"

"They are recollections of scenes in different parts of Germany."

"Ah," replied the man, "mere drugs! I wish my honest friend, that you could have brought subjects not quite so threadbare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things at best!"

Thaddeus, insulted by the speech, and above all, the manner of the print-seller, was snatching up the drawings to leave the shop without a word, when the man observing his design, and afraid to lose them, laid his hand on the heap, exclaiming:

"Let me tell you, young man, it does not become a person in your situation to be so huffy to their employers. I will give you a guinea for the six, and you may think yourself well paid."

Without farther hesitation, whilst the Count was striving to subdue the choler that was urging him to knock him down, he had laid the money on the counter, and was slipping the drawings into a drawer, when Thaddeus snatched them out again, suddenly rolled them up, and turning to the confounded print-seller, walked out of the shop as he said:

"Not all the wealth you may possess, would tempt an honest man to pollute himself by exchanging a second word with one so contemptible."

Irritated and vexed, he returned home too much provoked to think much of the consequence that might follow a similar disappointment.

The widow, who had become in some measure used to the fluctuations of the Count's looks and behaviour, easy

ed altogether to tease him with inquiries which she saw he was loth to answer. She now allowed him to walk in and out without a remark; and silently contemplated his pale and melancholy countenance, when after a ramble of the greatest part of the day, he returned home exhausted and dispirited.

William was always the first to welcome his friend at the threshold, by running to him, taking hold of his coat, and asking to go with him up stairs. The Count usually gratified him: and unclouding his mind of the gloom that nearly obscured it to devise any little plays which could produce pleasure, where he now found that he felt so much affection, he brightened many dull moments with his innocent caresses.

This child was literally his chief comfort; for he saw, that in him, he could still raise those emotions of happiness, which had once afforded him his sweetest joy. William ever greeted him with smiles; and when he entered the kitchen sprang to his bosom, as if that were the seat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fortune seemed averse to lend any thing long to the unhappy Thaddeus, which might render his desolate state more tolerable.

Just arisen from the bed of sickness, he rather required the hand of some tender nurse to restore his wasted vigour, than be reduced to sustain the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent disappointment, and a cold that he caught, increased his fever and debility; yet he kept firm to the determination not to appropriate to his own subsistence the sale of the few valuables which he had assigned as a deposit for the charges of his rent; and accordingly, during a fortnight, never tasted any thing better than bread and water, accompanied by the thought that if it ended in his death, his sufferings would then be over, and the widow remunerated by what little of his property might remain.

In this state of body and mind, he received a most painful shock, when one evening returning from a walk, in the place of his little favourite, he met Mrs. Robson in tears at the door. She told him that William had been sickening all the day, and was now so delirious that neither she nor his sister could hold him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the side of the child's bed, where he lay gasping on the pillow, with his little face the colour of scarlet, held down by the crying Nanny. The Count touched his cheek.

"Poor child," exclaimed he, "he is in a high fever. Have you sent for Mr. Vincent?"

"O no, I had not the heart to leave him."

"Then I will go directly," returned Thaddeus; "there is not a moment to be lost."

The poor woman thanked him. Hastening through the streets with a velocity and eagerness that nearly overset many of the foot passengers, he arrived at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in less than five minutes after he had quitted Mrs. Robson's door, he brought back the apothecary.

On Mr. Vincent's examining the pulse and countenance of his little patient, he declared the symptoms to be the small pox, which some casualty had repelled, but must be brought out, else the boy's life might be endangered.

Mrs. Robson, in a paroxysm of distress, now recollected that a girl had been brought into her shop three days ago, just recovered from that frightful malady. Thaddeus tried to subdue the fears of the grandmother; and at last succeeded in persuading her to go to bed, whilst he and Nanny would watch by the pillow of the invalid.

Towards morning the disorder broke out in the child's face, and he recovered his recollection.—The moment he fixed his eyes on the Count, who was leaning over him with parental solicitude, he stretched out his little arms, and begged to lie on his breast. Thaddeus refused him gently, fearful that by any change of position, he might catch cold, and so again retard what had now so fortunately appeared; but the poor child felt the denial unkind, and began to weep so violently, that his anxious friend thought it better to gratify him than hazard the irritation of his fever by agitation and crying.

Thaddeus took him out of bed, and rolled him in one of the blankets, laid him in his bosom, drawing his dressing-gown round him to shield his face from the fire, held him in

situation asleep for nearly two hours

When Mrs. Robson came down stairs at six o'clock in the morning, she kissed the hand of the Count as he sustained her grandson in his arms, and almost speechless with gratitude to him, and solicitude for the child, waited the arrival of the apothecary.

On his second visit, he said a few words to her of comfort; but whispered to the Count, as he was feeling William's pulse, that nothing short of the strictest care could save the boy, the infection he had received having been of the most malignant sort.

These words of Mr. Vincent, fell like an unrepealed sentence on the heart of Thaddeus. They seemed prophetic. Casting his eyes down on the discoloured features of the patient infant, he fancied that he already beheld its clay-cold face, and its little limbs stretched out in death. The idea was bitterness to him: and pressing the boy to his breast, he resolved that no attention should be wanting on his part, to preserve him one moment from the grave. And he kept his promise.

From that hour, till the day on which the poor babe expired in his arms, he never laid him out of them for ten minutes together: and when he did breathe his last sigh, and raised up his little eyes Thaddeus met their dying glance with a pang, which he thought his soul had lost the power to feel. His heart appeared to stop: and, covering the motionless face of the dead child with his hand unable to speak, he made a sign to Nanny to leave the room.

The girl, who, from respect had been accustomed to obey even his slightest nod, went to her grandmother who was in the shop serving a customer.

The instant that the girl had quitted the room, the Count with mingled awe and grief, lifted the corpse from his knee; and without allowing himself to cast another glance on the face of the poor little thing, now released from suffering, he put it on the bed, and throwing a sheet over it, sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Robson, in some measure restored him; for the moment she perceived her guest with his handkerchief over his eyes, she judged what had happened, and with a piercing scream, flew forward to the b-

where, pulling down the covering, she uttered another shriek, and must have fallen on the floor, had not Thaddeus and little Nanny who ran in at her cries, caught her in their arms, and bore her to a chair.

Her feelings were too much agitated to allow her to continue long in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered, she would have again approached the dead child; but the Count held her down, trying by every means in his power to soothe her, so far succeeded as to subdue her agonies to tears.

Whilst she concealed her venerable head in the bosom of her grand-daughter, he once more lifted the remains of the little William; and thinking it best for the tranquility of the unhappy grandmother, to take him out of her sight carried him up stairs, and laid him on his own bed.

By the time he had returned to the kitchen, one of the female neighbours, having heard an unusual outcry, and suspecting the cause, had kindly stepped in to offer her consolation and services.—Mrs. Robson could only reply by groans, which were answered by the sobs of poor Nanny, who lay weeping with her head against the table.

When the Count came down he thanked the good woman for her benevolent intentions, and immediately accepting them, took her up stairs into his apartments. Pointing to the open door of the bed room, 'There, Madam,' said he, 'you will find the remains of my dear little friend. I beg that you will direct every thing for his interment, as you think would give satisfaction to Mrs. Robson. I would spare that excellent woman every pang, in my power.

All was done according to his desire; and Mrs. Watts, the charitable neighbour, both from her own tenderness of disposition, and a reverence for the extraordinary young gentleman who lodged with her friends, performed her task with kindness and activity.

"O! sir" cried Mrs. Robson, weeping afresh, as she entered the Count's room, "O! sir, how shall I ever repay all your goodness? and Mrs. Watts! good soul! she has acted like a sister to me. But indeed, indeed, I am

yet the most miserable woman that lives. I have lost my dearest child, and must strip his poor sister and myself to bury him. That cruel Dr. Vincent, though he might have imagined my distress, sent his account late last night, saying he wanted to make up a large bill, and he wished I would let him have all, or a part of the payment. Heaven, knows I have not a farthing in the house: but I will send poor little Nanny out to pawn my silver spoons; for, alas, I have no other means of satisfying the cruel man.

"Rapacious wretch!" cried Thaddeus, rising indignantly from his chair, and for a moment forgetting how incapable he was to afford her relief "You shall not be indebted one instant to his mercy. I will pay him."

The words had passed his lips: he could not retract; though conviction immediately followed, that he had not the means: and he would not have retracted, even should he be necessitated to sell all that he possessed.

Mrs. Robson was overwhelmed by this generous promise, which indeed saved her from ruin. Had her little plate been sold, it could not have covered half of Mr. Vincent's demand: who, to do him justice would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in his shop, as to have done any thing intentionally to cause the distress that he had occasioned. But, having been so readily paid by Thaddeus for his own illness; and observing his great care and affection for the deceased child, he did not doubt that rather than allow Mrs. Robson a minutes uneasiness, her lodger would likewise defray that bill. So far he calculated right; but he had not sufficient sagacity to prognosticate that in getting his money this way, he should directly lose the respect of Mrs. Robson and her friend.

The child was to be buried to-morrow; the expenses of which, Thaddeus foresaw that he must discharge also and he had engaged to pay Mr. Vincent to night. He had not a shilling in his purse. Over and over he contemplated the impractibility of answering these debts: yet he could not for an instant repent of what he had undertaken; he thought he was amply recompensed for bearing so heavy a load, in seeing that he had taken it off a worn-down heart of another.

Since his unmannerly treatment at the print-seller's, he had never sufficiently conquered his pride, to attempt an application to another. Whence he had no prospect now, but to collect the money by selling some more things to the pawn-broker—who had behaved at least with civility

For this purpose, he took his sabre, his pistols, and the fated brilliant buttons which he had brought back on a similar errand. He lifted them out of their deposit with less reluctance than before. They were now going to be an offering of gratitude and benevolence; an act which he knew his parents, were they alive, would warmly approve; and he felt that the end sanctified the means.

It was about half after six in the evening, when he prepared himself for his task. Whether it be congenial with melancholy to seek the gloom, or whether the Count found himself less observed under the shades of night, is not evident; but since his exile, he preferred the dusk to any other part of the day.

Before he went out, he asked Mrs. Robson for Mr. Vincent's bill. Almost sinking with the obligation and shame, she put it into his hand, and he left the house. When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to see the amount: and finding it was near two pounds, he hastened forwards to the pawn-broker's.

The man was in the shop alone. Thaddeus thought himself fortunate; and after subduing a few qualms, immediately entered the door. The moment he laid his sword and pistols on the counter, and declared his wish, the man, even through the disguise of a large coat, and a slouched hat, recollected him. This honest money lender carried sentiments in his breast above his occupation. He did not feel for all the people that presented themselves before him, because many bore about them too evident tokens of the excesses which brought them to his shop: but there was something in the figure and manner of the Count Sobieski, that struck him at first sight; and by keeping its station in his thoughts, had excited so much interest in his mind, that he felt a sensation of pleasure when he discerned the noble foreigner, in the person before him.

Mr. Burnet (for so this money lender was called) asked him what he demanded for the arms.

"I want perhaps, more than you would give.—But I have something else here," laying down the diamonds; "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burnet looked at them, and then at their owner, hesitated, and he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, sir: I hope I shall not offend you, but these things appear to have a value annexed to them, independent of their price—they are inlaid with crests and cyphers!

The blood flushed over the cheeks of the Count. He had forgotten this circumstance; unable to answer, he waited to hear what the man would say.

"I repeat, sir, I mean not to offend, but you appear a stranger to those transactions. I only wish to suggest that in case you should ever like to repossess these things, had you not better pledge them?"

"How?" asked Thaddeus, irresolutely, and not knowing what to think of the man's manner.

At that instant some other people came into the shop: and Mr. Burnet gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hands, said, "if you do not object, sir, we will settle this business in my back parlour?"

The delicacy of this behaviour, penetrated the mind of Thaddeus; and without further demurring, he followed him into a room. As Mr. Burnet offered his guest a chair, the Count spontaneously took off his hat, and laid it on the table. Burnet contemplated the saddened dignity of his countenance, with renewed interest and respect; and entreating him to be seated, renewed the conversation.

"I see sir, that you do not understand the meaning of pledging, or pawning, for it is one and the same thing: but I will explain it in two words.—If you will leave these things with me I will give a paper in acknowledgment, and *lend* on them the eight guineas you request; which, when you return to me again, with a stated interest, you shall have your deposit in exchange."

Sobieski received this offer with pleasure and thanks. He had entertained no idea of any thing more being meant by the trade of pawn-broker, than a man to bought what others wished to sell.

"Then, sir," continued Burnet, opening an escritoire, "I will give you the money and write the papet I spoke of."

As he put his hand to a drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining passage; and instantly shutting up the desk, caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and hastily taking the Count by the hand, "My dear sir," cried he, "do oblige me and step into that closet! you will find a chair. A person is coming, whom I will despatch in a few seconds."

Thaddeus, rather surprised at such hurry, did as he was desired; and the door was closed on him, just as the parlour door opened. Being aware, from the concealing of him, that the visitor came on secret business, he found his situation not a little awkward. Seated behind a curtain window, which the lights in the room made transparent, he could not avoid seeing, as well as hearing every thing that passed.

"My dear Mr. Burnet," cried an elegant young creature who ran into the apartment, "positively without your assistance I shall be undone."

"Any thing in my power, madam," returned Mr. Burnet in a distant, respectful voice; "will your ladyship sit down?"

"Yes give me a chair: I am half dead with distraction. Mr. Burnet, I must have another hundred upon those jewels."

"Indeed, my lady, it is not in my power; you have already had twelve hundred, and upon my honor that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought."

"Pugh, who minds the honor of a pawn-broker!" cried the lady laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, ma'am," returned he, with a good natured smile, "as your ladyship pleases."

"Then I please that you let me have another hundred. Why, man, you know you lent Mrs. Hinchinbroke two thousand upon a case of diamonds not a quarter so many as mine."

"But consider, madam, Mrs Hinchinbroke's were of the best water."

"Positively, Mr. Burdet," exclaimed her ladyship, purposely miscalling his name, "not better than mine. The king of Sardinia gave them to Sir Charles when he knighted him. I know mine are the best, and I must have another hundred.—Upon my soul, my servants have not had a guinea of their wages these four months, and they tell me they are starving! Come, make haste, Mr. Burnet; you cannot expect me to stay here all night."

"Indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"Heavens, what a brute of a man you are! There," cried she, taking a string of pearls from her neck, and throwing it on the table; "lend me some of your trumpery out of your shop, for I am going immediately from hence to take up the Miss Dundases to the play; and so give me the hundred off that, and let me go."

"This is not worth a hundred."

"What a teasing man are you!" cried her ladyship angrily. "Well, let me have the money now, and I will send you the bracelets that belong to the necklace to-morrow."

"Upon those conditions, I will give your ladyship another hundred."

"O, do; you are the veriest miser I ever met with. You are worse than Shylock, or—Good Lord! what is this?" exclaimed she, interrupting herself, and taking up the draft he had laid before her; "And have you the conscience to think, Mr. Pawn-Broker, that I will offer this at your banker's? that I will expose myself so far? No, no! take it back, and give me gold. Come despatch! else I cannot go to the play. Look there is my purse," added she, showing it, "make haste and fill it."

After satisfying her demands, Mr. Burnet handed her ladyship out the way she came which was by a private passage: and having seated her in her carriage, made his bow.

Meanwhile, the Count Sobieski, wrapped in astonishment at the profligacy which the scene he had witnessed implied, remained in his concealment, till the pawn-broker returned and opened the closet door.

"Sir," said he colouring, "you have, undesignedly on

your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, sir, and your honor—"

"Shall both be sacred," replied the Count, anxious to relieve the poor man from the perplexity in which he seemed to think himself involved, and therefore forbearing to express any surprise, but Burnet perceived it in his look; and before he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with him, stepped half way to the escrutoire, and resumed.

"You appear amazed, sir, at what you have seen. And if I am not mistaken, you are from abroad."

"Indeed I am amazed," replied Sobieski: "and I am from a country where the slightest suspicion of a transaction such as this, would brand the woman with infamy."

"And so it ought," answered Burnet; "though by that sentiment I speak against my own interest; for it is by such ladies as lady Villiers, that we make our money. Now, sir," continued he drawing nearer to the table, "perhaps, after what you have just beheld, you will not hesitate to credit what I am going to tell you. I have now in my hands the jewels of one Duchess, three Countesses, and women of fashion without number. When they have an ill run at play, they apply to me in their exigencies? first by bringing their diamonds here, when their husbands suppose them at their bankers, or in their own house and as their occasions require, on this deposit I lend them money; for which they make me a handsome present when they are released."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Thaddeus "what a degrading system of deceit must be the whole lives of these women."

"It is very lamentable," returded Burnet, "but so it is And they continue to manage matters very cleverly. By giving me their note or word of honour, (for if these ladies are not honorable with me, I have their reputations so much in my power, that I could destroy them at once, therefore I hold them in awe; and whatever be their characters, I have no fears on that head,) I allow them to have the jewels out for the birth-days, and receive them again when their exhibition is over. As a compensation for these little indulgences, I generally have additions to resent at the end."

Thaddeus could hardly believe such a history of those women, whom travellers mentioned, as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable creatures in the world.

"Surely, Mr. Burnet" cried he, "these women must despise each other: and become contemptible even to our sex?"

"O, no," rejoined the pawn-broker; "they seldom trust each other in these affairs. All my fair customers are not so silly as that pretty little lady who just now left us. She, and another woman of quality, have made each other confidants in this business. And Lord have mercy upon me when they come together! They are as ravenous of my money as if I had no other use for it than to supply them. As to their husbands, brothers, and fathers, they are usually the last people who suspect or hear of these matters. Their applications, when they run out, are made to Jews and professed usurers, a race completely out of our line."

"But, are all English woman of quality of this disgraceful stamp?"

"No, Heaven forbid!" cried Burnet; "if these spendthrift madams were not held in awe by their dread of superior characters, we should have no dependence whatever on their promises. O, no; there are ladies about court whose virtues are as eminent as their rank: women, whose actions might all be performed in mid-day, before the world; and them, I never see within my doors."

"Well Mr. Burnet," rejoined Thaddeus smiling, "I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget the unexpected view of the so famous British fair, which this night has offered to my eyes. It is strange!"

"It is very bad, indeed sir," returned the man, giving him the money, and the paper that he had been preparing; "but if you should have occasion to call again upon me, perhaps you may be astonished still farther."

The count bowed, and thanking him for his kindness, wished him a good evening and left the shop.

It was about seven o'clock when Thaddeus arrived at the apothecary's. Mr. Vincent was from home. To say the truth, he had purposely gone out of the way. For though he did not hesitate to commit a shabby action, he

had not courage to face its consequences; and, to avoid the probable remonstrances of Mrs. Robson, he had commissioned his assistant, to receive the amount of the bill. The Count, without making an observation, having paid the man, was returning homeward, along Duke's-street, and the Piazzas of Drury-lane theatre, when the crowd that was pressing round the doors, constrained him to stop.

After two or three more ineffectual attempts to get through the bustle without throwing himself into the midst of the splendid groups, that were passing from their carriages to the doors, he retreated a little behind the mob, at the moment when a chariot drew up, and a gentleman stepping out with two ladies, darted with them into the house. One glance was sufficient for the Count, who recognised his friend Pembroke Somerset, in high dress, gay, and laughing. The heart of Thaddeus sprang to him at the sight; and forgetting his neglect and his own misfortunes, he ejaculated "Somerset."

Trembling with eagerness and pleasure, he pressed through the crowd, and entered the passage, at the instant the green door shut in upon his friend.

This disappointment was dreadful. To be so near Somerset and to lose him, was more than he could sustain. His bounding heart recoiled; and the chill of despair running through his veins, turned him almost faint. Leaning against the door, he took his hat off to give himself a little air. He had scarcely stood a minute in this situation, revolving whether he should follow his friend into the house, or wait till he came out again, when a gentleman begged him to make way for a party of ladies that were entering. Thaddeus moved on one side; but the opening of the green door casting a strong light, both on his face, and the group behind, his eyes and those of the impertinent inquisitor of the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man was conscious that he deserved chastisement for his former insolence, and dreaded to meet it now, cannot be explained; but he turned pale and shuffled by Thaddeus, as if he were fearful to trust himself a second time within reach of his grasp. For the Count, he

was too deeply interested in his own pursuit, to waste one surmise about him.

He continued to ponder on the sudden and unexpected sight of Pembroke Somerset, which had conjured up ten thousand fond and distressing recollections; and with impatient anxiety determining to watch till the performance was over, he thought of inquiring his friend's address of the servants; but on looking round for that purpose, perceived that the chariot had driven away.

Thus foiled, he returned to his post near the green door; where he soon saw it opened several times by footmen passing and repassing. Judging that the chamber within might be a lobby, in which he would be less likely to miss his object, he entered with the next person that approached; and seeing seats along the sides of the place, he sat down on the one nearest to the stairs.

His first idea was to proceed into the play-house. But on reflection, he considered the little chance of finding any individual in so vast a building, as not equal to the expense he should incur. Besides, from the dress of the gentlemen who entered the box door, he was sensible that a great coat and round hat were not admissible.

Having remained near an hour, with his eyes invariably fixed on the stairs; he observed that some curious person who had passed almost directly after his friend, came down the steps and walk out of the door. In two minutes he was returning again with a smirking countenance, and alert steps, when his eyes accidentally falling on the count, (who sat with his arms folded and himself almost hidden by his hat and the shadow of the wall) he appeared to falter in his walk; and stretching out his neck toward him, the gay grin left his features: and exclaiming in an impatient voice, "confound him!" he hastened once more into the house.

The rencounter with his Hummums acquaintance, affected Thaddeus as slightly as the former; and without even annexing a thought to his figure, as it flitted by him, he remained watching the passage till half after eleven. At which hour the doors being thrown open, the company began to pour forth.

The Count's hopes were again on his lips, and in his

eyes. With the first party that came down the steps, he immediately rose; and planting himself close to the bottom stair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each group as it descended. Every fresh set that he heard approach, made his breast palpitate. How often did his heart rise and fall during the long successions, which continued moving for near half an hour.

By twelve, the house was completely cleared. He saw the middle door locked; and motionless with disappointment, did not attempt to stir, till the man who held the keys told him to go, as he was about to fasten the other doors.

This roused Thaddeus. And as he was preparing to obey, he asked the man if there were any other passage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he, "there is one that goes into Drury-lane."

"Then, by that I have lost him!" was the reply which he made to himself. And returning homewards, he arrived there a few minutes after twelve.

CHAPTER XII.

THADDEUS awoke in the morning, with his heart full of the last night's rencounter. One moment, he regretted that he had not been seen by his friend; and, in the next, when he surveyed his altered state, was almost reconciled to the disappointment: then reproaching himself for a pride so unbecoming his principles and dishonorable to friendship, he asked, if he were in Somerset's place, and Somerset in his, whether he could ever pardon that morose delicacy, which would prevent the knowledge of his friend's misfortunes and arrival in the same kingdom?

These reflections soon persuaded his judgment to what he was so much inclined, determining him to inquire Pembroke's address of every one likely to know a man of Sir Robert Somerset's consequence; and then to venture to it.

In the midst of the meditations the door opened, and Mrs. Robson appeared before him drowned in tears.

"My dear dear sir!" cried she, "my William is going; I have just taken my last look of its sweet face. Will you go down, and say farewell of the poor child you loved so dearly."

"No, my good madam," returned Thaddeus, his staying thoughts at once gathering round this sad centre. "I will rather retain you here until the melancholy task be entirely accomplished."

With a gentle violence he forced her upon a seat, and in silence supported her head on his side, against which she unconsciously leaned and wept. He listened with a painful melancholy to the removal of the coffin; and at the closing of the street-door, which for ever shut the little William from that house in which he had been the source of pleasure. A tear trickled down the cheek of Thaddeus, and the groans of the poor grandmother were audible.

The Count, incapable of speaking, squeezed her hand in his.

"O, Mr. Constantine!" cried she "see how my supports, one after the other, are taken from me! first my son, and now his infant! To what shall I be at last reduced?"

You have still, my good Mrs. Robson, a friend in heaven, that will supply the place of all that you have lost on earth."

"True, dear sir; I am a wicked creature to speak as I have done; but it is hard to suffer: it is hard to lose all we love in the world."

"It is," returned the Count, greatly affected at her grief. "But you are not yet deprived of all: you have a grand-daughter."

Ah! poor little thing! what will become of her when I die? I used often to think what a precious brother my darling William would have proved to his sister, when I should be no more."

This additional distress which her fancy had conjured up, augmented the affliction of the good old woman. And Thaddeus looked at her with his compassionate soul beaming in his eyes exclaimed, "Mrs. Robson, the same Almighty Being that protected me, the last of my fa-

will protect the offspring of so excellent a woman as your self."

Mrs. Robson lifted up her head for a moment. She had never before heard him utter a sentence of his own history: and what he had now let drop, added to the tender solemnity of his manner, for an instant arrested her attention.—He went on.

"In me, you see a man, who within the short space of three months, has lost a grandfather that loved him as fondly as you did your William; a mother whom he saw expire before him, and whose sacred remains he was forced to leave in the hands of her murderers! Yes Mrs. Robson, I have neither parents nor a home. *I was a stranger and you took me in;* and Heaven will reward your family in kind. At least, I promise that, whilst I live, whatever be my fate, should you be called hence, I will protect your grand-daughter with a brother's affection."

"May Heaven in its mercy bless you; cried Mrs. Robson, dropping on her knees. Thaddeus raised her with gushing eyes; and having replaced her in a seat left the room for a few minutes to recover himself.

In the evening, Mrs. Watts, according to the Counts desire, called with an estimate of the expenses attending the child's interment. Fees and every thing collected the demand on his benevolence was six pounds. The sum proved rather more than he expected, but he paid it without a demur: leaving himself only a few shillings.

He considered what he had done as the fulfilment of a duty so indispensable that it must have been accomplished even by the sacrifice of his uttermost farthing. Gratitude and distress held claims upon him which he would never allow his necessities in the smallest instance to transgress. All gifts of mere generosity were beyond his power, and consequently in a short time beyond his wish; but to the cry of want and wretchedness, his hand and heart were ever open. Often has he in the street given away to a starving child that pittance which was to purchase his own hard meal; and never felt such neglect of himself a privation. To have turned his eyes and ears from the little [illegible]icant, would have been the hardest struggle; and

the remembrance of such inhumanity would have haunted him to his pillow. This being the natural disposition of the Count Sobieski, it had been so fostered and directed by the venerable palatine, that he now found it more difficult to bear calamity when viewing another's poverty, whom he could not relieve than when penury assailed himself in all its shapes of desolation.

Towards night the idea of Somerset, again presented itself. When he fell asleep, his dreams repeated the scene at the play-house: again he saw him and again he eluded his grasp.

His waking thoughts were not less true to their object: and the next morning he went to a coffee-house in the one, where he called for breakfast, and inquired of the master if he knew any thing of Sir Robert Somerset. The question was no sooner asked than it was answered to his satisfaction. The Court Guide was examined, and he found his address, "*Sir Robert Somerset, Bart, Grosvenor Square—Somerset Castle, L——shire,—— Deerhurst, C——shire.*"

Gladdened by the discovery, Thaddeus hastened home; and unwilling to affect the feelings of his friend by a sudden appearance, with an overflowing heart wrote the following letter.

TO PEMBROKE SOMERSET, ESQ. GROSVENOR SQUARE.

"Dear Somerset!

"Will the name at the bottom of this paper surprise you? Will it give you pleasure? I cannot suffer myself to retain a doubt, although you have by the silence of two years almost convinced me that I am forgotten. In truth Somerset, I had resolved never to obtrude myself and my misfortunes on your knowledge, until last Wednesday night, when I saw you going into Drury-lane Theatre; the sight of you quelled all my resentment, and I called after you but you did not hear. Pardon me my dear friend, that I speak of resentment. It is a hard lesson to learn, that of being resigned to the forgetfulness of those we love.

"Notwithstanding that I lost my pocket-book with your direction, in a skirmish soon after your departure, I have written to you frequently at a venture; and yet, though you knew in what spot in Poland you left Thaddeus and his family, I have never heard of you since the day of our separation. Yet, you must have some good reason for your silence; at least I will hope so—and let me beg that I may either hear from you or see you directly on your receiving this.

"Doubtless, public report has afforded you some information relative to the destruction of my ever beloved country! I bear its fate on myself. You will find me in a poor lodging at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane. You will find me changed in every thing. The first horrors of grief have subsided, and my dearest consolation rises in the midst of my affliction, out of what was its bitterest cause: I thank heaven, that my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a consummation of ills, that would have reduced them to a misery which I am content to endure alone.

"Come to me, dear Somerset. To look on you, to press you to my heart, will be a happiness, that even in hope makes my heart throb with pleasure.

"I will remain at home all day to-morrow in the expectation of seeing you; meanwhile adieu, my dear Somerset! You will find, at No. 5, St Martin's Lane, your ever affectionate

"THADDEUS CONSTANTINE SOBIESKI.

"*Friday noon.*

"P. S. Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Constantine."

With the most delightful emotions Thaddeus sealed this letter, and gave it to Nanny, with orders to inquire at the post-office when he might expect an answer. The child returned with the information that it would reach Grosvenor Square in an hour, and therefore he could have the reply by three o'clock.

Three o'clock arrived but no letter. Thaddeus counted the hours till midnight, which brought him nothing but disappointment. The whole of the succeeding day were

away in the same uncomfortable manner. His heart bounded at every step that sounded in the passage, and throwing open his room door, he listened to every person that spoke, but none bore any resemblance to the voice of Somerset.

Night again shut in, and the Count overcome by a train of doubts, in which despondence had now the greatest share, threw himself on his bed unable to close his eyes.

Whatever be our afflictions, not one human creature, who has endured misfortunes, will hesitate to aver, that, of all the tortures incident to mortality, there are none like the rackings of suspense. It is the hell which Milton describes with such horrible accuracy: in its hot and cold regions the anxious soul of man is alternately tossed from ardours of hope to the petrifying rigours of doubt and dread. Men who have not been suspended between confidence and fear, in the faith of a beloved friend, are ignorant of '*the nerve whence agonies are born.*' It is, when sunk in sorrow, when adversity loads us with divers miseries, and our wretchedness is complete; it is then we feel, that though life is brief, there are few friendships which have strength to follow it to the end.

Such were the reflections of the Count Sobieski, when he arose in the morning from his sleepless pillow. The idea that the letter might have been delayed, afforded him a faint hope, which he cherished all day, clinging to the expectation of seeing his friend before sunset. But Somerset did not appear; and Thaddeus, obliged to seek an excuse for his absence in the supposition that his application had miscarried, rather than hastily abandon himself to the belief that he was treated with cruelty and ingratitude, determined to write once more, and deliver the letter himself at his friend's door, accordingly, with different sensations from those with which he had addressed him a few days before, he wrote these lines.

"To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.

"If he who once called Thaddeus Sobieski his friend, have received a letter which that exile, addressed to him on Friday last, this note will meet the same neglect. If this be the first intelligence that tells Somerset

friend is in town; though robbed of all that he possessed he will receive him with open arms at his humble abode in St. Martin's Lane.

"Sunday Evening, No. 3, St. Martin's Lane."

Thaddeus having sealed the letter, walked out in search of Sir Robert Somerset's habitation.—After some inquiries he found out Grosvenor Square; and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night was directed to the house by the light of lamps and the lustre that shone through the open windows. He hesitated a few minutes on the pavement, and looked up. An old gentleman was standing with a little boy at the nearest window. Whilst the Count's eyes were fixed on these two figures he saw Somerset himself come up to the child and lead it away towards a group of ladies.

Thaddeus immediately flew to the door with a tremor over his frame which communicated itself to the knocker, for he knocked with such violence that the door was opened in an instant by half a dozen footmen at once. He spoke to one.

"Is Mr. Pembroke Somerset at home?"

"Yes," replied the man, supposing him to be a visitor, and making way for him to pass.

"I do not want to see him now," rejoined the Count, "only, give that letter directly, for it is of consequence."

"Certainly, sir," replied the servant, and Thaddeus instantly withdrew.

He now turned homewards, with his mind more than commonly depressed. There was a something in the whole affair that pierced him to the soul.—He had seen the house that contained the man he most warmly loved, but he had not been admitted within it. He could not forbear recollecting, that when his gates had opened wide as his heart to welcome Pembroke Somerset, how he had been implored by his then grateful friend, to bring the palatine and the Countess with their retinue to England, where his father would be proud to entertain them as the ...vers of his son. How different did he find the real... these professions. Instead of seeing the doors

opened to welcome him, he had been allowed to stand like a beggar on the threshold; and had heard them shut against him, whilst the form of Somerset glided above him, even as the shadow of his buried joys.

These discomforting retrospections on the past, and painful meditations on the present, continued to occupy his mind; till, passing over from Piccadilly to Coventry Street, he perceived a wretched looking man, almost bent double, accosting a party of people in broken French, and imploring their charity.

The voice, and the accent being Sclavonian, arrested the ear of Thaddeus. Drawing close to the man as the party proceeded without taking notice of his application, he hastily asked, "are you a Polander?"

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar, catching hold of his hand, "am I so blessed! have I at last met him!" and bursting into tears, he leaned upon the arm of the Count, who, hardly able to articulate from surprise, exclaimed, "dear worthy Butzou! What a time is this for you and I to meet! But come, you must go home with me."

"Willingly, my dear lord," returned he, "for I have none. I have begged my way from Harwich to this town; and I have already spent two dismal nights in the streets."

"O my country!" cried the full heart of Thaddeus.

"Yes," continued the poor old soldier, "it received its death wound, when Kosciuszko and my honoured master fell."

Thaddeus could make no reply; but supporting the exhausted frame of his friend who was hardly able to walk, he gladly descried his own door.

The widow opened it the moment he knocked, and, seeing some one with him, was retreating when Thaddeus who found from the silence of Butzou and his increasing feebleness, that he was near fainting, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her kitchen. She instantly made way; and whilst the Count placed him in the arm-chair by the fire, the poor man seemed at once bereft of sensation.

"He is my friend, my father's friend!" cried Thaddeus, looking at his pale and haggard face, with a strange

wildness in his own features, "for heaven's sake give me something to restore him!"

Mrs. Robson in dismay, and literally having nothing better in the house, gave him a glass of water.

"That will not do," exclaimed he, still upholding the motionless body on his arms; "have you no wine? nothing? He is dying for want.

"None, Sir, I have none," answered she, frightened at the violence of his manner: "run Nanny, and borrow some of Mrs. Watts."

"Do," said Thaddeus, "and bring me a bottle from the nearest inn." As he spoke he threw her the only half guinea he possessed, and, added, "fly, for he may die in a few minutes."

The child flew like lightning over to the Golden-Cross; and brought in the wine just as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus with a languid agony that penetrated his soul—Mrs. Robson held the water to his lips. He swallowed a little, and scarcely articulated, whilst his head dropped back on the chair, "I am perishing for want of food."

Thaddeus caught the bottle from Nanny, and pouring some wine into a glass, made him drink nearly all. This draught appeared to revive him. He raised himself up in his seat, and, though still panting and speechless, leaned his swimming head upon the bosom of his friend, who knelt by his side, while Mrs. Robson was preparing some toasted bread and mulled wine.

After much exertion between the good landlady and the count, they sufficiently recovered the poor invalid to lead him up stairs, and lay him on the bed. The natural drowsiness attendant on debility, aided by the fumes of the wine, threw him into an immediate and deep sleep.

Thaddeus seeing him at rest, thought it proper to go down to Mrs. Robson, and by a partial history of his friend, satisfy her about the cause of the scene that she had just beheld. He found the good woman surprised and concerned, but no way displeased; and in a few words he gave a summary explanation of the precipitancy with which, without her permission, he had introduced a stran-

to her roof.

The substance of what he said, related, that the person up stairs had served with him in the army; that in consequence of the ruin of his country (which he could no longer conceal was Poland,) he had flown in quest of him in England; and in his journey had sustained those misfortunes which had reduced him to the state she had witnessed.

"I met him," continued he, "as a beggar in the street and whilst he lives, I shall hold it my duty to protect him. I love him for his own sake, and I honor him for my grandfather's; "Besides, Mrs. Robson," cried he, with additional energy, "before I left my county I made a vow to my sovereign, that, wherever I should meet this brave old man, I would serve him to the last hour of his life. Therefore we must part no more. Will you give him shelter?" added he, in a subdued voice, "will you allow me to retain him in my apartments?"

"Willingly, sir? but how can I accommodate him? he is already in your bed, and I have got no other."

"Leave that to me, best, kindest of women!" exclaimed the Count; "your permission has rendered me happy."

He then wished her a good night; and returning up stairs, wrapped himself in his dressing gown, and passed the night by the little fire of the sitting room.

CHAPTER XIII.

OWING to comfortable refreshment, and a night of quiet and undisturbed sleep, general Butzou awoke in the morning much recovered from the weakness which had subdued him the preceding day.

Thaddeus observed this change with pleasure. Whilst he sat by his bed, ministering to him with the care of a son, he dwelt with melancholy delight on his reverend features; and listened to his languid voice, with those tender associations, and sensations of the heart, which are delicious, though they pierce it with anguish.

"Tell, me, my dear general," said he, "for I can

to hear it now; tell me what has befalen my unhappy country since I quitted it?"

"Every calamity," cried the brave old man, shaking his head, "that tyranny could devise."

"Well, go on," returned the Count, with a smile that too truly painted the pretended composure of his air; "we, who have beheld her sufferings, and yet live, need not fear hearing them related? Did you see the king before he left Warsaw? He told me, that he was to be banished to Grodno some time in the last month."

"No," replied Butzou, "our oppressors took care of that. Whilst you, my lord, were recovering of your wounds in the citadel, I set off for Sachoryn to join prince Poniatowski. In my way thither, I met some soldiers, who informed me that his Highness had been compelled to discharge the troops, and was returning to support his brother under the indignities, which the haughtiness of Suworrow might premeditate. I then directed my steps towards Sendomir, where I hoped to find Wawrzecki, with a few faithful followers; but here too I was disappointed. Two days before my arrival, that general had, according to orders, disbanded the whole party. I now found Poland was completely in the hands of her ravagers, and I prepared to return. I was shocked and agonised at every step I retrod. I beheld the shores of the Vestula lined on every side with Russian troops. Ten thousand were posted on her banks, and eighteen thousand among the ruins of Prague and Villanow.

"When I approached the walls of Warsaw, imagine, my dear Count, how great was my indignation! How barbarous, how unmanly, the conduct of our enemies! Around the city, batteries of cannon were erected, that on the least symptom of discontent were commanded to level it with the ground.

"On the morning of my arrival, I was hastening to the palace to pay my duty to the king, when a Russian officer intercepted me, and threatened that, if I attempted to pass, my obstinacy would be fatal to myself, and hazardous to his majesty, whose confinement and sufferings would increase in proportion to the adherents he retained among the Poles. Hearing this, I was turning away over-

whelmed with grief and anger, just as the doors of the audience chamber opened, and the Counts Potocki, Kilinski, and several others of your grandfather's dearest friends, were led out under a strong guard. I was standing motionless with surprise, when Potocki perceiving me held forth his hand. I took it, and wringing it, in the bitterness of my heart uttered some words which I cannot remember; but the Russian bade me beware how I again gave way to such injurious warmth.

"Farewell, my worthy general said the Count, "you see that we are arrested. We have loved Poland too faithfully for her enemies; and for that reason are to be sent out of the way to-morrow to Petersburgh. Though we are prisoners, we shall at least have the consolation of sharing the same fate with Kosciuszko." "Sir, I cannot admit of this conversation," cried the officer of the guard; who commanding the escort to proceed, I lost sight of these illustrious patriots, probably forever.

"I understood from the few Poles that remained in the citadel, the good Stanislaus was to be sent on the same dismal journey to Grodno the next day. And that you had quitted Poland the moment your wounds would allow, you to move that you might at least avoid the sight of Suworrow's triumphal entry, which happened on the ninth of November last. On the eighth, I believe, you left Warsaw for England."

"Yes," replied the Count, who with a breaking heart had listened to this distressing narrative; "and doubtless, I saved myself much misery."

"You did. One of the magistrates described to me the whole scene, at which I would not have been present for worlds. He told me that when the morning arrived in which the Russian was to make his public entry, not a citizen would be seen without compulsion. A dead silence reigned in the streets; the doors and windows of every house remained so closed, that a stranger might have supposed it to be a general mourning; and it was the bitterest that could have fallen upon our souls! At this moment, when Warsaw in a manner lay dying at the feet of her conqueror, the Russian troop marched into the city, and lined the roads, the only spectators of their own hor-

ble tragedy. At length, with eyes that could no longer weep, the magistrates, reluctant and full of indignation, proceeded to meet Suwarrow and his train on the bridge of Prague. When they came near enough to the procession, they presented the keys of Warsaw on their knees."

"On their knees!" interrupted Thaddeus, starting up, and the blood flushing over his face."

"Yes," answered Butzou, "on their knees."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed the Count, walking about the room with emotion, "why did not the earth open and swallow them? Why did not the blood which saturated the spot whereon they knelt, cry out to them? O Butzou, this humiliation of Poland is worse to me than all her miseries!"

"I feel as you feel, my lord," continued the general, "I expressed myself with the same resentment; but the magistrate who related to me the circumstance, urged in excuse for himself and his brethren, that such a form was necessary; and had they refused, probably their lives would have been forfeited."

"Well," inquired Thaddeus, resuming his seat, "but where was the king during this transaction?"

"In the castle: where he soon underwent a similar scene, and received orders to be present next day at a public thanksgiving, when all the inhabitants of Warsaw were forced to attend a *tedeum* in gratitude for the destruction of their country. I thank Heaven I was spared from witnessing this monstrous blasphemy; I was then at Sendomir. The day after I heard these horrid accounts, I saw the carriage which contained the good Stanislaus, guarded, like a traitor's out of the gates; and that very hour I left the country. I travelled towards Hamburgh, where I took my passage to Harwich. From fatigue, one of my old wounds broke out afresh, and, continuing ill a week, I expended the little money I had brought with me. Reduced to my last shilling, and eager to find you, I begged my way from that town to this. I had already spent two miserable days and nights in the open air with no other sustenance than the casual charity of passengers when heaven sent you to save me from perishing in the streets."

Butzou pressed the hand of his young friend, as he con-

cloaded. Displeasure still kept its station on the Count's features. The good general observed it with satisfaction, well pleased that indignation at the supposed pusillanimity of his countrymen, prevented, those bursts of grief, which he had expected from his sensible nature, when he should be informed that the ruin of Poland was confirmed.

Towards evening, general Butzou fell asleep. Thaddeus, leaning back on his chair, fixed his eyes on the fire, and pondered, with amazement and sorrow, on all that had passed. When it was nearly dark, and he was yet lost in his musings, Mrs. Robson gently opened the door with a candle, in her hand, and presented a letter. "Here sir," said she, "is a letter a servant has just left; he told me there required no answer."

Thaddeus had sprung from his seat at the sight of the paper, and, almost catching it from her, his former gloomy cogitations dispersed before the hopes and fond emotions of friendship which now lit up in his bosom. Mrs. Robson had withdrawn. He looked at the superscription, it was the hand writing of his friend. Tearing it asunder, two folded papers presented themselves: he opened them and they were his own letters, which had been read and returned to him without a word. His beating heart felt suddenly chilled. Letting the papers fall from his hand, he dropped down on a seat, and closed his eyes, as if he would shut them from the world and its ingratitude.

Unable to recover from the astonishment into which this event had thrown him, his thoughts whirled about, in a succession of accusations, surmises, and doubts, that seemed for a few minutes to drive him to distraction.

"Was it really the hand of Somerset!

Again he examined the *envelope*. It was; and the enclosure were his own letters, without one word of apology for such ingratitude.

"Could he make one? No," replied Thaddeus to himself. "Unhappy that I am to have been induced to apply twice to so despicable a man! Oh, Somerset," cried he, looking at the papers as they lay before him, "was it necessary that insult must be added to unfaithfulness and ingratitude, to throw me off entirely? Good heaven! did he think because I wrote twice, that I would persecut

him with applications? Well I have been told that this is mankind; but, that I should find it in him!"

In this way agitated and muttering, and walking up and down the room, he spent another wakeful and cheerless night.

Next morning, when the Count went down stairs to beg Mrs. Robson to attend his friend till his return, she mentioned what uneasiness he had occasioned her the preceding night, as she had heard him most of the time moving above her head. He was accounting to her for his restlessness, by complaining of a head-ache that would not allow him to sleep, when she interrupted him by saying, "O no sir, I am sure it is the hard boards you lie on to accommodate the poor old gentleman. I am certain you will make yourself ill."

Thaddeus thanked her for her solicitude; but, declaring that nothing of the kind was any hardship to him, he left her; and, with his drawings in his pocket, once more took the path to Great Newport-street.

Indignation against his fickle friend, and anxiety for the tranquillity of general Butzou, whose age, infirmities, and sufferings, threatened a speedy termination of his life, determined the Count to sacrifice all false delicacy and weakness, and to hazard another attempt at acquiring the means of affording those comforts to the sick veteran, which his state demanded.—Happen how it would, he resolved that Butzou should never know the complete wreck of his property. He shuddered at loading him with the additional distress of feeling that he was a burthen on his protector.

Thaddeus passed the door of the print-seller who had behaved so ill to him on his first application; and, walking to the farthest shop on that side, entered it, and laying his drawings on the counter, requested the master to look at them.—The man opened the packet; and the Count, dreading a second repulse, or even more than similar insolence, hastily added:

"They are scenes in Germany. If you like to have them, their price is a guinea."

"Are you the painter, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes sir. Do [illegible] you?"

"Yes," answered the man, examining them nearer, "there is a breath and freedom in the style which is novel and may take. I will give you your demand."

Thaddeus rejoiced that he had succeeded where he really felt no hope; and with a bow was leaving the shop, when the man called after him "Sir! Sir!"

Thaddeus returned prepared to hear some impertinent remark.

It is a strange thing, but it is true: that those who have been thrust by misfortune to a state beneath their birth and expectations feel as if they were the object of universal hostility. They see contempt in every eye, they suppose insult in every word: the slightest neglect is sufficient to set the sensitive pride of the unfortunate in a blaze; and alas! how little is this sensibility respected by the rich and gay in their dealings with the unhappy! To what an addition of misery are the wretched exposed: meeting not only those contumelies which the prosperous are not backward to bestow, but those fancied ills, that however unfounded, keep the mind in a constant fever with itself and warfare with the surrounding world!

Repeated insults had taught the Count Sobieski to feel much of this anticipating irritability; and it was with a very haughty step that he turned back to hear what the printseller had to say.

"I only want to ask, whether you follow this art as a profession?"

"Yes."

"Then I will be glad if you can furnish me with six such drawings every week."

"Certainly," replied Thaddeus, pleased with the probability of securing something towards the support of his friend.

"Then bring me another half dozen next Monday."

Thaddeus promised, and with a more satisfied mind took his way homewards.

Who is there in England that does not remember the dreadful winter of 1794, when the whole country lay buried in a thick ice that seemed eternal? Over that ice, and through those snows, the venerable general Butzou had begged his way from Harwich to London; resting at night

under the shelter of some shed or out-house. The effects of this was a painful rheumatism, that fixed itself in his limbs, and now rendered them nearly useless.

Two or three weeks passed over the heads of the general and his young protector; Thaddeus, cheering the old man with his smiles; and he, in return, imparting the only pleasure to him that his melancholy heart could receive; the conviction that his attentions and affection were productive of comfort.

In the exercise of these duties, the Count not only felt his health gradually recover its tone, but his mind become more tranquil, and less prone to those sudden floods of regret and feeling which had been rapidly sapping his life.

By a strict economy on his own part, he managed to pay the widow and support his friend, out of the weekly profits of his drawings, which were now and then augmented, by a commission to do one or two more than the stipulated number.

Thus, conversing with Butzou, reading to him when awake, pursuing his drawing when he slept, Thaddeus spent the time until the beginning of March.

One fine star-light evening in that month just before the frost broke up, after painting all day, he put on his hat, and desiring little Nanny to take care of the general, he left his work at the print-seller's, and then proceeded through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde-Park corner, and return.

Much pleased with the beauty of the night, he walked on, not remarking that he had passed the turn-pike, till he heard a scream. The sound seemed to come from near the Park-wall. He immediately hurried along, and came up with a woman who was struggling with a man that was swearing and behaving in a very brutish manner.

Without a moment's hesitation, Thaddeus with one blow of his arm sent the fellow reeling against the wall. But whilst he supported the outraged person who was fainting, the man recovered himself, and flying at her champion, aimed a stroke at his head, with an immense bludgeon, which the Count catching hold of as it descended, wrenched out of his hand. The horrid oaths of the ruffian, and the hysterical shrieks of the woman, soon col

lected a mob; when the villain, fearing worse usage, made off, and left Thaddeus to restore the terrified woman at his leisure.

As soon as she was able to speak, she thanked her deliverer in a voice and language that assured him it was no common person he had befriended. Though, in the circumstance of her distress, all would have been the same to him; a helpless female was insulted, and whatever were her rank, he felt that she had an equal claim to protection.

The mob dispersed; and the Count finding the lady capable of walking, begged permission to see her safe home.

"I thank you, sir," replied she; "and I accept your offer with gratitude. Besides, after your generous interference, it is requisite that I should account to you, how a woman of my appearance, came out at this hour without attendance. I have no other excuse to advance for such imprudence, than the declaration that I have often done so with impunity. I have a friend, whose husband being in the guards, lives near the barracks. We often drink tea with each other, and sometimes my servants come for me; and sometimes when I am wearied and indisposed, I come away earlier, and alone. This happened to-night; and I have to thank your gallantry, sir, for my rescue from the first outrage of the kind that ever assailed me."

By the time that a few more complimentary words on her side, and a modest reply from Thaddéus, had passed, they stopped before a house in Grosvenor Place. The lady knocked at the door, and as soon as it was opened, the Count was taking leave, but she laid her hand on his arm and exclaimed:

"No, sir; I must not lose the probability of convincing you that you have not succoured a person unworthy of your kindness. I entreat you to walk in!"

Thaddeus was too much pleased with her manner, not to accept this invitation. He followed her up stairs into a drawing room, where a young lady was seated at work.

"Miss Egerton," cried the lady, as she entered and introduced the Count, "here is a gentleman who has this moment saved me from the hands of a ruffian. You must assist me to express my gratitude."

"I would with all my heart," returned she; "but your ladyship confers benefits so well, that you cannot be at a loss how to receive them."

Thaddeus took the chair that a servant set for him, and with mingled pleasure and admiration turned his eyes on the lovely woman, whom he had rescued. She threw off her cloak and veil, and displayed a dignity of figure and pensiveness of countenance, full of such expression and interest, that he felt an irresistible wish to secure her acquaintance.

Her ladyship begged him to lay aside his great coat, as she must insist upon his supping with her. There was a commanding softness in her manner, and a gentle, yet unappealable decision in her voice, that he could not withstand: and he prepared to obey, although he was aware that the fashion and richness of his military dress concealed under his coat would give her ideas which his situation could not answer.

The lady did not notice that he hesitated but ringing the bell, desired the servant to take the gentleman's hat and coat. Thaddeus saw immediately in the looks of both ladies what he had feared.

"I perceive," said the elder, as she took her seat, "that my deliverer is in the army; yet I do not recollect having seen that uniform before."

"I am not an Englishman!" returned he.

"Not an Englishman," exclaimed Miss Egerton, "and speak the language so accurately! You cannot be French!"

"No madam; I had the honor of serving under the king of Poland."

"Then his was a very gallant court I suppose," rejoined Miss Egerton with a smile; for I am sorry to say, that there are few about St. James's that would have ventured to have done what you did by Lady Tinemouth."

The Count returned the young lady's smile. "I have seen too little, madam, of Englishmen of rank, to show any gallantry in defending this part of my sex against so fair an accuser." Indeed he recollected the officers in the park, and the perfidy of Somerset, and thought that he had no reason to give them more of his respect, than ir country woman considered fit to bestow

"Come, come Maria," cried Lady Tinemouth; "though no woman has less cause to speak well of mankind than I have, I will not permit my countrymen to be run down *in toto*. I dare say this gentleman will agree with me, that it neither shows a candid nor a patriotic spirit?"

"I dare to say he will not agree with you, Lady Tinemouth. No gentleman yet, who had his wits about him, ever agreed with an elder lady against a younger. Now, Mr. Gentleman! for it seems that is the name by which we are to address you; what do you say?"

Thaddeus almost laughed at the singular way she had chosen to ask his name; and allowing some of the gloom which generally obscured his fine eyes, to disperse, he answered with a smile.

"My name is Constantine."

"Well, you have replied to my last question first; but I will not let you off about my bearish countrymen. Don't you think, Mr. Constantine, that I may call them so, without any breach of good manners to them, or duty to my countrymen? For you see her ladyship hangs much upon patriotism?"

Lady Tinemouth shook her head.

"O Maria, Maria, you are a strange mad-cap."

"I don't care for that; I will have Mr. Constantine's unprejudiced reply. I am sure, if he had taken as long a time in answering your call, as he does mine, the ruffian might have killed and eaten you too, before he moved to your assistance. Come sir, may I not say that they are bears?"

"Certainly. A pretty woman may say anything."

"Positively, Mr. Constantine, I won't endure contempt! Say such another word, and I will call you as abominable an animal as the worst of them."

"But I am not a proper judge, Miss Egerton. I have never been in company with any of these men; so to be impartial, I must suspend my opinion."

"And not believe my word?"

Thaddeus bowed.

"There, Lady Tinemouth," cried she, affecting pet, "take your champion to yourself; he is too great a savage for me."

"Thank you, Maria, returned her ladyship, giving her hand to the Count to lead her to the supper room; "this is the way she quarrels with every man that comes into my house, and then her ill humour transforms them to its own likeness."

"And where is the man," observed Thaddeus, "that would not be happy under the spells of so beautiful a Circé!"

"It won't do, Mr. Constantine," cried she, taking her place opposite to him; "my anger is not to be appeased by calling me names; you don't mend the matter much, by likening me to be a heathen and a witch."

Lady Tinemouth bore her part in the conversation of the evening, in a strain more in unison with the Count's mind. However he found no inconsiderable degree of amusement, from the unreflecting volubility and giddy sallies of her friend; and on the whole, spent the few hours that he passed there, with some resemblance to his almost forgotten sense of pleasure.

He was in an elegant apartment, he was in the company of two lovely and accomplished women, and he was the object of their entire attention and gratitude. He had been used to such scenes in his days of happiness, when he felt himself '*the expectancy and rose of the fair state the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, the observed of all observers*;' and its re-appearance awaked, with tender remembrances, associating feelings, that made him rise with regret, when the clock struck one.

Lady Tinemouth bade him good night, with an earnest request that he would shortly repeat his visit. This invitation gratified him much; and they parted mutually delighted with each other.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLEASED as the Count was with the acquaintance to which his gallantry had introduced him, he did not repeat for a long time.

A few mornings after his meeting with Lady Tinemouth, the hard frost broke up. The change in the atmosphere so dreadfully affected the general, by producing a relapse of his rheumatic fever, that his friend had to watch by his pillow night and day for ten days. At the end of this period he recovered sufficiently to sit up and read, or to amuse himself by registering the melancholy events of the last campaigns, in a large book, with plans of the different battles. The sight of this volume would have distressed Thaddeus, had he not seen that it afforded comfort to the poor veteran, whom it transported back into the midst of scenes, on which he delighted to dwell; yet he would often lay down his pen, shut the book, and weep like an infant!

The Count left him one morning at this employment, and strolled out, with the intention of calling on Lady Tinemouth. As he walked along by York-house, he perceived Pembroke Somerset with a gentleman leaning on his arm, coming out of Bond-street.

All the blood in the Count's body seemed rushing to his heart. He trembled. The ingenuous smile on his friend's countenance, and his features so sweetly marked with frankness, made his resolution faulter.

"But proofs," cried he to himself, "are absolute!" and turning his face to a stand of books that was near him, he stood there till Somerset had passed. He went by him speaking these words;

"I trust, father, that ingratitude is not his vice."

"But it is yours, Somerset!" murmured Thaddeus, as for a moment he gazed after them, and then proceeded on his walk.

When his name was announced at Lady Tinemouth's he found her ladyship and another lady, but not Miss Egerton. Lady Tinemouth expressed her pleasure at this visit, and her surprise that it had been so long deferred.

"The pain of such an apparent neglect of your ladyship's goodness," replied he, "has been added to my anxiety for the declining health of a friend, whose increased illness is my apology.

"I wish," returned her ladyship, her eyes beaming ap

probation, "that all my friends could excuse their absence so well."

"Perhaps they might if they chose," observed the other lady, "and with equal sincerity."

Thaddeus understood the incredulity couched under these words. So did Lady Tinemouth.

"However," rejoined she, "be satisfied Mr. Constantine, that I believe you sincere."

The Count bowed.

"Fie, Lady Tinemouth!" cried the lady, "you are partial; nay, you are absurd; did you ever hear a man speak truth to a woman!"

"Lady Sara!" replied her ladyship, with one of those arch glances that seldom visited her eyes, "where will be your vanity if I assent to this?"

"In the moon, with man's sincerity."

Thaddeus paid little attention to this dialogue. His thoughts, in spite of himself, were wandering after the figures of Somerset and his father.

Lady Tinemouth, whose fancy had not been quiet about him since chance had introduced him to her acquaintance, observed his present absence without noticing it. And, indeed, the fruitful imagination of Maria Egerton had not lain still. She declared, "he was a soldier from his dress, a man of rank by his manners, an Appollo by his person, and a hero from his gallantry!"

Thus did Miss Egerton describe him to Lady Sara Roos; "and," added she, "what convinces me that he is a man of fashion, he has not been within these walls since we told him that we should take it as a favour."

Lady Sara had been eager to see this handsome stranger. Having previously determined to drop in at Lady Tinemouth's under some excuse or other, every morning, till her curiosity was gratified, she was not a little pleased when she heard his name announced.

Lady Sara was married; but she was also young and beautiful, and she liked that her power should be felt by others besides her husband. The instant she beheld the Count Sobieski, she formed the wish to entangle him in her chains. She learnt, by his pale countenance and

thoughtful air, that he was a melancholy character, and, above all things, she had sighed for such a lover. She expected to receive, from one of that cast, a tenderness, a devotedness: in short, a fervent, wild and romantic passion, which would feed on her sighs and its own fires to eternity. Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very creature of whom she had been in search. His abstraction, his voice and eyes, the one so touching, the other so neglectful of any thing but the ground, all were irresistible, and she resolved from that moment (in her own words) "to make a dead set at him."

Lady Tinemouth, not less pleased with this second view of her new acquaintance than she had been at the first, directed her discourse to him, accompanied by all that winning interest so endearing to a liberal heart. Whilst she was speaking, lady Sara, who never augured well to the success of her fascinations when the Countess addressed herself to any of her victims, tried every mean in her power to draw aside the attention of the count. She played with her ladyship's dog; but, that not succeeding, she determined to strike him at once with the elegance of her figure.—Complaining of the heat, she threw off a large green velvet mantle which she had on, and rising from the chair, walked towards the window.

When she looked round to enjoy her victory, she saw that this manœuvre had failed like the rest; for the provoking countess was still standing between her and Thaddeus. Almost angry, she flung open the sash, and putting her head out exclaimed in her best modulated tones:

"How d'ye do?"

"I hope your ladyship is well this morning!" was answered in the voice of Pembroke Somerset.

Thaddeus grew pale, and the countess feeling the cold, turned round to ask lady Sara to whom she was speaking.

"To a pest of mine, my dear," returned she, and then stretching out her neck she resumed, "But where in the name of heaven, are you going, Somerset, with all that travelling apparatus?"

"To Deerhurst; we are going to take lord Arun down. But I keep your ladyship in the cold. Good morning."

"My compliments to Sir Robert. Good bye! Go

bye!" and waiving her white hand till his curricle was out of sight, when she turned round, her desires were gratified, for the elegant stranger was standing with his eyes fixed on that hand. But, had she known, that for any cognizance they took of its beauty, they might as well have been fixed on vacancy, she would not have pulled down the window, and reseated herself, with such an air of triumph.

The count took his seat with a sigh, and lady Tinemouth did the same.

"So that is the son of Sir Robert Somerset!"

"Yes," replied her ladyship, and what do you think of him? He is called very handsome."

"Your ladyship has forgotten that I am near sighted," answered the countess, "I could not discriminate his features, but I think his figure fine. I remember his father was a handsome man, and a man of wonderful talents."

"That may be," resumed lady Sara, laughing, and anxious to excite some emotion of rivalry in the breast of Thaddeus, "I am sure I ought not to call in question his talents and taste, for he has often wished that fate had reserved me for his son." Her ladyship sighed and looked down.

This sight and gesture had more effect upon her victim, than all her exhibited graces. So difficult it is to break affection and habit. Any thing relating to Pembroke Somerset, could yet so powerfully interest the count, as to stamp itself on his features. Besides, the appearance of any latent disquietude, where all seemed splendour and vivacity, reminded him painfully of the chequered lot of man. His eyes were resting upon her ladyship, full of tender commiseration, pregnant with compassion for her, himself, and all the world, when she raised her head. The meeting of such a look from him, filled her with agitation. She felt something strange at her heart. His eyes seemed to have penetrated to its inmost devises. Blushing, like scarlet, she got up to hide an embarrassment not to be subdued; and, hastily wishing the countess a good morning, curtsied to him and left the room.

Her ladyship entered the carriage with feelings all in motion. She could not account for the confusion

which his looks had occasioned; and, half angry at a weakness so like a raw inexperienced girl, she had determined to become one of lady Tinemouth's constant visitors, until she should have brought him (as she had done most of the men about court) to her feet.

These were her ladyship's cogitations, as she rolled along towards St. James' Place. But she a little exceeded the fact in her statement; for, notwithstanding she could count as many lovers as any woman, both before and after her marriage, yet few would have ventured so far as to trust the consequence of a kneeling petition. Somehow, the worthy lords and gentlemen had all to a man adopted the oracle of the poet, that,

"*Love fleet as air, at sight of human ties,*
"*Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies!*"

They all professed to adore lady Sara Capel; some were caught by her beauty, others by her eclat, but none had the most distant wish to make this beauty and eclat his own legal property.

The young marquis of Severn fluttered round her ladyship during the first year of his appearance about court; but at the end of that time, instead of offering her his hand, he married the daughter of a rich city banker.

Lady Sara, who was at her father's house in the country, when this intelligence arrived, was so incensed, that to show her disdain of this apostate lover, she set off the same evening for Scotland with Hary Roos, the grandson of the duke of Lincoln. They were married, and her ladyship had the triumph of being presented to her majesty the same day with the marchioness of Severn.

The first whirlwind of her resentment subsided, she began most dismally to repent her union.—She loved captain Roos as little as she had loved lord Severn. She had admired the rank and gallantry of the one; and the profound adoration of the other, had made a complete friend of her vanity. But now, since her revenge was gratified, the homage of Hary Roos ceasing to excite the envy of her companions from the hour in which he became her husband, she grew weary of his attentions, and was very

happy when the admiralty ordered him to the command of a ship bound to the Mediterranean.

The last fervent kiss which he imprinted on her lips, as they breathed out the cold "Good bye, Roos, take care of yourself!" seemed to her the seal of freedom; and she returned into her dressing-room, not to weep, but rejoice in the prospect of a thousand festivities and a thousand lovers.

Left at an early age without a mother and ignorant of the duties of a wife, she thought that if she kept her husband and herself out of Doctors Commons, she should do no harm by amusing herself with the heart of every man that came in her way. Thus she hardly moved without a train of admirers. She had already attracted every one worth the trouble; and had listened to their compliments and insolent presumptions, till she was nearly tired of both; when Miss Egerton related to her the countess's rencountre with the gallant foreigner.

As soon as her ladyship heard that he was of rank, (for Miss Egerton had not been backward to affirm the dreams of her own imagination,) she formed an earnest wish to see him; and when, to her infinite satisfaction, he did present himself, in her eyes he exceeded every thing that had been described. To secure such a conquest, she thought would not only raise the envy of the women, but make the men look about them to discover some novel and more attractive way than they had hitherto attempted to portray the extent of their devotion.

Whilst lady Sara was meditating on her new plans, the count and lady Tinemouth remained alone. Her ladyship talked to him on various subjects; but he answered ill upon them all, and sometimes very wide of the matter. At last feeling that he must be burthensome, he arose, and looked paler and more depressed than when he entered, wished her a good morning.

"I am afraid, Mr. Constantine, that you are unwell?"

Thaddeus, like most people who desire to hide what is passing in their minds, gladly assented to this, as an excuse for a taciturnity which he could not vanquish.

"Then" cried her ladyship, "I hope you will favour me with your card, that I may know where to send?"

Thaddeus was confounded, and looked down for a moment; then returning into the room, took up a pen which lay on the table, and said,

"I will write my address to a place from whence any of your ladyship's commands will reach me: but, I will do myself the honour to repeat my call very soon."

"I shall always be happy to see you," replied the countess, while he was writing; "but, before I engage you in a promise of which you may afterwards repent, I must tell you, that you will meet with dull entertainment at my house. I see very little company; and were it not for the inexhaustible spirits of Miss Egerton, I believe I should become a complete misanthrope."

"Your house will be my paradise!" exclaimed the count, with an eagerness, to the force of which he did not immediately attend.

Lady Tinemouth smiled.

"I must warn you here, too," cried she; "Miss Egerton must not be the deity of your paradise. She is already under engagements that would preclude all hope on that head."

Thaddeus blushed at being mistaken, and wished to explain himself.

"You misunderstand me, madam, I am not insensible to beauty; but, upon my word, at that moment I had nothing else in my thoughts than gratitude for your ladyship's kindness to an absolute stranger."

"That is true, Mr. Constantine; you are an absolute stranger, if the want of a formal introduction, and an ignorance of your family, constitute that title. But your protection introduced you to me; and there is something in your appearance which convinces me, that I may not be afraid of admitting you among the scanty number of my friends."

Thaddeus immediately perceived the delicacy of lady Tinemouth; who wished to know who he was, yet felt repugnant to give him pain by a question so direct that he must answer. As she had proposed it, she left him entirely to his own discretion; and he determined, as far as he could, without exposing his real name and circumstances, to satisfy her very proper curiosity

The countess, whose benevolent heart was deeply interested in his favour, observed the changes of his countenance with an anxious desire that he would be ingenuous. Her solicitude did not arise from any doubt that she entertained of his quality and worth, but she wished to be enabled to reply with promptness to the inquisitive people who might see him at her house.

"I hardly know," said Thaddeus, in what words to express my sense of your ladyship's generous confidence in me; and that my character is not undeserving of such distinction, time, I trust, will ratify." He paused for a moment, and then resumed: "For my rank, lady Tinemouth, it is now of little consequence to my comfort; rather, perhaps, a source of mortification; for—" he hesitated, and then proceeded, with a faint colour tinging his cheek, "exiles from their country, if they would not covet misery, must learn to forget; hence I am no other than Mr. Constantine; tho' in acknowledgment of your ladyship's goodness, I deem it only just, that I should not conceal my real quality from you.

"My family was the first in Poland. Even in banishment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords some alleviation to the conviction, that when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred, were involved in the ruins. Soon after the dreadful sealing of its fate, I quitted it; and by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, sought a refuge in this island, from degradations, which otherwise, I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus stopped; and the countess, struck by the graceful modesty with which this simple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Constantine, I am not surprised at any thing you have said. The melancholy of your air induced me to suspect that you were not happy; and my sole wish, in penetrating your reserve, was to show you that a woman can be a sincere friend."

Tears of gratitude and respect glistened in the Count's eyes. Incapable of making a suitable reply, he pressed her hand to his lips. She rose; and, willing to relieve a

sensibility that delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer, only let me see you soon."

Thaddeus uttered a few inarticulate words, whose significancy conveyed nothing, but every thing was declared by their confusion. The Countess's eloquent smile showed that she comprehended their meaning; and he left the room.

On his return home, he found general Butzou in better spirits, still poring over his journal. This paper seemed to be the representative of all which had ever been dear to him. He dwelt upon it, and talked about it, with a doating eagerness, bordering on insanity.

These symptoms increasing from day to day, gave his young friend considerable uneasiness. He listened with pain to the fond dreams which had taken possession of the poor old man, who delighted in saying, that much might yet be done in Poland, when he should be recovered, and they enabled to return together to Warsaw, and stimulate the people to revolt.

Thaddeus at first attempted to prove the emptiness of these schemes; but seeing that contradiction on this head threw the general back into deeper despondency, he thought it better to affect the same sentiments; too well perceiving, that death would soon terminate these visions with his life.

Accordingly, as far as lay in the Count's power, he satisfied all the fancied wants of his revered friend; who, on every other subject was perfectly reasonable; but at last he became so absorbed in this chimerical plot, that even conversation, and his meals, seemed to oppress him with restraint.

When Thaddeus, with sorrow, perceived that his company was rather irksome than a comfort to his friend, he the more readily repeated his visits to Lady Tinemouth. She now looked for his entrance at least once a day. If ever a morning and evening passed away without his appearance, he was sure of being scolded by Miss Egerton, reproached by the Countess, and frowned at by Lady Sara Roos. This lady now contrived, in defiance of all other engagements, to drop in every night at Lady Tinemouth's. Her ladyship was not more surprised at this sudden

tachment of Lady Sara to her house than pleased with her society, who she found, on intimate acquaintance, could lay aside that tissue of affectation, and fashion which she wore in public, and really become a charming woman.

Though Lady Sara was vain, she had sufficient sense to penetrate with tolerable certainty into the characters of her acquaintance. Most of the men with whom she had hitherto associated, having been jumbled together in those large assemblies where individuality is absorbed in the general mass of insipidity and ceremony she saw that they were frivolous, or at the least warped in taste and principle; and the fascinations she used to subdue them, were the best suited to their capacity—her beauty, her thoughtlessness, and her caprice. But on the reverse, when she formed the wish to entangle such a man as Thaddeus, she soon discovered that to engage his attention, she must appear in the unaffected graces of nature. To this end she took pains to display the loveliness of her person in every movement and position; yet she managed the thing, with so inartificial and frank an air that she seemed the only being present, who was unconscious of the versatility and power of her charms. She conversed with good sense and propriety. In short, she appeared completely different from the gay ridiculous creature, whom he had seen some weeks before in the Countess's parlour.

He now admired, both her person and her mind. Her winning softness, the vivacity of Miss Egerton, and the kindness of the Countess, beguiled him many an evening from the contemplation of melancholy scenes at home.

One night, it came into the head of Maria Egerton, to banter him about his military dress. "Do, for heaven's sake, my dear Don Quixotte," cried she, "let us see you out of your rusty armour! I declare, I am tired of the sight. Somehow, I do think you would be merrier out of that "*customary suit of solemn black.*"

This demand was not pleasing to the Count; but he good humouredly replied, "I knew not till you were so kind as to inform me, that a man's temper depends upon his clothes."

"Else, I suppose," cried she, interrupting him, "you would have changed yours before? therefore I expect that

you will do it as I bid you now, and put on a christian's coat against the next time you enter this house.

Thaddeus was at a loss what to say; he only bowed; and the Countess and lady Sara smiled at the nonsense.

When they parted for the night, this portion of the conversation passed off from all minds but that of Lady Tinemouth. She had considered the subject, but in a different way from Maria. Maria supposed that the handsome Constantine, wore the dress of his country because it was the most becoming. But as such a whim did not correspond with the other parts of his character, Lady Tinemouth, in her own mind, attributed this adherence to his national habit, to the right cause.

She remarked that whenever she wished him to meet any agreeable people at her house, he always declined these introductions under the plea of his dress, though he never proposed to alter it.—This conduct added to his perfect silence on every subject that related to the public amusement about town, led her to conclude, that like the banished nobility of France, he was encountering the various inconveniences of poverty in a foreign land. She hoped he had escaped its horrors; but she could not be certain, for he always shifted the conversation, when it too closely referred to himself.

The observation haunted the mind of Lady Tinemouth, and made her anxious to contrive some opportunity in which she might have this interesting Constantine alone; and by a proper management of the discourse, lead to some avowal of his real situation. Hitherto, her benevolent intentions had been frustrated by various interruptions at various times. Indeed, had she been actuated by mere curiosity, she would long ago have resigned the trial as fruitless; but sincere pity and esteem kept her still watchful till the very hour in which her considerate heart was fully satisfied.

One morning when she was writing in her cabinet a servant informed her that Mr. Constantine was below in the parlour. Pleased at this circumstance, she took advantage of a slight cold that affected her, and hoping to be able to draw something out of him in the course of a *tete-a-tete*, begged that he would come up to her room.

When he entered, she perceived that he looked sadder than usual. He sat down by her and expressed his concern at her indisposition. She sighed heavily, but remained silent. Her thoughts were too much occupied with her benevolent plan to decide exactly what to answer. She had determined, in her reflections, to give him a cursory idea of her own unhappiness: and thus, by her confidence attract his.

"I hope Miss Egerton is well?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Very well Mr. Constantine. A heart at ease almost ever keeps the body in health. May she long continue as happy as at this period, and never know the disappointments of her friends.

He looked at the Countess.

"It is true, my dear sir," continued she. "It is hardly probable that the mere effect of thirty-five years could have made the inroads on my person which you see; but sorrow has done it; and, with all the comforts that you behold around me, I am miserable. I have no joy independent of the few friends which heaven has preserved to me; and yet," added she, "I have another anxiety united with those of which I complain: some of my friends, who afford me the consolation I mention, deny me the only return in my power, the office of sharing in their griefs.

Thaddeus felt the expression of her ladyship's eye, and the tenderness of her voice, as she uttered these words. He felt to whom the kind reproach was directed, and he looked down confused and oppressed. The Countess resumed.

"I cannot deny what your countenance declares; you think I mean you. I do, Mr. Constantine; I have marked your melancholy: I have weighed other circumstances, and I am sure that you have many things to struggle with besides those regrets which must ever hang about the bosom of a brave man. Forgive me, if I give you pain, (added she, observing his heightening colours) I speak from a real esteem, I speak to you as I would to my own son, were he in your situation."

"My dearest Madam," cried the Count, overcome by her benevolence; "You have judged right; I have many things to struggle with; I have a sick friend at home.

whom misfortune hath nearly bereft of reason; and whose wants are now so complicated and expensive, that never till now did I know the compete desolation of a man without a country or a profession. For myself, Lady Tinemouth, adversity has few pangs, but for my friend, for an old man, whose deranged faculties have forgotten the change in my affairs: he who hangs on me for support and comfort: it is this that must account to your ladyship for those inconsistencies in my manner and spirits which are so frequently the subject of Miss Egerton's raillery."

Thaddeus, in the course of this short and rapid narrative, gradually lowered the tone of his voice: and, at the close, covered his face with his hand. He had never before confided the history of his embarrassments to any creature; and he felt, (notwithstanding it had almost been petitioned from him,) that he had committed an outrage on the firmness of his character, by in any way acknowledging the weight of his calamities.

Lady Tinemouth considered a few minutes, and then addressed him.

"I should ill repay this generous confidence, my young friend, if I were to hesitate a moment in forming some plan that may prove of service to you. You have told me no more, dear Mr. Constantine, than what I had already suspected. And I had something in view."—Here the Countess stopped, expecting, that her auditor would interrupt her. He remained silent, and she proceeded "you spoke of a profession, of an employment?"

"Yes, madam," replied he, taking his hand from his eyes; "I should be glad to engage in any profession or employment that you would recommend."

"I have little interest," answered her ladyship, "with people in power, therefore I cannot propose any thing which will in any way suit with your rank; but the employment I have in view, several of the most illustrious French nobility have not blushed to execute."

"Do not fear to mention it to me," cried the Count, perceiving her reluctance! "I would attempt any thing that is not dishonourable to render service to my poor friend."

"Well then, would you have no objection to teach la[n]guages?"

Thaddeus immediately answered, "none in the world."

"Then," replied her ladyship, greatly relieved by the manner in which he had received her proposal; "I will now tell you, that about a week ago, I paid a visit to Lady Dundas, the widow of Sir Hector Dundas, the rich East India Director. Whilst I was there, I heard her talking with her two daughters, about finding them a proper master to teach them German. That language has become a very fashionable accomplishment among literary ladies; and Miss Dundas being a member of the Bluestocking Club, you instantly flashed across my mind. Lady Dundas was making a thousand objections against the vulgarity of various teachers whom the young ladies proposed; and I, deeming it a favourable opportunity, told her ladyship, that if she could wait a few days, I would sound a friend of mine, who I knew, if he would condescend to take the trouble, would be the most eligible person imaginable. Lady Dundas and the girls gladly left it to me, and I now propose it to you."

"And I," replied he, with a thousand thanks, accept the task."

"Then I will arrange every thing," returned her ladyship, "and send you the results."

After half an hour's farther conversation, Lady Tinemouth became more impressed with the unsophisticated delicacy and dignity of the Count's mind. And he, more grateful than utterance could declare, left his respects for Miss Egerton, and took his leave.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning, whilst Thaddeus was vainly explaining to his poor old friend, that he no longer possessed a regiment of horse that he could order out to try the effects of some manœuvres which he had been devising, Little Nanny brought a letter from the coffee house, to which he had given Lady Tinemouth the direction. He opened it and found these contents:

"My dear sir! So anxious was I to terminate the affair with Lady Dundas, that I went to her house last night. I affirmed it as a great obligation, that you would undertake the trouble to teach her daughters; and I insist, that you do not, by any romantic ideas of candour, invalidate what I have said; I know the world too well not to be convinced of the truth of Doctor Goldsmith's maxim, "*if you be poor, do not seem poor, if you would avoid insult, as well as suffering.*"

"I told Miss Dundas, that you had undertaken the task solely at my persuasion: therefore, I could not propose other terms than a guinea for each two lessons that she and her sister would receive. They are rich enough for any expense; and they made no objections to my demand, besides presenting the enclosed by way of entrance money. Thus; I have settled all preliminaries, and you are to commence your first lesson on Monday, at two o'clock." But before then pray let me see you.

"Cannot you dine with us on Sunday? I have informed Miss Egerton of as much of the affair as I think necessary to account for your new occupation. In short, good girl as she is, I thought it most prudent to set her and Lady Sara on the same scent that I have the Dundasses; therefore, do not be uneasy on that head.

"Come to-morrow, if not before, and you will give real pleasure to your sincere friend,

ADELIZA TINEMOUTH.

"Saturday morning Grosvenor place."

Truly grateful to the active friendship of the Countess, and looking at the general, who appeared perfectly happy in the prosecution of his wild schemes, Thaddeus exclaimed to himself, "by this means I shall at least have it in my power to procure all the assistance your melancholy state requires."

On opening the enclosed which her ladyship mentioned, he found it to be a bank note for ten pounds. He felt uncomfortable both at the present, and its amount: not having done any service to earn it, he regarded the money more as a gift, than as a bond of engagement. However he found that these feelings, with many other painful

pugnancies, must at this moment be laid aside; and without farther self torment, he consigned the money to the use for which he was aware the Countess had intended it, namely, to provide himself with an English dress.

During these various reflections, he did not leave Lady Tinemouth's letter unanswered. He thanked her sincerely for her zeal, and declined dining with her next day, on account of leaving his poor friend so long alone; but promised to come in the evening, when he should be retired to rest.

This excuse was felt by none more than Lady Sara Roos; who, having heard from Lady Tinemouth on Saturday morning, that she expected the company of Mr. Constantine to dine on Sunday, had invited herself to be one of the party. She had now seen him constantly for near a month, and to her amazement found, that in seeking to entrap him, she had only ensnared herself. Every word he uttered, penetrated to her heart; every glance of his eyes, shook her frame like electricity. She had now no necessity to affect softness; a young and seducing passion, imparted to her voice and countenance, all its bewitching pathos.

Thaddeus was not insensible to the enchantment which this intoxicating power threw around her, but it did not reach as far as she intended. He felt she was a lovely woman, who might have affected his senses, had she been free, and his heart been as in happier days. He knew that she was a married woman; and, as he believed her to be a virtuous one, he could not credit the evidence of his feelings, which would have often whispered to him, the language which her ladyship wished to convey.

When Lady Tinemouth mentioned to Lady Sara and Miss Egerton, the great favour she had conferred on the Miss Dundasses, by prevailing on Mr. Constantine to undertake the task of teaching them German, Lady Sara could hardly conceal her vexation. She was angry at the Count for his acquiescence, and hated Lady Tinemouth for having made the proposal.

Miss Egerton laughed at the scrape into which Lady Tinemouth had brought his good nature; and declared that she would tell him next day at dinner, what a mulish misses he had presumed to manage.

It was the youngest of these misses, that excited Lady Sara's displeasure. Euphemia Dundas, was very pretty; she had a large fortune at her disposal; and what might not such united temptations effect on the mind of her favorite? Tora with jealousy, she caught at the mention of his coming to dinner on the morrow; and offering to be one of the party, resolved to put on all her charms, that she might make one more essay on the hitherto insensible soul of Thaddeus, before she beheld him enter scenes so likely to extinguish her hopes. Hopes, of what? she never allowed herself to inquire. She knew that she never had loved her husband, that she now hated him, and was devoted to another. To be assured of a reciprocal passion from that other, she believed was the extent of her wish. Thinking that she held her husband's honor safe as her life, she determined to do what she like with her heart. Her former admirers were now neglected: and to the astonishment and admiration of the graver part of her acquaintance she relinquished all those dissipated assemblies in which she had so recently been the brightest attraction, and secluded herself whole evenings by the domestic fireside of the Countess of Tinemouth.

Thus, whilst the world were admiring a conduct which they supposed would give a lasting happiness to herself and her husband, she was cherishing a passion in her bosom that might prove the destruction of both.

On Sunday evening, the Count Sobieski entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing room, just as Miss Egerton had seated herself before the tea equipage. At the sight of him she nodded her head, and called him to sit by her. Lady Tinemouth returned the grateful pressure of his hand. Lady Sara received him with a palpitating heart; and stooped her head, to remove something that seemed to incommode her foot; but this was only a feint to hide the blushes that were burning on her cheek. No one observed her confusion, so common it is for those who are the constant witnesses of our actions, to be the most ignorant of their expression and tendency.

Thaddeus could not be so completely uniformed. The frequent falling of her eye, when it met his; the unequivocal intonation of her voice, and sometimes the framing

her speech, often made him shiver. He gladly obeyed a second summons from the gay Maria, and drew his chair close to hers.

Lady Sara observed his emotion with a jealous pang that she could not conceal; and pulling her seat as far on the opposite side as possible, began in silence to sip her tea.

"Ye powers of gallantry!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Egerton, pushing away the table, and lifting her eye-glass to her eye. "I declare I have conquered! look, Lady Tinemouth; look Lady Sara! If Mr. Constantine do not better become this English dress, than his Polish horribles, drown me for a false prophetess!"

"You see I have obeyed you, madam," returned Thaddeus bowing.

"Ah! you are in the right. Most men do it cheerfully, when they know they will gain by the bargain. Now you look like a christian; before you always reminded me of some stalking hero in tragedy."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, forcing a smile, and ready to weep with mortification, "yes and now he exhibits a striking resemblance to George Barnwell."

Maria, who did not perceive the anger and sarcasm couched under this remark, good humouredly replied.

"True Lady Sara, but I don't care for his being in black: obedience was the thing I wanted, and I have it in his present appearance."

"Pray Lady Tinemouth," asked her ladyship, seeking to revenge herself on his alacrity to obey Miss Egerton, the cause of which her jealousy misapprehended, "what o'clock is it? I have promised to be at Lady Sarum's concert by nine."

"It is not yet eight," returned the Countess, "besides this is the first time that I have heard of your engagement. I had hoped your ladyship would have spent all this evening with us."

"No," answered lady Sara, "I cannot," and ringing the bell she rose.

"Bless me, Lady Sara," cried Miss Egerton, "you are not going? Don't you hear that it is only eight 'clock?"

Lady Sara, busying herself about tying her cl[illegible]et-ed not to hear her, and told the servant who opened the door to order her carriage.

Lady Tinemouth, much surprised at the oddness of this precipitation, but far from guessing the cause, requested the Count to see her ladyship down stairs.

"I would rather not," cried she in a quick voice and darting out of the room was followed by Thaddeus, who got up with her flying footsteps, just, as she had reached the street door. He hastened past her, to assist her into the carriage, and saw by the light of the flambeaux her face streaming with tears. He had already extended his hand as she approached, when her ladyship, seeing who he was, instead of accepting, struck it down with her left hand, and whilst he stood motionless with astonishment jumped into the carriage, and with an indignant tone ordered it to drive to Berkly Square. He remained stupified for a few minutes looking after her: then returned into the house, too well able to translate the meaning of all this petulence.

When he re-ascended the stairs, Lady Tinemouth expressed her wonder at this whimsical departure of her friend; but as Thaddeus (whose feelings were really disturbed) returned a vague reply, the subject ended.

Miss Egerton, who hardly thought two minutes on the same thing, sent away the tea-board, and sitting down by the count exclaimed,

"Mr. Constantine, I hold it right, that no man should be thrown into a den of wild beasts, without knowing what kind of monsters he shall meet there. Hence, as I find that you have undertaken the taming of that savage, Lady Dundas, and her cubs, I must tell you what they are like. Will you hear me?"

"Certainly."

"Will you attend to my advice?"

"If I like it."

"Ha!" replied she, returning his smile with another "that is just such an answer I would have made myself, so I won't quarrel with you. Lady Tinemouth, will you allow me to draw your friends' pictures?"

Yes, Maria, provided you don't make caricatures.

member your candour is at stake; to-morrow, Mr. Constantine will be able to judge for himself.

"And I am sure he will agree with me. Now Lady Dundas, if you please? I know your ladyship is a great stickler for precedence."

Lady Tinemouth laughed, and interrupted her.

"I declare, Maria, you are a very daring girl. What do you not risk by giving way to this satirical spirit."

"Nobody's love that I value, Lady Tinemouth.—You know I never daub a fair character. Mr. Constantine takes me on your credit; and if you mean Charles Montresor, he is as bad as myself, and dare not for his life have any qualms."

"Well, well, proceed," cried her ladyship, "I will not interrupt you again."

"Then," resumed she, "I must begin with lady Dundas. In proper historical style, I shall commence with her birth parentage and education.—For the first, my father told me that he remembers her the maid of Mrs. Sefton, when her husband went out governor of Surat. And soon after their arrival, this pretty Abigail, by some means cajoled old Hector Dundas (who was then exercising the same command over some other Indian province) to marry her. When she came back to England, she coaxed her foolish husband to appropriate some of his ill-gotten riches to the purchase of a baronetcy. I suppose the appellation *mistress* put her in mind of her *ci-devant* servantship; and in a happy hour, he complied, and she became my lady. That over, Sir Hector had nothing more to do in this world. He was so good as to think so himself; and, to add to his former obligations, had the civility of walking out of it; for one night, whether he had been dreaming of his feats in India I cannot affirm, but he marched out of his bed-room window and broke his neck.—Ever since that fortunate event, lady Dundas has exhibited the finest parties about town. And though she is as vulgar as she is rich, somehow every body goes to see her; whether in compliment to their own taste, or her silver muslins, I don't know, for there are half a dozen titled ladies of her acquaintance, who, to my certain knowl-

edge, have not bought a ball dress this twelve month Well how do you like lady Dundas?"

"I do not like your sketch," replied Thaddeus, with a secret sigh, that from such a woman he was to receive any obligation.

"Come, don't sigh about my veracity;" interrupted she.; "I do assure you, I should have been more correct, had I been more severe: for, she is as ill-natured as she is vulgar, and as presumptuous as ignorant; in short, she is a fit mother for the delectable Miss Dundas, whose description you shall have in two questions. Can you imagine a pedant, a scold, and a coquette, in one woman? If you can, you have a foretaste of Diana Dundas. She is large and ugly, and thinks herself delicate and handsome; she is self-willed and ignorant, and believes she is wise and learned; for, unhappily, she has wriggled herself in among the *Blue-Stockings*; and, to sum up all, she is the most malicious creature breathing."

"My dear Maria," cried Lady Tinemouth, laying her hand on her arm, and alarmed at the effect her high coloring might have on the mind of Thaddeus; "for heaven's sake be temperate! I never heard you so unbecomingly harsh in my life."

Miss Egerton peeped archly in her face.

"Are you serious, Lady Tinemouth? You know I would not look unbecoming in your eyes.—Come, shake hands with me, and I will be more merciful to the gentle Euphemia, for I intend that Mr. Constantine shall be her lover. Won't you?" cried she, resigning her ladyship's hand. Thaddeus shook his head. "I don't understand your lord Burleigh nods; answer me in words, when I have finished; for I am sure you will immediately unclasp your heart to receive the sweet creature. She is so tiny, and so pretty, that I never see her without thinking of some gay little trinket, all over precious stones. Her eyes are two diamond sparks, melted into a lustre; and her teeth, seed pearl, lying between rubies. So much for the casket; but for the quality of the jewel within, I leave you to make the discovery."

Miss Egerton, having run herself out of breath, suddenly stopped. Thaddeus seeing that he was called

say something, made an answer that only drew upon him a new volley of raillery; which she continued with very little interruption, till the party separated for the night.

Now that the count thought himself secure of the means of payment, he sent the next day to consult a physician respecting the situation of the general. When Dr. Cavendish had seen and conversed with the venerable Butzou, he gave it as his opinion, that the malady had originated in grief.

"I can too well suppose that," replied Thaddeus.

"Then," rejoined the physician, "I fear, sir, that unless I know something of its nature, my visits will prove almost useless."

The Count remained silent. The doctor resumed—

"I shall be grieved if his sorrows be of a complexion so secret as not to be trusted to a man of honor; for in these cases, without we have some knowledge of the springs of the madness, we lose much time, and perhaps entirely fail a cure. Our discipline is addressed both to the body and mind of the patient."

Thaddeus perceived the necessity of compliance, and did so without any further hesitation.

"The calamities, sir, which have occasioned the deraugement of my friend, need not be a secret; too many have shared them with him; his sorrows have been public ones. You must learn by his language, Dr. Cavendish, that he is a foreigner and a soldier; he held the rank of general in the King of Poland's service. Since the period in which his country fell, and he followed me to England, his wandering senses have approximated to what you see."

Dr. Cavendish paused for a moment, before he answered the count; then fixing his eyes on the veteran, who was sitting at the other end of the room, busily forming the model of a fortified town, he said—

"All we can do, at present, sir, is to permit him to follow his schemes without contradiction, meanwhile strengthening his system with appropriate medicines, and lulling its irritation by gentle opiates. We must proceed cautiously, and I trust in heaven, that she will crown us at last."

When the doctor had written his prescription, and was

preparing to go, Thaddeus offered him his fee; but the good Cavendish taking the hand that presented it, and closing it on the guinea, "No my dear sir," said he, "real patriotism is too much the idol of my heart, to allow me to receive payment when I behold her face. Suffer me Mr. Constantine, to visit you and your brave friend as a friend, or I never come again."

"Sir, this generous conduct to strangers—"

"Generous to myself, Mr. Constantine, and not to strangers; I cannot consider you as such; for men who devote themselves to their country, must find a brother in every honest breast. I will not hear of our meeting on any other terms."

Thaddeus could not immediately form a reply adequate to the sentiment which the generosity and philanthrophy of the doctor had awakened.—Whilst he stood incapable of speaking, Cavendish, with one glance of his penetrating eye, decyphered his countenance; and giving him a friendly shake by the hand, disappeared.

The count now took up his hat; and musing all the way as he went, on the unexpected scenes we meet in life; disappointment where he expected kindness, and friendship where no hope could arise; he arrived at the door of Lady Dundas in Harley street.

He was immediately let in, and with much ceremony ushered into a splendid library, where he remained in expectation of the arrival of his pupils. Before they entered they allowed him sufficient time to examine its costly furniture; its glittering book-cases, bird-cages, globes, and reading-stands, all shining with burnished gilding; its plaster casts of the nine muses, which stood in nine recesses about the room, drapered with blue net, looped up with artificial roses; and on each side of a fine cut-steel Rumford Stove, were p aced, on sandars-wood pedestals, two five-feet statutes of Apo lo and Minerva.

Thaddeus had twice walked round these fopperies of learning, when the door opened, and Lady Dundas, dressed in a morning wrapper made of Indian shawls, swam into the apartment. She neither bowed nor curtsied to the count, who was standing when she entered, but lo' ed him from head to foot, said, as she passed,

you are come;" and ringing the bell, called to the servant, in no very soft tones. "Tell Miss Dundas, the person that lady Tinsmouth spoke of is here." Her ladyship then sat down close to the fire, in one of the little gilded chairs, leaving Thaddeus still standing on the spot where he had bowed at her entrance.

"You may sit down," cried she, not deigning to look at him, and stirring the fire; "for my daughter may not choose to come this half hour."

"I prefer standing," replied the Count, who could have laughed at the accuracy of Miss Egerton's picture, had he not prognosticated many disagreeables to himself, from the ill manners of which this was a specimen.

Lady Dundas took no farther notice of him. Turning from her bloated countenance, (which pride, as well as high-eating, had swoln from prettiness into deformity,) he walked to a window, and stationed himself there, looking into the street, till the door was again opened, and two ladies made their appearance.

"Miss Dundas," cried her ladyship, "here is the young man who is to teach you German."

Thaddeus bowed, the younger of the ladies curtsied; and so did the other, not forgetting to accompany such condescension with a toss of the head, that the effect of undue humility might be done away.

Whilst a servant was setting chairs round the table, on which was painted the judgment of Herculus, Lady Dundas again opened her lips.

"Pray Mr. Thingumbob, have you brought any grammars, and primers, and dictionaries, and syntaxes with you?"

Before he had time to reply to her ladyship in the negative, Miss Dundas with a frown interrupted her mother

"I wish madam, you would leave the arrangement of my studies to myself. Does your ladyship think that we would learn out of any book which has been touched by other people? Thomas," cried she to a servant, "send Stevens here."

Thaddeus silently contemplated this strange mother and daughter, whilst the pretty Euphemia paid the same compliment to him. During his stay he only ventured to look

once at her sylphid figure. There was an unreceding something in her liquid blue eyes, when he chanced to meet them, which displeased him; and he saw, that from the instant she entered the room, she had never ceased staring in his face.

He was a little relieved by the maid's putting the books on the table; and Miss Dundas, taking a seat, desired him to sit down by her, and arrange the lessons. Lady Dundas was drawing to the other side of the Count, when Euphemia, suddenly whisking round, pushed before her mother, and actually elbowed her out, with this exclamation—

"Dear Mamma! you don't want to learn?" and she squeezed herself upon the edge of her mother's chair; who, very angrily, getting up declared that rudeness to a parent was intolerable from such well bred young women; and left the room.

Euphemia blushed at this reproof, more than at her conduct; and Miss Dundas added to her confusion, by giving her a second reprimand. Thaddeus, who pitied the evident embarrassment of the little beauty, to relieve her, presented to her the page in the German Grammar with which they were to begin. This had the desired effect, and for an hour and a half they prosecuted their studies with close attention.

Whilst the count continued his directions to her sister, and then turned his address to herself, Miss Euphemia, wholly unseen by him, with a bent head was affecting to hear him, though at the same time she looked obliquely through her thick flaxen ringlets; and gazing with wonder and admiration on his face, as it inclined towards her, said to herself, "if this man were a gentleman I should think him the most charming creature in the world."

"Will your task be too long, madam?" inquired Thaddeus, "will it give you any inconvenience to remember?"

"To remember what?" asked she, for in truth she had neither seen what he had been pointing at nor heard what he had said about it.

"The lesson, Madam, that I have been proposing."

"Show it to me again, and then I shall be a better judge."

He did as he was desired; and was taking his leave when she called after him.

"Pray Mr. Constantine, come to-morrow at two, I want you particularly."

The count bowed and withdrew.

"And what do you want of him to-morrow, child?" asked Miss Dundas, "you are not accustomed to be so fond of improvement."

Euphemia knew very well what she was accustomed to be fond of: but not choosing to let her austere sister into her predilection for the contemplation of superior beauty, she merely answered, "you know Diana, that you often reproach me for my absurd devotion to novel reading, and my repugnance to graver books; now I want at once to be like you, a woman of great erudition, and, for that purpose I will study day and night at the German, till I can read all the philosophers, and be a fit companion for my sister."

This speech from Euphemia, (who had always been so declared an enemy to pedantry, as to affirm that she merely learnt German, because it was the fashion,) would have awakened Miss Dundas to some suspicion of a covert design, had she not been in the habit of taking down such large draughts of adulation that where herself was the subject of encomium she gave it full confidence. Euphemia, who seldom administered these doses but to serve particular views, seeing, in the present case, that a little flattery was necessary, felt no compunction in sacrificing sincerity to the gratification of caprice. Weak of understanding, she had fed on the works of imagination, till her mind loathed all other kind of food. Not content with devouring the elegant pages of Burney, Smith and Gunning, she had flown with voracious appetite to sate herself on the "garbage" of any circulating library that fell in her way.

The effects of such a taste, were soon exhibited in her manners. Being very pretty, she became very sentimental. She dressed like a wood-nymph; and talked, as if her soul were made up of love and sorrow: though neither of these emotions she knew by experience, nevertheless, was ever the victim of some ill-fated passion; at least ncied herself, at different periods, in love with all e men about town.

By this management, she kept faithful to her favorite principle, that "*love was a want of her soul!*" As it was the rule of her life, it ever trembled on her tongue ever introduced the confession of any new attachment, which usually happened three times a year, to her dear friend, Miss Arabella Rothes. Fortunately for the longevity of their mutual friendship, owing to the compulsion of an old uncle, this young lady lived in an ancient house, forty miles to the north of London. This latter circumstance proved a pretty distress for their pens to descant on, and Arabella remained a most charming sentimental writing stock, to receive the catalogue of Miss Euphemia's lovers; indeed, that gentle creature might have matched every lady in Cowley's calendar with a gentleman. Every throb of her heart could have acknowledged a different master. First the fashionable sloven, Augustus Somers, lounged and sauntered himself into her good graces; but his dishevelled hair, soiled linen, and dirty great coat, not exactly meeting her ideas of an elegant lover, she gave him up at the end of three weeks. The next object that her eyes fell on as most opposite to her former fancy, was the charming marquis of Inverary. But here all her arrows failed, for she never could extract more than a *how d'ye do?* from him through the long lapse of four months; during which time she continued as constant to his fine figure, and her own folly, as could have fallen to the lot o. any poor despairing damsel. However, my lord was so cruel, so perfidious, as to allow several opportunities to pass in which he might have declared his passion; and she told Arabella, in a letter of six sheets, that she would bear it no longer.

She put this wise resolution in practice, and had already played the same game with a half score, (the last of whom was a young baronet, who, having just skated himself into her heart, she was forming daily parties to see on the Serpentine) when Thaddeus made his appearance before her.

The moment she fixed her eyes on him, her inflammable imagination was set in a blaze. She forgot his apparent subordinate quality in the nobleness of his figure; ar once or twice, that evening, whilst she was flitting abo

the sparkling exposure of the dutchess of Orkney's masquerade, her thoughts hovered over the handsome foreigner.

She viewed the subject first one way and then another, and in her ever-varying mind, he was "*every thing by turns, and nothing long;*" but at length she argued herself into a belief that he must be a man of rank from some of the German courts, who having seen her somewhere unknown to herself, had fallen in love, and persuaded lady Tinemouth to introduce him as a language master to her family, that he might be enabled to appreciate properly the disinterestedness of her disposition.

This wild idea having once gotten into her head received instant credence. She resolved, without seeming to suspect it, to treat him as his quality deserved, and to deliver sentiments in his hearing, that should charm him with her generosity and delicacy.

With these chimeras floating in her brain, she returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Constantine had turned out to be *Monsieur*, had offered her his hand, and that she was conducted to the altar by a train of princes and princesses, his brothers and sisters.

She awoke the next morning from these deliriums in an ecstacy, deeming them prophetic; and taking up her book, began with a fluttering attention to scan the lesson which Thaddeus had desired her to learn.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE following day, at noon, as the count Sobieski was crossing over Cavendish-square to keep his appointment in Harley-street, he was met by lady Sara Roos. She had spoken with the Misses Dundas the night before at the masquerade where she discovered the pretty Euphemia through the dress of Eloisa, and her jealous and incensed heart could not withstand the temptation of hinting that a captivating Abelard she had elected to direct her st

dies. Her ladyship soon penetrated into the situation of Euphemia's heated fancy, and drew from her, without betraying herself, that she expected to see her master the following day. Lady Sara, stung to the soul, immediately quitted the rooms, and in a paroxism of disappointment, determined to throw herself in his way, as he went to their house.

With this hope she had already been traversing the square upwards of an hour, when her anxious eye at last caught a view of his figure, proceeding along Margaret street. Hardly able to support her tottering frame, shaken as it was with many contending emotions, she accosted him first; for he was passing straight onwards, without looking to the right or the left. On seeing her ladyship, he stopped, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"If you *really* are pleased to meet me," said she forcing a smile, "take a turn with me round the square. I want to speak with you."

Thaddeus bowed, and her ladyship put her arm through his, but remained silent for a few minutes in evident confusion. The count recollected that it must now be quite two. He felt the awkwardness of making the Misses Dundas wait; and notwithstanding his reluctance to appear impatient with lady Sara, he found himself obliged to say,

"I am sorry that I must urge your ladyship to honour me with your commands, for it is already past the time, when I ought to have been with the Misses Dundas."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, angrily, "Miss Euphemia told me as much; but, Mr. Constantine, as a friend, I must warn you against her arts, as well as those of another lady, who would do well to correct the boldness of her manner."

"Who do you mean, madam!" interrogated Thaddeus surprised at her warmth, and totally at a loss to conjecture to whom she alluded.

"A little reflection would answer you," returned she, wishing to retreat from an explanation, yet stimulated by her double jealousy to proceed; "She may be a good girl, Mr. Constantine; and I dare say she is; but a

man that has promised her hand to another, ought not to flirt with you. What business had Miss Egerton to command you to wear an English dress? But she must now see the danger of her conduct, by your having presumed to obey her."

"Lady Sara," exclaimed the count, much hurt at this speech, "I hardly understand you; yet I believe I may venture to affirm, that in all you have just now said, you are mistaken. Who can witness the general frankness of Miss Egerton, or listen to the candid manner with which she avows her attachment to Mr. Montresor, and conceive that she possesses any thoughts that would not do her honour to reveal! And for myself," added he lowering the tone of his voice, "I trust the least of my faults is presumption. It never was my character to presume on any lady's condescension, and if dressing as she desired, be deemed an instance of that kind, I can declare upon my word, that had I not felt other motives besides her raillery, my appearance should not have suffered any change."

"Are you sincere, Mr. Constantine?" cried Lady Sara, now smiling with pleasure.

"Indeed I am; and happy, if my explanation have met with your ladyship's approbation.

"Mr. Constantine," resumed she, "I have no motive but one, in my discourse with you; friendship." And casting her eyes down, she sighed profoundly.

"Your ladyship does me honour."

"I would have you regard me with the confidence that you pay Lady Tinemouth. My father possesses the first patronage in this country; therefore, I have it a thousand times more in my power than she has, to render you a service."

Here her ladyship overshot herself; she had not calculated well on the nature of the mind that she wished to ensnare.

"I am grateful to your generosity," replied Thaddeus, "but on this head I must decline your kind offices. Whilst I consider myself the subject of one king, though he be in a prison, I will not accept of any employment under any that is in alliance with his enemies."

Lady Sara discovered her error the moment he had made his answer and, in a disappointed tone exclaimed.

"Then you despise my friendship!"

"No, Lady Sara; it is an honor far beyond my merits; and my gratitude to Lady Tinemouth must be doubled, when I recollect that I possess it through her means."

"Well," cried her ladyship, "have that as you will; but I expect as a specimen of your confidence in me, that you will be wary of Euphemia Dundas. I know that she is artful and vain, and finds her amusement in attracting the affections of different men; and then, notwithstanding her affected sensibility, she turns them into a subject for laughter."

"I thank your ladyship," replied the Count; "but in this respect, I think I am safe both from the lady and myself."

"How!" asked Lady Sara, rather too eagerly, "is your heart!"—she paused and looked down.

'No madam," replied he, sighing as deeply as herself, but with his thoughts far from her and the object of their discourse, "I have no portion of my heart to give to love. Besides the quality in which I appear at Lady Dundas's, would preclude the vainest man alive, from supposing that such behaviour from any to him could be possible. Therefore, I am safe; though I acknowledge my obligation to your ladyship's caution."

Lady Sara was satisfied with the first part of this answer. It declared his heart unoccupied; and as he had admitted her professed friendship, she doubted not, but that when assisted by more frequent displays of her fascinations, she could destroy his lambent nature, and in the end light up in his bosom a similar fire to that which consumed her own.

The almost unconscious object of all these desires, began internally to accuse his vanity of being too fanciful in the formation of suspicions, which, on a former occasion, he had believed himself forced to receive; and, blushing at a quickness of perception that his contrition denominated a weakness, he found himself at the bottom of Harley street.

Lady Sara called her servant, to walk nearer to her; and, telling Thaddeus, she should expect to meet him the next evening at Lady Tinemouth's, wished him a good morning.

He was certain that he must have staid at least half an hour beyond the time when he had promised to be with the sisters. Anticipating very haughty looks, and perhaps a reprimand, he knocked at the door, and was again shown into the library. Miss Euphemia was sitting alone.

The Count offered some indistinct excuse for having made her wait, but Euphemia, with good humoured alacrity interrupted him.

"O pray dont mind; you have made nobody wait but me, and I can easily forgive it; for mamma and my sister chose to go out at one, it being May-day, to see the chimney-sweepers dine at Mrs. Montague's. They did as they liked; and I preferred staying at home to repeat my lesson."

Thaddeus thanked her for her indulgence, sat down, and taking the book, began to question her. Not one word could she recollect. She smiled.

"I am afraid, madam you have never thought of it since yesterday morning!"

"Indeed I have thought of nothing else; you must forgive me, I am very stupid Mr. Constantine, at learning languages, and German is so harsh at least to my ears! Cannot you teach me any other thing? I should like to learn of you all things, but do think of something else besides this odious jargon! Cannot you teach me how to read poetry elegantly? Shakespeare, for instance; I dote upon Shakespeare!"

"That would be strange presumption in a foreigner."

"No presumption in the least," cried she; "if you can do it pray begin! There is Romeo and Juliet,"

Thaddeus pushed away the book with a smile,

"I cannot do it. I understand him with as much ease, as you, Madam, will soon do German, if you apply! but I cannot pretend to read him aloud."

"Dear me, how vexatious!—But I must hear you read something. Do take up that Werter.—My sister got it

from the Prussian ambassador, and he tells me it is sweetest in its own language."

The Count opened the book. "But you will not understand a word of it."

"I don't care for that; I have it by heart in English and if you will only read his last letter to Charlotte, I know I can follow you in my own mind."

To please this whimsical little creature, Thaddeus turned to the letter, and read it forward with a pathos that was natural to his voice and character. When he came to an end, and closed the volume, the cadence of his tones, and the lady's memory, did ample justice to her sensibility.—She looked up, and smiling through her watery eyes, which glittered like violets wet with dew, she drew out her perfumed handkerchief, and wiping them, said:

"I thank you, Mr. Constantine. You see, by this irrepressible emotion, that I can feel Goethe, and did not ask you a vain favour."

Thaddeus bowed for he was at a loss, as to what kind of a reply could be expected by such a strange creature.

She continued:

'You are a German Mr. Constantine. Did you ever see Charlotte?"

"Never Madam,"

"I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have heard what sort of a beauty she was. But don't you think she behaved cruel to Werter? Perhaps you know him?"

"No Madam; this lamentable story happened before I was born."

"How unhappy for him! I am sure you would have made the most charming friends in the world! Have you a friend, Mr. Constantine.

The Count looked at her with surprise. She laughed at the expression of his countenance.

"I don't mean such friends as one's father, mother, and relations; most people have enough of them. I mean a tender confiding friend, to whom you unbosom all your secrets; who is your other self, a second soul! In short a creature in whose existence you forget your own?"

Thaddeus followed with his eyes the heightened

of the fair enthusiast; who, accompanying her rhapsody with action expressive as her words, had to repeat her question, "*have you such a friend?*" before he found recollection to answer her in the negative.

The Count, who had never been used to such extravagant behaviour in a woman, would have regarded Miss Euphemia Dundas as little better than insane, had he not been prepared by Miss Egerton's description; and he now acquiesced in her desire, to detain him another hour; half amused, and half wearied with her aimless and wild fancies. But here he was mistaken, her fancies were not aimless; his heart was the game that she had in view and she determined that a desperate attack should make it hers, in return for the deep wounds which she had received from every tone of his voice, whilst reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Thaddeus spent near a fortnight in the constant exercise of his occupations. In the mornings, till two, he prepared those drawings, by the sale of which, he was empowered to pay the good Mrs. Robson, for the care of his friend. And he hoped, that when the ladies in Harley-street should think it time to defray any part of their now large debt to him, he might be enabled to liquidate the very long bill of his friend's apothecary. But the Misses Dundas possessed too much money to think of its utility; they used it as counters; for they had no conception, that to other people, it became the source of almost every comfort. Their comforts came so certainly, that they supposed they grew of necessity out of their situation; and, that their great wealth owned no other commission, than to give splendid parties and buy fine things.—Their golden showers being exhaled by the same power of vanity by which it had been shed, they as little regarded its dispersion as they had marked its source.

Hence, these amiable ladies never once recollected that their master ought to receive some weightier remuneration for his visits, than the honour of paying them; and as poets tell that all honours are achieved by much hardihood, so these two sisters, though in different ways, seemed re-d that Thaddeus should purchase his distinction with te pains.

Notwithstanding, Miss Dundas continued very remiss in her lessons, she, unrelentingly, required the Count's attendance; and, sometimes not in the most gentle language, reproached him for a backwardness, which she owed entirely to her own inattention and stupidity. The fair Diana would have been the most learned woman in the world, could she have found any fine lady path to the temple of science; but the goddess who presides there, being only to be won by arduous climbing, poor Miss Dundas, like the indolent monarch that made the same demand on the philosophers, was obliged to lay the fault of her own slippery feet to the weakness of her conductors.

As Thaddeus despised her most heartily, he bore ill humour from that quarter with perfect equanimity. But the pretty Euphemia was not so easily managed; she had now completely given up her fancied soul to this prince in disguise; and already began to act a thousand extravagancies—Diana, without suspecting the object, soon discovered that she was in one of her love fits. Indeed she cared nothing about it; and leaving her to pursue the passion as she liked, poor Euphemia, according to her custom when labouring under this whimsical malady, addicted herself to solitude. This romantic taste she generally indulged, by taking her footman to the gate of the green in Cavendish Square, where he stood till she had performed a pensive saunter up and down the walk. After this she returned, adjusted her hair in the Madona fashion, because the Count had one day admired the female head in a holy family, by Guido, over the chimney-piece; then, seating herself in some becoming attitude, usually waited, with her eyes constantly turned to the door, till the object of all these pains presented himself. She impatiently watched all his motions and looks, whilst he attended to her sister; and the moment he was done, ran over her own lessons with greater volubility than clearness. This finished, she shut the books, and employed the remainder of the time in translating a number of little mottos into German, which she had composed for boxes, baskets, and other frippery.

One day, when the Count, as usual, was tired to death with making decent sense out of so much nonsense;

phemia, observing that Diana was at the other end of the room with the honourable Mr. Lascelles, (for Miss Dundas, to give an eclat to her new studies, had lately opened her library door to morning visitors,) thought that she might do what she wished without detection; and, hastily drawing a folded paper from her pocket, she desired Thaddeus to take it home and translate it into what language he liked.

The Count surprised at her manner, held it in his hand.

"Put it in your pocket," added she, in a hurrying voice, "else my sister will see it, and ask what it is!"

Thaddeus, full of wonder, obeyed her; and the little beauty, having executed her scheme, seemed quite intoxicated with delight. When he was preparing to withdraw, she called to him, and asked him when he should see lady Tinemouth.

"This evening, Madam."

"Then," returned she, "tell her ladyship that I shall come and sit half an hour with her to-night; and here," added she, running up to him, "present her that rose, with my love." Whilst she put it into his hand, she whispered in a low voice; "and you will tell me what you think of those verses I have given you?"

Thaddeus blushed, and bowed. He hurried out of the house into the street, as if by that means he could altogether have gotten out of a dilemma to which he feared all this foolish mystery of Euphemia was only the introduction.

Though the Count Sobieski was of all men in the world, perhaps the least inclined to vanity: yet he must have been also the most stupid, if he had not been convinced by this time, of the criminal attachment of Lady Sara. Added to this disagreeable certainty, he more than half dreaded a similar folly in Miss Euphemia.

Can a man see himself the daily object of a pair of melting eyes; hear everlasting sighs at his entrance and departure; day after day, receive tender, though covert addresses, about disinterested love; can he witness all this, and be sincere, when he affirms, that it is the language of indifference? If that be possible, the Count Sobieski has pretensions to modesty. He comprehended the dis-

coursing of Miss Euphemia's '*eye*,' also the tendency of the love-sick mottos which, under various excuses, she put into his hand; and with many a smile, mixed with pity, he contemplated her childish absurdity.

A few days prior to that, in which she made this appointment with the Count, she presented to him another of her devices, which ran thus:—"Frightened love, like a wild beast, shakes the wood in which it hides."

Thaddeus nearly laughed at the oddity of this conceit.

"Do dear Mr. Constantine," cried she, "translate it into the sweetest French you can, for I mean to have it put into a medallion, and give it to the person I most value on earth!"

There was something so truly ridiculous in the sentence, that he felt reluctant to allow even Miss Euphemia to expose herself so far; and considering a moment how he should make any thing so bad better, he said, "I am afraid I cannot translate it literally; but surely, madam, you can do it yourself!"

"Yes, but I like your French better than mine! so set about it."

He had done the same kind of thing a hundred times, and, without farther parley, wrote as follows:

"L'amour, tel qu'une biche blessee, se trahit lui meme par sa crainte, qui, fait remuer le feuillage qui le couvre."

"Bless me how pretty!" cried she, and immediately put it into her bosom.

To this unlucky addition of the words *se trahit lui meme*, Thaddeus was indebted for the present of the folded paper. The ever working imagination of Euphemia, in a moment seized the inserted thought as a delicate avowal, that he was the wounded deer which he had substituted in the place of the wild beast; and as soon as he arrived at home, he found the effect of her mistake, in the packet which she had given him with so much secrecy.

When he broke the seal, something dropped out and fell on the carpet. He took it up and blushed like scarlet, on finding a gold medallion, with the words that he had altered for Miss Euphemia, engraved on blue enamel. With an agitated hand, he next looked at the envelope: it contained a copy of verses, with this line written at top.

" To him who will apply them."

On perusing farther, he found them to be Mr. Addison's beautiful translation of that ode of Sappho which runs :

" Blest as the immortal Gods is he
" The youth who fondly sits by thee,
" And hears and sees thee all the while,
" Softly speak and sweetly smile.

" 'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
" And raised such tumults in my breast,
" For while I gazed in transport tost,
" My breath was gone, my voice was lost

" My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
" Ran quick through all my mortal frame ;
" O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;
" My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd !
" My feeble pulse forgot to play,
" I fainted, sunk, and di'd away !"
" EUPHEMIA."

Thaddeus threw both them and the medallion together on the table, and sat for a few minutes, considering how he should extricate himself from an affair so truly farcial.

He was thinking of at once giving up the task of attending either of the sisters, when his eyes falling on the uncomplaining but melancholy features of his poor friend, he exclaimed, " no for thy sake, gallant Butzou, I will brave every scene however repugnant to my feelings !"

Well aware from observations on Miss Euphemia, that the seeming tenderness, which had prompted an act so wild and unbecoming, originated in mere caprice, he felt no hesitation in determining to return the things in as handsome a manner as possible, and by so doing at once crush the whole affair. He experienced no pain when forming these resolves ; because he saw that not one impulse of

her conduct had any thing to do with her heart. It was a whim lit up by him to day, which might be extinguished by another to morrow.

But how different was the case with regard to Lady Sara! her uncontrolled nature could not long brook the restraints of friendship. Every attention that he gave to Lady Tinemouth, every civility that he paid to Miss Egerton, or to any other lady whom he met at the Countess's went like a dagger to her soul; and whenever she could gain his ear in private, she generally made him sensible of her misery, and his own unhappiness in being its cause, by reproaches which too unequivocally proclaimed their source.

He now saw that her ladyship had given way to a dangerous and headstrong passion: and, allowing for the politeness which is due from his sex, he tried by an appearance of the most stubborn coldness, and obstinate perversity, in shutting his apprehension against all her speeches and actions, to stem a tide that threatened her with the loss of peace.

Lady Tinemouth at last began to open her eyes to the perilous situation of both her friends. Highly as she esteemed Thaddeus she knew not the extent of his integrity. She had lived too long about the court of Britain, and seen too many from the courts of the continent, to place much reliance on the honor of a single and unattached young man, when assailed by rank, beauty and love.

Alarmed at what might be the result of her observations, and fearing to lose any time, she had that very evening, in which she expected the count to supper, drawn out of Lady Sara, the unhappy state of her heart.

The dreadful confession was made by her ladyship with repeated showers of tears, and in paroxysms of agony, which pierced the countess to the soul.

"My dear Lady Sara," cried she, "for heaven's sake remember your duty to Captain Roos!"

"I shall never forget it!" exclaimed her ladyship, shaking her head mournfully, and striking her breast with her clenched hand; "I never look on the face of Constantine, that I do not execrate from my heart, the vows which I have sworn to him; but I have bound myself his prey

erty; and though I hate him, whatever it may cost me, I will never forget that my faith and honor are my husband's."

Lady Tinemouth, with a countenance bathed in tears, put her arms around the waist of Lady Sara, who now sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dear Lady Sara! that was spoken like yourself. Do more abstain from seeing Mr. Constantine."

"Don't ask me that!" cried her ladyship, "I could easier rid myself of existence. He is the very essence of my happiness. It is only in his company, that I forget I am a wretch."

"This is obstinacy, my dear Lady Sara! This is courting danger."

"Lady Tinemouth, urge me no more on the subject. Is it not enough," continued she, sullenly, "that I am miserable? Would you drive me to desperation? If there be danger you brought me into it."

"I!"

"Yes, you, Lady Tinemouth; you introduced him to me."

"But you are married. Handsome, and amiable as he is, could I suppose—"

"Nonsense!" cried her ladyship, interrupting her, "you know that I am married to a mere fool! But it is not because Constantine is handsome that I like him. No, though no human form can come nearer perfection, yet it was not that; it was you. You, and Maria Egerton were always telling me of his bravery, what wealth and honors he had sacrificed in the service of his country; how nobly he succoured the distresses of others; how heedless he was of his own. "This fired my imagination, and won my heart. No, it was not his beauty; I am not so despicable!"

"Dear Lady Sara, be calm!" entreated her ladyship, completely at a loss how to manage a spirit, whose violence exceeded her conception; "Think, my dear friend, what horrors you would experience if Mr. Constantine were to discover this predilection of yours, and presume upon it; You know where even the best of men are vul-

ble.

The eyes of Lady Sara sparkled with pleasure at this surmise of the countess's.

"Why, surely, Lady Sara!" exclaimed Lady Tinemouth doubtingly.

"Don't fear me lady Tinemouth; I know my own dignity too well to do any thing disgraceful; yet I would acquire the knowledge that he loves me, at almost any price. But he is cold," added she, sinking again into despondence, "he is a piece of obstinate petrifaction which heaven itself could not melt!"

Lady Tinemouth was glad to hear this account of Thaddeus. She began to take a little confidence from his side, just as the drawing-room door opened and Miss Euphemia Dundas was announced.

Lady Sara gave the little beauty such a withering look, when she expressed her amazement at not seeing Mr. Constantine, who was to have apprised the countess of her intended visit, that, had her ladyship's eyes been Medusean for that moment, poor Euphemia would ever after have represented a stone statute of disappointment.

Meanwhile, the Count having seen Dr. Cavendish, and received a favorable opinion of his friend, wrote the following note to Miss Euphemia and then arranged his dress, before he proceeded to Grosvenor Place.

"To Miss Euphemia Dundas.

"Mr. Constantine very much admires the taste of Miss Euphemia Dundas, in the choice of those verses which she did him the honor of requesting he would translate into the most appropriate language; and he has to the utmost of his abilities, obeyed her commands in Italian, thinking it the best adapted, both for versification and the subject.

"Mr. Constantine equally admires the style of the medallion which Miss E. Dundas condescended to enclose for his inspection, and assures her that the letters are perfectly correct."

When the Count entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing room he saw that his young enamorata had already arrived and was in close conversation with the Countess. Sara, now that the discovery was made, thought

cessary to put any restraint on her temper before her lady ship. Seating herself alone on a sofa, she was inwardly upbraiding Constantine for what he had termed an absolute assignation with Euphemia, when his name was announced.

Her half resentful eyes, yet swimming in the tears her discourse with Lady Tinemouth had awakened, sought his averted face, which was regarding Miss Dundas with a look of surprise and disgust. This pleased her; and the more so as he only slightly bowed to her rival, shook the countess by the hand, and then returning, took his station beside her on the sofa.

She would not trust her triumphant eyes to wander towards Lady Tinemouth, but immediately asked him some trifling question. At the same moment, Euphemia tapped him on the arm with her fan, and inquired how it happened that she had arrived first.

He answered lady Sara. Euphemia impatiently repeating her demand, "how did it happen that I arrived here first?" "I suppose madam," replied he, "because you set out first, I do not believe that I am ever with Lady Tinemouth much before eight, and now it wants five minutes of that hour. But: had I been so fortunate as to have preceded you, I should certainly have delivered the message with which I was honoured."

The evening passed off more agreeably to the count than he had argued from the scene that presented itself on his entrance. Lady Sara always gave him pain; Miss Euphemia teazed him to death, but to-night, the storm which had agitated the breast of her ladyship, having subsided into thoughtfulness, imparted so abstracted an air to her ever loving countenance, that Sobieski merely to elude communication with Euphemia, remained near her: and by paying those attentions, which he could not avoid, he so deluded the wretched Lady Sara, as to subdue her melancholy, into that enchanting softness, which rendered her the most captivating of women.

The only person present who did not approve the change, was lady Tinemouth. At every dissolving smile of her Circean ladyship, she beheld the intoxicating cup to the lips of Thaddeus, and dreaded its effect. Euphe

ma was too busily employed repeating some new poems, and too intensely dreaming of what her tutor might say on the verses and medallion, to observe the dangerous ascendency which the superior charms of Lady Sara might acquire over the breast of Constantine. Indeed, she had no suspicion of finding a rival in her ladyship; and, when a servant announced the arrival of her mother's coach, and she saw by her watch that it was twelve o'clock, she rose reluctantly, exclaiming,

"I dare say, some plaguing people have arrived who are to stay with us, else mamma would not have sent for me so soon.

"I call it late," said Lady Sara, who would not lose an opportunity of contradicting her, "so I will thank you Mr. Constantine," addressing herself to him, "to hand me to my coach at the same time."

Euphemia bit her lip at this movement of her ladyship; and followed her down stairs reddening with anger. She got into her carriage, but would not suffer the servant to close the door till she had seen Lady Sara seated in hers, then calling to Mr. Constantine, she desired him to come into the coach.

Lady Sara leaned her head out of the window. As she saw the man she loved step into Lady Dundas's carriage, she in her turn almost bit her lips through with vexation.

"Home, my lady?" asked the servant touching his hat.

"No, not till Miss Dundas's coach drives on."

Miss Euphemia had desired Thaddeus to come in for a moment; and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Mr. Constantine," cried the little beauty, trembling with expectation, "have you opened the paper that I gave you?"

"Yes, madam," returned he, holding the door open, and widening it with one hand as he spoke, whilst with the other he presented his note, "and I have the honour in that paper to have executed your commands."

Euphemia caught it eagerly; and Thaddeus immediately leaping out wished her a good night; and hurried back into the house. Whilst the carriages drove away,

cended to the drawing room to fetch his hat and take leave of the countess.

Lady Tinemouth had seated herself on the sofa, and was leaning thoughtfully against one of its arms, when he re-entered. He approached her.

"I wish you a good night, Lady Tinemouth."

She turned her head.

"Mr. Constantine, I wish you would stay a little longer with me, my spirits are disturbed and I am afraid it will be near morning before Maria returns from Richmond. These rural balls are sad dissipated things!"

Thaddeus laid down his hat and took his seat by her side.

"I am happy, dear lady Tinemouth at all times to be with you; but I am sorry to hear that you have met with any thing to discompose you. I was afraid when I came in, that something disagreeable had happened; your eyes—"

"Alas! if my eyes always told when I had been weeping, they might ever be telling tales!" her ladyship passed her hand across her eyes, as she spoke, and added, "we may think on our sorrows with an outward air of tranquillity; but we cannot always speak of them, without showing that the subject gives us agitation."

"Ah, Lady Tinemouth!" exclaimed the Count, drawing closer to her, "could not even your feeling heart escape calamity?"

"To cherish a feeling heart, my young friend," replied she, "is not a very effectual way to oppose the pressure of affliction. On the reverse, such a temper of mind will extract unhappiness from causes which might escape dispositions of less susceptibility. Ideas of feeling, sensibility, and sympathy, are pretty toys for a novice to play with; but change those wooden swords into weapons of real metal, and you will find the points through your heart, before you are aware of the danger. At least, I found it so. Mr. Constantine I have frequently promised to explain to you the reason of the sadness which so often tinges my conversation; indeed, I know not when I shall be in a fitter humor to indulge myself at your expense, for I never felt more wretched, never stood more in need of the consolation of a friend."

Her ladyship covered her face with a handkerchief, and remained so some time. Thaddeus pressed her hand several times, and waited in respectful silence till she would recommence. She raised her head.

"Forgive me, my dear sir; I am very low to-night—very nervous. I have encountered two or three distressing circumstances to-day and these tears relieve me. You have heard me speak of my son, and my lord; yet I never had resolution to recount how we were separated. This morning I saw my son pass my window, he looked up, but the moment I appeared, he turned away and hastened down the street. Though I have received many stronger proofs of dislike, both from his father and himself; yet, slight as this offence may seem, it pierced me to the heart. O, Mr. Constantine, to feel that the child to whom I gave life, should regard me with abhorrence, is dreadful—is beyond even the anxious partiality of a mother, either to excuse or palliate!"

"Perhaps dear lady Tinemouth, you misjudge lord Harwold; he may be under the commands of his father, and yet, inwardly, long to show his affection and duty."

"No, Mr. Constantine, your good heart is too young to know what may be the guilt of another. Gracious heaven, am I obliged to speak so of my own son! He who was my darling! He who once loved me dearer than existence! But hear me, my dear sir, you shall judge for yourself; and you will wonder that I am now alive to endure more. I have suffered by him, by his father, and by a dreadful woman, who not only tore my husband and children from me, but stood by till I was beaten to the ground. Yes, Mr. Constantine, any man of feeling would shudder, as you do at such an assertion; but it is too true. Soon after Lady Sophia Lovel became the mistress of my lord, and persuaded him to take my son from me, I heard that the poor boy had fallen ill through grief, and lay sick at his lordship's house in Hampshire. I heard that he was dying. Imagine my agonies. Wild with distress, flew to the lodge, and forgetful of any thing but my child, was hastening across the park, when I saw this woman, this lady Sophia, approaching me, followed by two female servants. One of them carried my daughter, then an in-

fant, in her arms; and the other, a child of which this unnatural wretch had recently become the mother. I was flying towards my little Albina to clasp her to my heart, when lady Sophia caught hold of my arm. Her voice now rings in my ears.

"Woman!" cried she, "leave this place, or you shall be compelled to do so."

"Struggling in vain to break from her, I implored only to be permitted to embrace my child; but she held me fast, and, regardless of my cries, ordered both the women to return into the house.—Driven to despair, I dropped on my knees, conjuring her, by her feelings as a mother, to allow me, for one moment to see my dying son; and that I would promise, by my hopes of everlasting happiness, to cherish her child as my own, should it ever stand in need of a friend. The horrid woman only laughed at my prayers, and left me lying in a swoon upon the grass. When I recovered, the first objects I beheld were my lord and lady Sophia, standing near me, and myself in the arms of a man servant, whom they had commanded to carry me outside the gate. At the sight of my husband, I sprung to his feet, when, with one dreadful blow of his hand he knocked me to the ground. Merciful Providence! I wonder I retained my senses! I beseeched him to give me a second blow that I might suffer no more."

"Take her out of my sight," cried he, "for she is mad."

"I was taken out of his sight more dead than alive, and led by his pitying servants to an inn, where I was afterwards confined three weeks with a brain fever. From that hour, I have never known a day of entire health."

Thaddeus was shocked beyond utterance at this anecdote. The paleness of his countenance, being the only reply that he could make to her ladyship, she resumed,

"I have got out of order. I proposed to inform you clearly of my situation, but the principal sorrow of my heart rose immediately to my lips. I will commence regularly, if I can methodize my recollection.

"The earl of Tinemouth married me from passion: I will not sanctify his emotions, by the name of affection;" added she, forcing a smile, whilst turning her

head towards the looking-glass she put aside the crape veil which shaded her face, "these faded features too plainly declare, '*that of all mankind, I loved but him alone*!' I was just fifteen when he came to visit my father who lived in Berkshire. My father, Mr. Cumnor, and his father, Lord Harwold, had been friends at college. My lord, then Mr. Stanhope, was young, handsome, and captivating. He remained all the autumn with us; at the end of that period, declared an affection for me, which my heart too readily answered. About this time he received a summons from his father, and we parted. Like most little girls of my age, I felt an unconquerable bashfulness to admit any confidence in my attachment; hence my parent knew nothing of the affair, till it burst upon them in the cruelest shape.

"About two months after Mr. Stanhope's departure, a letter arrived from him urging me to fly with him to Scotland. He alleged as a reason for such a step, that his grandfather, the earl of Tinemouth, insisted on his forming a union with lady Sophia Lovel; who was a young widow, and the favorite niece of the most powerful nobleman in the kingdom. Upon this demand, he told the earl on whom his affections were placed. His lordship, whose passions were those of a madman, broke out into such horrible execrations, of myself and family, as Mr. Stanhope confessed, made him forget his duty; and he peremtorily swore, that no power on earth should compel him either to marry so notorious a woman as Lady Sophia Lovel, or to give up me. He concluded, with repeating his entreaties that I would consent to go with him to Scotland. The subject of this alarmed me, and I showed it to my parents. My father answered it in a manner that befitted his own character, but which irritated the impetuous passion of my lover almost to a frenzy. In short, in a paroxysm of rage, he flew to his grandfather, upbraided him with the ruin of his happiness; and so tempted the old man, that he drew his sword upon him; and had it not been for the interference of Lord Harwold, a most fatal catastrophe might have ensued. To end the affair at once, Lord Harwold, whose gentle nature, had always embraced the mildest

measures, obtained the earl's permission to send Mr. Stanhope abroad.

"Meanwhile, I was upheld by my father, who is now no more, in firmly rejecting all my lover's entreaties for a private marriage. As Stanhope's grandfather was equally deaf to all compromise, he at length was persuaded, by his excellent father, to accompany a relation to France.

"At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Stanhope began to regard his cousin as a spy; and after a violent quarrel they parted, no one knowing to what quarter my lover had directed his steps. I believe I was the first who heard any tidings of him. I remember well, it was in 1771, about three and twenty years ago, that I received a letter from him; (O! how legibly are these circumstances yet written on my heart!) it was dated from Italy, where he told me he had resided in complete retirement during the period of his banishment, under the assumed name of Sackville."

At this name Thaddeus uttered a groan of horror; and with every feature of his face fixed in dismay, fell back on the sofa.

The countess caught hold of his hand.

"What is the matter? For heaven's sake! what is the matter?"

The bolt of indelible disgrace had struck to his heart; it was some minutes before he could recover; but when he did speak, he said, "Pray go on madam. I am subject to these spasms in my breast. Pray forgive me, and go on; I shall become better as you proceed."

"No, my dear friend; I will quit my dismal story at present, and resume it some other time."

"Pray continue it now," rejoined Thaddeus; I shall never be more fit to listen. Do, I entreat you."

"Are you sincere in your request? I fear that I have already tired you."

"No; I am sincere, let me hear it all. Do not hold back any thing which relates to that barbarian Englishman who married you."

"Alas! he did," resumed her ladyship, "for when he returned, which was in consequence of the Earl of Tinemouth's death, my father was also dead, who might have

stood between me and my inclinations, and so preserved me from many succeeding sorrows. I sealed my fate and became his wife.

"The father of my husband was now Earl of Tinemouth; and as he had never been averse to the union, presented me with a cottage on the banks of the Wyre, where I passed three delightful years, the happiest of woman kind. My husband, my mother, and my infant son formed my felicity; and greatly I prized it; too greatly to be allowed a long continuance!

"At the end of this period, some gay friends came down to visit us. When they returned to town they persuaded my lord to be one of the party. He went after much entreaty, because he expected that I should be confined in the course of three weeks. And from that fatal day, all my sufferings took their rise.

"Lord Harwold, instead of being with me in a fortnight as he had promised, procrastinated his absence under various excuses, from week to week, during which interval my Albina was born. Day after day I anticipated the delight of putting her in the arms of her father; but she was three months old before he appeared; and ah! how changed. He was gloomy to me, uncivil to my mother, and hardly looked on the child.

Lady Tinemouth stopped at this part of her narrative to wipe away her tears. Thaddeus was sitting forward to the table, leaning on his arm, with his hand covering his face. The countess felt grateful for an excess of sympathy which she did not expect; and taking his other hand as it lay motionless on his knee, "what a consolation would it be to me," exclaimed she, "durst I entertain a hope, that I may one day behold but half this pity in the breast of my son."

Thaddeus only pressed her hand, he did not venture to reply; he could not tell her that she deceived herself even here; that he did not only deplore her misfortunes, but owed the agonies which were shaking him to the injuries of his own mother, whom the villanous conduct of this very Earl, under the name of Sackville, had devoted to a life of self-reproach. He had derived existence from the

band of Lady Tinemouth. The conviction humbled him, crushed him, and trod him to the earth.

The Countess resumed—

"It would be impossible, my dear sir, to describe to you the gradual changes which assured me I had lost the heart of my husband. Before the end of the winter he left me again; and I saw him no more till that hour in which he struck me to the ground.

"Lord Tinemouth came into Monmouthshire, about six weeks after I had taken leave of my lord. I was surprised and rejoiced to see my good father-in-law; but how soon were my emotions driven into a different course! He revealed to me, in the tenderest manner possible, that during Lord Harwold's first visit to town, he had, unknown to him been in the habit of spending entire evenings with Lady Sophia Lovel.

"This woman," added he, "is the most artful creature breathing. In spite of her acknowledged dishonour, you well know that my deceased father would gladly have married her to my son; and now, it seems, actuated by revenge, she reseats Lord Harwold's refusal of her hand, by seducing him from his wife. Alas! I am too well convinced that the errors in my son's temper bear a strict analogy with those of his grandfather. Impatient of contradiction, flattery can mould him to what shape it pleases. Lady Sophia has discovered these weak points in his character; and, I am informed, by his steward, has persuaded him that you impose on his affection by detaining him from the world. This argument must have been well seconded by other fascinations, for in regard to beauty, she is only moderate; yet she has succeeded, and my deluded son has accompanied her into Spain."

"You may imagine, Mr. Constantine, my distraction at this intelligence. I was like one frantic; and Lord Tinemouth fearing to trust me in such despair out of his sight, brought us all with him to London. In less than four months afterwards, I was deprived of this inestimable friend by a paralytic stroke. His death summoned the new earl to England. Whilst I lay on a sick-bed, into which I had been thrown by the shock, my lord and his sister arrived.

"They immediately assumed the command of my lamented protector's house, and ordered my mother to clear it directly of me My broken-hearted parent obeyed, and I was carried, in a senseless state, to a lodging in the nearest street. But when this dear mother returned for my children, neither of them were permitted to see her. The malignant Lady Sophia, actuated by an insatiable hatred of me, easily wrought on my frantic husband (for I must believe him mad) to detain them entirely. A short time after this, that dreadful scene happened, which I have before described.

"Year succeeded year, during which time I received many cruel insults from my husband, many horrible ones from my son; for I had been advised to institute a suit against my lord, in which I only pleaded for the return of my children. I lost my cause, owing I hope, to bad counsel, not to the laws of my country. I was adjudged to be separated from the Earl, with a maintenance of six hundred a year, which he hardly pays. I was tied down never to speak to him or his son, or his daughter. Though this sentence was passed, I never acknowledged its justice, but wrote several times to my children. Lord Harwold, who is too deeply infected with his father's cruelty, has either returned my letters unopened, or with insulting replies.—For my daughter, she keeps an undeviating silence; and I have not even seen her, since that moment when she was hurried from my eyes, in Tinemouth Park.

"In vain her mother tries to convince me that she detests me; I will not believe it; and the hope, that should I survive her father, I may yet embrace my child, has been, and will be my source of comfort, till it be fulfilled, or I bury my disappointment in the grave."

Lady Tinemouth put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again flowing with tears. Thaddeus thought he must speak, if he would not betray an interest in her narrative, which he determined no circumstances should ever humble him to reveal, and raising his head from his hand unconsciously discovered to the Countess his dry and bloodshot eyes, flushed cheek and convulsed lip.

"Kind, sympathizing Constantine! surely such a heart

as thine, never would bring sorrow to the breast of a virtuous wife!"

These were her ladyship's thoughts, though she did not give them utterance. Thaddeus rose from his seat.

"Farewell, Lady Tinemouth," said he, taking his hat, "may heaven bless you, and pardon your husband!"

Then, grasping her hand with what he intended should be a pressure of friendship, but which his internal tortures rendered almost intolerable, he hastened down stairs, opened the outward door, and got into the street.

Unknowing and heedless whither he went, with the steps of a man driven by the furies, he traversed first one street and then another. As he went along, in vain the watchmen reminded him by their cries, that it was past three o'clock; he still wandered on forgetting that it was night, that he had any home, any destination.

His father was discovered! That father, who notwithstanding his guilt, he had entertained a latent hope, should they ever meet, might produce some excuse, for having been betrayed into an act disgraceful to a man of honor. But when all these filial dreams were blasted by the conviction, that he owed his being to the husband of lady Tinemouth; that his mother was the victim of a profligate; that he had sprung from a man who was not merely a villain, but the most wanton, the most dispicable of villains; he saw himself bereft of hope, and overwhelmed with shame and horror.

Full of reflections, which none other than a son in such circumstances can conceive, he was lost amidst the obscure alleys of Totenham-court-road, when loud and frequent cries recalled his attention. A quantity of smoke, with flashes of light, led him to suppose that they were occasioned by a fire; and, a few steps farther, the tremendous spectacle burst upon his sight.

It was a house, from the windows of which the flames were breaking out with the most alarming rapidity, whilst the people about, were either standing in stupified astonishment, or uselessly shouting for engines and assistance.

At the moment the count arrived, two or three naked wretches, just escaped from their beds were flying from side to side, making the air echo with their shrieks.

"Will nobody save my children!" cried one of them, approaching Thaddeus, and wringing her hands in agony, "will nobody take them from the fire?"

"Where shall I seek them?" replied he.

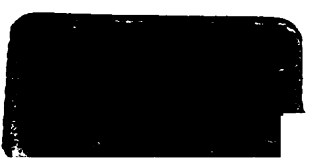
"Oh! in that room, exclaimed she, pointing, "the flames are already there! they will be burnt! they will be burnt!"

The poor woman was hurrying frantic ly forward, when the count stopped her, and giving her in charge to a by-stander, "take care of this woman," cried he, "I will save her children if possible." Darting through the open door, in defiance of the smoke and danger, he made his way to the children's room, where almost suffocated by the sulphurous cloud that surrounded him, he at last found the bed, but it only contained one of the children. This he instantly caught up in his arms and was hastening down stairs, when the cries of the other from a distant part of the building, made him hesitate; but thinking it better to secure one than hazard both by lingering, he got into the street, just as a post-chaise had stopped to inquire the particulars of the accident. The carriage door being open, and Thaddeus seeing people in it, without saying a word, threw the sleeping infant into their laps, and hastened back into the house, where he hoped to rescue the other, before the fire could increase.

The flames had now made a dreadful progress, and scorched his face, hands, and clothes, as he flew from room to room, following the shrieks of the child, who seemed to change its situation with every exertion that he made to reach it. At length, when every moment he expected the house would sink under his feet, he directed his steps, as a last attempt, along a passage which he had not before observed, and to his great joy beheld the object of his search, flying down a back stair-case. The boy immediately sprung into his arms and Thaddeus turning round leaped from one landing place to another, till he found himself in the street, and surrounded by a concourse of people.

He saw the poor mother clasp the rescued child to her breast, and whilst the spectators were loading her with congratulations, he left the crowd; and proceeded ho-

wards, with a warmth at his heart, which made him forget in the joy of a benevolent action, that petrifying shock, occasioned by the vices of one, who was too nearly allied o his being, to be hated without horror.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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